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Fragments

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ATTIC FRAGMENTS.

ATTIC FRAGMENTS,

OF

CHARACTERS, CUSTOMS, OPINIONS, AND SCENES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MODERN ATHENS," AND "BABYLON THE GREAT."

[Robert Mudie]

Συναγάγετε τὰ περισσεύσαντα κλάσματα, ἵνα μή τι ἀπόληται.

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NOTICE.

THE fragments which compose this volume were written at different times, and, consequently, under impressions in so far varying with those times; but they are almost all the result of more consideration and labour than are usually bestowed upon the same portion of an extended work. A considerable number have already been published, or, at least, printed; but as that was done in connection with other matters of a more temporary nature, it has been judged expedient to free them from these, and attempt at least to preserve them in the present form. The selection has been made from a very considerable quantity of materials; but whether or not it has been wise in the plan, or skilful in the execution, are questions which the author is unable, and critics cannot be expected very carefully, or very accurately, to determine; and, therefore, they are left entirely to that public, to which the author very respectfully and very gratefully expresses his obligations.

Pen-y-clawdd, October, 1825.

VOLGE'

CONTENTS.

	Page
ST. STEPHEN'S	1
THE TYRANNY OF INFLUENCE	27
DEATH AND CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON	46
BROUGHAM AND CANNING	56
A SCOTTISH RADICAL	64
THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD	73
AN EXCURSION	97
MAJOR MACTURK; A FRAGMENT	136
THE BLACKSMITH OF GLAMMIS; A TALE	209
THE BRITISH PUBLIC IN 1819	223
SCRIPTURE HYMN	262
GENUINE TEA COMPANY	264
THE MINSTREL; A FRAGMENT	293
NATIONALITIES	303
THE SCOTTISH PARSON	319
THE SCOTTISH NOVELIST	341
POLITICAL PARTIES	355

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
[illegible]	1
[illegible]	27
[illegible]	46
[illegible]	66
[illegible]	75
[illegible]	92
[illegible]	120
[illegible]	139
[illegible]	165
[illegible]	182
[illegible]	204
[illegible]	223
[illegible]	243
[illegible]	261
[illegible]	283

ATTIC FRAGMENTS.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

The Chapel of St. Stephen forms, for half the year, the leading topic of conversation with the whole British public, and it always contrives to impose upon them some memorial, in consequence of which they do not forget it during the other half; but the majority of that public know marvellously little as to what sort of a place it is in itself, or how matters are conducted within it. Supposing the cock-loft, which is open to the public by the silver key of half-a-crown, to be filled every night by a fresh audience, it would take about a hundred years before all the grown male population of the country could get a sight of it; and then when the women and children are added,

the quantity of ungratified curiosity is immense,—so immense indeed, that it completely justifies, not merely the assertion that has been made, but the words that are to follow.

The general knowledge which the people have of the House of Commons, is, indeed, very like that which they have of the moon,—they see both through telescopes,—and the telescopes through which they see St. Stephen's are by no means *achromatic*—they colour most villainously; and while they magnify on the one hand, they diminish on the other, and they distort most egregiously upon both. Just take the morning papers in which any long debate is reported, compare them together, and you will find such a variety in the style of the same speech that the exclusive reader of each paper must have a different idea of every speaker, while the *coup d'œil* given even by the best of them has no just resemblance to the whole.

The fact, is, that taking the House as set forth in the reports, one knows of it just as a whale or the American sea-serpent is known in the seas; one sees the snout, hears the sputtering of the blow holes, and remarks the flapping of the tail and the wriggling of the folds, but the great bulk of the animal is hidden under water: one has Burdett upon field days, Brougham upon occasions, Huskisson and Robinson upon business, Canning

to brush off the flies, and Hume, like the poor, is always with one; but these are neither singly, nor in the aggregate, the House of Commons—that mighty engine which represents the people, and holds the purse of the country. These are the mere projecting points—the steeples of the city, as it were, or the mountains in the moon; and give one no better an idea of the quiet and solid substratum of parliament, than the steeples of London would give of the houses which contain all its people and all its wealth. This substratum forms what is termed "the wisdom" of parliament; and as it is not eminently wise in the individual masses, it is called "the collective" wisdom,—as much as to say, that the chief merit is in the aggregation. It is wise, in short, much after the same fashion as an official wig is wise; the single hairs are by no means sapient, either in their original locality in the horse's tail, or in their transplanted one under the barber's curling irons: but put them together and curl and powder them, and they instantly become so very sage, that they give to the head of the wearer wisdom and gravity far surpassing those of the Athenian fowl. Just so with the individuals which go to the making up of this "collective:" Sir F. Ommaney is not the very wisest man in England; Mr. Dundas is not the Solon of the Modern Athens; Mr.

Wynne is not the Merlin of the Principality, and Mr. Richard Martin has not the whole *philo-brutosity* of the sister kingdom; but yet, by addition, aye, and by division too, they make a something, and that a good something, towards the "collective wisdom,"—that wisdom which seldom smokes through the chimney-pots of the newspapers, except when they chronicle the names of a majority or minority.

It is to this solid matter of the House, that one is solicitous of directing the public attention, and doing, as far as pen and pencil can do it, an act of distributive justice; for one holds it most unfair, that they who are doomed for so many weary nights to listen patiently and do their votings in the service of the country, should go without their reward. Before, however, one can do this properly, it behoves the reader to go down to the House, and take a peep at them in their "collective" capacity.

Imagine, then, courteous reader, that some mighty field-day has come round—some day which has stood rubric for weeks in the notices, and been put off thrice, in order that it might lick up importance like a snow-ball; that the "petitioning tools" throughout the country have been set to work *pro* and *con*, till the skins of as many calves are upon and below the table as are purchased in

Smithfield in a week; that the leading speakers have been drudging at their orations for a month; that the followers and fencers have got their points, and that the mutes are divided, and have been told, "how many glasses" (of wine, of course, and not of sand,) each speaker is to run. Imagine that it is about two o'clock, and that you, who have come from a distance, and are most anxious to be enlightened by the wisdom, and warmed by the eloquence of the senate, have stuffed your pocket with sandwiches, and are elbowing through the crowd in Westminster-hall. You of course take no time to admire the admirable proportions of that most splendid barn in the three kingdoms; you do not heed the exquisite taste with which the towers and entrance have been restored, nor do you utter a single curse at the bad taste which is erecting that filthy pile, the new courts, upon the good old building—like a barnacle on a ship's bottom. You pass all these things, and come bump upon the dark passage, through which a Briton must grope toward either House of Parliament. You squeeze into the lobby, and look at the place where Percival was shot, and the form upon which Bellingham the assassin sat down, cool and unconcerned, after he had perpetrated the atrocious deed; and if you have enough of brass and of curiosity, you poke

your nose half-way in at the door by which the "collective" are dropping in, to stick upon the benches bits of paper, expressing the name and quality of the wisdom which is to occupy them for the night; but before you have seen anything more than three windows, with heads most emblematically round, and the top of an old black chair, not unlike (saving that the royal beasts bear a greater proportion to the whole) that of the Right Worshipful in your own mason lodge, the door-keeper most unceremoniously drives you away from matting which must be trod only by the "collective" feet. Being haply a person of weak, or at least irritable nerves, the fear of the serjeant-at-arms and the paying of your fees comes upon you, and you retreat as fast as you can, and in your retreat kick by accident the basket of an old Jewess, and set the oranges a spinning all over the lobby. Having achieved these exploits, you assail the staircase; and if you be strong in the legs, and clever in the elbows, work your way to the door of the Messengers' lobby,—not, however, till your sandwiches get a fair offer of entering your stomach laterally. You stand there for full two hours; and while your ribs are elbowed and your toes trod upon, you see the ample bald sconce of Mr. Wright moving to and fro, as he admits by the private door those who have more newly-worked

keys than your half-crown. The Speaker enters, the door opens, and you are shot away from the landing place across the steps, and up to the gallery door, as if a goodly charge of gunpowder were at your heels! You get into the gallery, and the front rows are full, excepting just room for one gentleman in the middle. Some wag invites you there, and you squat yourself down under the shade of the clock-case, where you can see nothing. Before you find your mistake, the seats are all filled save the backmost; and you sit down there, but ere you have got time to draw your breath, the Times or the Chronicle ejects you, but obligingly gives you a berth in the next row, and whispers you from time to time the names of the members who are pulling up their breeches, conning their notes, or kicking their heels upon the benches below.

You have now time to look about you; and the first thing that strikes you is the mean and sombre appearance of the House. "The Chapel of St. Stephen, the scene of so many great sayings—the theatre of the 'collective wisdom,' why it is not half as large, or one-third as tasteful, as my own parish church!" Its walls are dull and dingy, and the roof is so near you, that you feel as if you were to be suffocated. You look to the right and left, and wonder at the small space allotted for

strangers; and ignorant that they are for the lolling and lounging members, you wonder why there is nobody in the side galleries. Just before you is the table, upon the near end of which lies the mace, and at the far end sit the clerks. Beyond that is the Speaker, with a most graceful wig and manner, and some young lay member chatting with him, just to show to a random constituent in the gallery, (haply yourself) that he can approach the chair. To your left are the Ministers upon the bench next the table; behind them the ministerial seconders: then the "country gentlemen," behind whom sit a mixed multitude; to your right, upon the first bench, are the heavy artillery of the opposition, and behind them the light troops. The benches on both sides are rounded away, and mingle and are lost behind the Speaker's chair; where, as on a neutral ground, Tories and Whigs exchange civilities and snuff-boxes.

Behind you sit "the morning papers" pointing pens and pencils, and complimenting the anticipated speakers of the night in the inverse ratio of their anticipated speeches. You are amazed that any set of men, especially a set of men whose words and faces evince so much intelligence, should treat, not with indifference only, but with absolute dislike, that which you have come so far, and wished

so fondly to hear; but you will be pleased to bear in mind that their eyes and fingers must ache at the writing of speeches, which to you are mere matter of amusement, and that their memories must be on the rack recollecting, and their judgments untwisting and piecing together the bones and muscles of this body of eloquence,—that, in short, they have to arrest the wind which is sweeping in gales, breathing in zephyrs, roaring in tempests, or whirling in tornadoes; give it body and permanence, and send it abroad all over the world. When you have finished your survey, and are listening to some piece of criticism or end of wit upon the seat behind you, you hear the names of the members repeated in a very melodious but solemn voice, and fancy that some one has come to give the House a lesson in arithmetic; but, upon lending your other ear, you find that it is nothing more than the Speaker going through the routine of counting the House. When he comes to thirty-nine, he makes one himself, takes the chair, and business commences.

You are now all impatience, or rather all expectation for the mighty display, on account of which you squeezed yourself into the House; but such mighty matters come not at once. A petition, the size of a piece of calico or bolt of canvas, is brought up, praying for an abolition of the monopoly of

alehouse licenses, which after a few words from Mr. Brougham in its favour, and Mr. Buxton against it, is pushed quietly under the table. To this succeed other prayers for other matters, which meet with similar attention, and share a similar fate. Colonel Davies, next, seeing a "right honourable gentleman opposite, in his place," puts a question about the importation of "French kid gloves," which he says is a very important matter; and the right honourable gentleman nods without rising. Sir James Graham next brings in a bill for the draining of a mill-pond in Cumberland, which meets with no opposition. A bill to amend an act passed in the session before that, for regulating the solemnization of marriages, is then moved to be read a second time. It is read as far forth as these words, "Whereas, great inconveniences have in many instances arisen from marriages." Upon which some very significant looks are exchanged; and Dr. Phillimore, after making a speech of three-quarters of an hour's length, to which few listen, and which gives the pens and pencils of the reporters a jubilee, moves that the said bill be committed for Monday se'nnight. Mr. Hume, then, after stating the number of men, women, and children in the four provinces of Ireland, and placing Leinster in the west, and Connaught in the east,—in the former of which he is

set right by Mr. Spring Rice, and in the latter by Mr. Richard Martin, moves for a return of the number of Hibernians in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, which is opposed by Sir John Newport, and ultimately refused. Mr. Baring then puts a question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about the sinking fund; and Mr. Hobhouse recommends that the King's Mews should be made a library, and not a barrack. The Honourable Henry Grey Bennet makes an able attack upon the tread-mill, which is defended in a similar style by Mr. Holme Sumner. An attack is made by Mr. Brougham upon the practice in the Court of Chancery, which Sir J. Copley parries. At this stage of the business, you hear a pattering above the ceiling, which you conclude is occasioned by rats; but the Speaker glances his eye upward, in such a manner as to inform you that some ladies, as not being permitted to hear the debate in the gallery, have posted themselves over the ventilator. Serjeant Onslow next presents a petition from some Jews, against the usury laws, which is violently opposed by the country gentlemen upon both sides of the House, but ultimately received, read, laid upon the table, and ordered to be printed; the learned Serjeant makes a long speech upon the occasion, which shares the same fate with that of Dr. Phillimore; Mr. Martin, of Galway, awakens the sympathy and

admiration of the "collective," by recounting a most piteous tale of the beating of a jack-ass in the Lambeth-road, opposite the Asylum, to which he had fortunately put a stop, by bribing the cudgeling costermonger with a "fi'ppenny;" and how he had been glorious at Smithfield, in triumphing over a butcher, who had struck a bullock in the pith to save the beef, and who, by the honourable member's grappling with him, had been himself kicked into the kennel, and had, in his fall, upset a great basket of potatoes, which had been scattered over the place, and picked up by certain emigrants from Connamara, who called out, "Long life, and the blessings of a red cow to your honour!" all the time. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Dennis Browne, and the Honourable W. Maule, as being the largest men on their respective sides of the House, are so far melted, that they at the same instant take out their handkerchiefs and wipe their faces. The handkerchiefs appear to be India silk, which calls forth a remark against the smuggling of them, from Mr. Ellice, of Coventry, in which he is supported by Mr. Peter Moore. Mr. Secretary Peel makes some jokes about the donkey, the costermonger, the butcher, and the bullock; and Mr. Canning plays off his wit upon the subject of the handkerchiefs. Mr. Alderman Wood presents a petition from Mr. Hunt, praying that his roasted

corn may be used at the public breakfasts given by the Speaker. The petition is supported by Mr. Gooch, upon the score of agricultural relief; but violently opposed by Sir Charles Forbes, as an invasion of the East India Company's charter; and Mr. Rose Ellis, as injurious to the West India interests. An animated discussion ensues, which ends in the petition being withdrawn. Eight o'clock approaches; the benches and the side galleries fill, and the Speaker calls upon Sir James Mackintosh. It is some time ere Sir James makes his appearance; but he comes at last, presents a petition from a place, the name of which you cannot hear, praying for a committee to enquire into the conduct of the law officers of the crown, and for a revision of the criminal code. After a remark or two, the petition lies upon the table.

Sir James unties a bundle of documents, among which there are two numbers of the Edinburgh Review, one of which he hands to Lord John Russell, and the other to Lord Althorpe; he then advances towards the table, looks up to the gallery to see if all the pens and pencils are in readiness, and begins. At first he is low; but he rises and rises, till, notwithstanding the oratorical structure of his periods, your ears shiver as though fifty tinmen were making kettles all around you; and till your teeth are set on edge as at the sharpening

of fifty scythes, and rattle in your head as if you were in a quicksilver mine. The learned speaker shows so intimate an acquaintance with English laws, that you wonder why he has not completed his history. All this, however, is merely a beating of the bushes; till the scent of a quotation is discovered; and then off he scampers full speed, bounding over every hedge of the question, coursing all the field of declamation, and never stopping till a score of lines from *Cicero de Republica* be fairly worried, and the brush displayed in his cap. During the chase, Canning takes up a newspaper, and Huskisson's fingers slide over the items of an estimate; while the junior members, on both sides, stare with astonishment, and some of the country gentlemen fall asleep. Chase is, however, taken after chase, figure after figure cleared, and quotation after quotation run down; and at each brush that is displayed to the wonderers, a roll of cheering ensues. It begins with distinct and pattering "hear! hears!" but the syllables run into each other till you are in doubt whether it more resembles the tumbling of a load of small stones out of a cart, or the war-cry of those biped heroes who of old saved the Roman capitol. As it fades away, you find a few lagging "hears!" which put you in mind of the dribbling shots of frightened volunteers after the roll of a *feu de joiè* on a birth-day;

and you discover that the very last ones come from one or two recumbent figures in the side gallery to your right, who went there to doze till they should have occasion to cheer the opposite side; but who, awakened by the din, and fearful lest they should have overslept themselves, throw in a few random notes to swell the figure, and then, blushing, again address themselves to sleep. When eloquence and applause have done their do, the motion follows, the speaker sits down, and both sides of the house are panting for breath.

The "gong peal and cymbal clank" of this opening oration, which has rent the air to tatters, and awakened the rats to the inmost crevice, is followed by "the dulcet sound of flutes and soft recorders," or rather by the mellow depth of a bassoon solo; for Denman rises to second the motion. His arguments are good, and they are well knit together, but they are so fat with words that you cannot perceive a rib in them. Still you are pleased with their solemn flow, and their soft persuasion.

These two have "called spirits from the vasty deep" of the treasury benches; and the spirits are not slow in answering the call; up rises the Attorney-General close by the Speaker, and up rises more towards you, upon the same bench, Mr. C. W. Wynne. The last is first; for Mr. Wynne

having caught the Speaker's eye, next catches your ear; and the altered tone and cadence puts you in mind of that part of the Austrian Retreat, where the "squeaking of the wry-necked fife" succeeds to the grumbling of the serpent, and the dubbing of the kettle-drum. The orator advances his right foot half a pace, and throwing back his head till the facial line makes an angle of 45° with the ceiling, leads off in a key which never comes below high G. You are so pierced by the tones, and so puzzled by the cadences, that you have no time to analyze the matter, and the orator comes to a conclusion before you know what he means to prove or to disprove.

To him succeeds the Attorney-General, soft, slow, and specious. You accede to each individual position, and yet you wonder why such premises should have led to such a conclusion.

Mr. Hume rises, not to reply to the learned gentleman, but merely to regret that previous to he discussion of the subject, a return of all criminal trials since the days of William Rufus, had not been laid before the house.

He sits down, and immediately Mr. John Cam Hobhouse lets fly at the Attorney-General, till numbers on both sides of the house instinctively clap their hands to their ears, and some of the honourable gentleman's constituents outside, hear-

ing the sound of his voice, set up a Covent-garden cheer.

Anon, all is calm and tranquil; and the Solicitor-General rises to plaster the lacerated and bleeding law. He fumbles about it, and about it, till you fancy that he is never to be done; the members, counting upon a good two hours by the house clock, pair off to Bellamy's by dozens, while not a few of them stretch their honourable bones in the side galleries, and woo the congenial divinity of sleep. During the calm, Sir Isaac Coffin and Colonel Davies, Sir Francis Ommaney and Mr. Bright, Mr. Alderman Smith, and the Hon. H. G. Bennet, *cum multis aliis*, hang like dead weights upon the under jaw, and give a nodding propensity to the cranium. Plunkett rises to chastise the London god; and runs and rattles so, that the mind, half awakened as it is, cannot keep pace with him. The whole gallery, however, pricks up its ears, the Hibernians are loud in their praises, and the recliners upon the upper benches peep over the front of the gallery; but finding that voting time is still distant by two speeches and a reply, they again seek the sweets of repose.

By the time that Plunkett has trundled his gemmy figures for half an hour, like a sea-boy trundling the pearls of ocean's dew, from his well-washed mop, over the side of a vessel, the house

begins to fill, and Brougham and Canning are borne in upon the tail of the tide. They sit down; and for some time eye each other, as much as to say, "who shall begin?" but the Secretary gives Plunkett a jog, which has the effect of making him say a few things calculated to draw a reply from Brougham, and also to make him plump down upon the bench, in order to give scope to the deep-mouthed oppositionist.

Brougham rises, amidst the deep silence of the house, and the muttered curses of the reporters, whose pens must now be worn to the stumps. The speech itself is like the wide-swelling Atlantic, and every sentence emulates the Mexican gulph, and foams at its junction with the rest, as that gulph foams in the boiling stream of Florida. His air and his manner, at first, put you very much in mind of those of a field preacher: he is tall and bent, and plain in his appearance; and though his tones be full and melodious, he hesitates, as if he were either at a loss what to say, or ashamed to say it. He stands crouched together, pulls up his shoulders, hangs his head, and there is a tremulous motion in his upper lip and nostril, which makes you fancy that he his trembling through fear. His first sentences, or rather the first members of his sentence—for an opening sentence with him is a ten minutes matter at least—comes forth cold, hesi-

tating, and ambiguous, so that for the soul of you, you cannot perceive the drift of them. Each is indeed a clear and satisfactory proposition in itself, but the whole seem bent in one direction by some moving force which is yet viewless as the wind, and of which, like the wind, "you can neither tell whence it cometh or where it goeth." When, however, a sufficient number of those have been drawn out in line, the whole march solemnly and steadily to one conclusion, and the position meant to be carried, is carried as completely and irresistibly as by a bayonet charge of the most powerful British troops. One point being thus won, the orator rises upon it both in body and in mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. To a second succeeds a third, to a third a fourth, and so on till the whole principles and philosophy of the question have acknowledged their conqueror. Then he vaults upon the subdued basis, rises in figure and in tone, till he overtop the staring members and shake the astonished House; and when he has gained what you imagine to be the very summit of powerful speaking, and kept beating time upon the table, and looking towards every corner of the House, as if to see and sneer at the admiration which he has called forth, his voice and his figure sink again to dimensions lower than ever.

You would imagine that he was terrified at the echo of his own voice, or that he was,

> "Like Katerfelto with his hair on end,
> At his own wonders wondering;"

but no such thing; it is like the bending of the wrestler, in order that he may twist his antagonist in his grasp, or like the drawing back of the tiger, in order that he may spring the more terribly on his prey. Woe be to the man upon whom his eye glares from that terrible concealment. Woe be to the wight, to whom those half-whispered words are a prelude to the storm which is on the wing. You are of course a stranger, and know not what is to happen: you merely see a man putting on an air of incomprehensible mildness and simplicity, and hear a man speaking in subdued whispers, which astonish you by their being audible to the very smallest syllable; but if you were familiar with the House, and happened to be in the front seat, so that you could command an entire view of it, you would perceive that the whole "collective wisdom" did not feel comfortable, but that some one or more, whom party or presumption had cast upon that sea of troubles, were looking out with the same fearful apprehension with which a navigator,

in the Chinese sea, eyes the lucid calm in one point of the horizon, which tells him that but a few brief moments and the typhoon shall sweep in a gale of destruction from the other—or you would perceive some small man grinning and fluttering like a little bird within charming distance of the rattle-snake, conscious of danger, and yet courting it with the most piteous and frantic imbecility—you would perceive a filmy antagonist clutching the back of the bench with all his talons, lest the coming tempest should sweep him away; or the portly representative of the quorum of some fat county, delving both his hands into the cushion, fully determined that if he should be blown forth of the House, he should carry his seat along with him. It comes: the words which were at first cold and congealing, become hurried and hot; and while the speaker absolutely drowns the cheering of his own party, and binds the whole "collective" in a fetter which they dare not break, he is peeling some poor devil to the bone, and tossing his mangled limbs into all the positions of mental agony, and through the whole figures of rhetoric; nor is it till his own body has been vanquished and beaten down by the energy of his own mind, that he drops upon his seat, giving the House time to cheer, and leaving you utterly confounded.

While you are wondering what can come after

this, and in your wonder glance your eye to the other side of the Speaker's chair, you perceive a figure somewhat obese, but exceedingly elegant and prepossessing, beaming like the sun from under the dark cloud which has so astounded with its thunders and pierced by its lightning. If you be an admirer of fine heads, you lose the first sentence of the right honourable Secretary, in scanning his appearance; but you are soon compelled to listen to him, and the more so perhaps that his matter and manner are so very unlike those of him, the edge of whose eloquence the Secretary has to turn. You can perceive by the glance which he sends across, a manly admiration of the powers of his antagonist, and perchance the expression of a lingering wish somewhat analogous to "would he were one of us!" But the smitten small ones have gathered themselves under the wings of the protecting hen, and therefore he must exert himself and drive away the kite. He does it, however, not so much by disproving what has been advanced, or bringing discredit upon the averments of his opponent, as by winning your admiration of himself. What he utters is so elegant in its form, and so bespangled with wit, that you care not much, and indeed have no time to care for the material of which it is made. Whatever be your political opinions, you are pleased to escape from the agony

which you feel the invective of Brougham must have occasioned; and if your watchfulness of yourself be not all the closer, you detect a voluntary "hear" stealing out of your own lips, while the reiterated cheers of the House follow the eloquence of the Secretary.

The display of so much eloquence creates a soul within the ribs, and a tongue within the mouths of the "collective;" and hardly has Mr. Canning regained his seat, ere a dozen on each side of the House bolt up with as much celerity as misers from their midnight beds upon an alarm of burglary. But the House is now in no condition for listening to the "collective;" and the only answer which these inspired volunteers get, is the word "question," pelted at them so hard and so incessantly, that they drop down upon their respective benches as if shot. Still the great drama wants its concluding scene: the Speaker nods to Sir James, who draws in his legs and rises to reply. As his opening speech would make an excellent quarry, whence to hew his History of England; the reply would make excellent blocks whence to chisel the notes. The whole, however, is like an unfortunate Scotch parson, or that serpent which is the emblem of eternity,—its tail shuts its mouth; and Sir James withdraws his motion under a promise of renewing

it next year, and so on during his mortal life—or his immortal membership.

Water never lost one dog a victory, and saved another from a defeat, with more celerity than this "most lame and impotent conclusion" empties the House of Commons and its several galleries. From the hurrying out, and the rumbling of wheels outside, you apprehend danger from fire, and safety from the arrival of the engines; and you make your own escape as far as the gallery door, where you meet Pratt, the messenger, and ask him, whether there is any chance of being burnt. "Whatever chance you may have *hereafter*," says he, dryly, "you are safe in the mean time; for the fire is *gone out*."

After being for some time edified by this conversation, you hear a pattering of voices in the House, and look round. What a change! gallery and benches are naked as though there had passed over them, not only the angel of death, but the angel of burial. If, as indeed you must have often done, you have ever passed to an entertainment while the street lamps were all in their glory, and returned when the greater part had gone out, and the winking lingerers that remained could not keep the wolf of darkness out of their own crystal globes, then you can form some idea of the con-

trast which strikes you in the two states of the House. Still, however, some members of the "collective," like some members of society, shew best and biggest in this glimmering twilight; and you find upon each side of the House a little knot of lingerers, each of whom is *enceint* of a speech, which he had no power to deliver himself during the turmoil. Mr. Peter Moore and Mr. Fysshe Palmer stand yonder as lovely and as godlike as Castor and Pollux, and hold high converse, across the table, with members of the other side of the House equally eminent; and the real business of the nation—the voting of large sums of money—comes in as a cement to fill up the crevices of their eloquence,—while upon the latter occasion, Hume is the autocrat of all the rules of arithmetic. By this time, however, the gallery is emptied of all strangers but yourself; the pencils of the reporters have no lead, and their inkhorns are dry; and so you are the exclusive depository of a very large body of eloquence. Should you be a feeling man (and if by this time you are not, the deuce is in you) you cannot help being affected at the rueful looks, which these orators of the latter hours cast towards the closed books and reclining forms of those by whose aid they hoped to read in the morning what they had spoken over-night; and you find the effect of this apathy in the gallery so

completely electric, that it brings many a speaker down to silence and his seat, ere he has untwisted one-tenth of his exordium.

When the House becomes cool and calm, up rises the honourable member for Galway, and pours out the sympathy of his soul for the brute creation, in strains which make you fancy that certain ears within the House are shooting up like mushrooms. He calls for a division upon some point, in which, forgetting the woes of Erin, he is to secure new privileges and immunities for beeves on this side the channel; but some one moves an amendment "that the House be counted;" and as the tale does not number two score, the Speaker leaves the chair, and proclamation is made, "Who goes home to supper?" you take the hint, trudge to your hotel as fast as ever you can, sup, go to bed, fall asleep, and dream of the "collective wisdom."

THE TYRANNY OF INFLUENCE.

That amiable principle, or prejudice, or whatever it may be, which attaches us first, and chiefly to ourselves, and then to the persons with whom we associate, the manners and customs of the times, and the Government under which we live, is very apt, if we do not keep it within due bounds, to plague us when we begin to make philosophical comparisons; and could we divest ourselves properly of it, perhaps we should find that the constituent elements of good and evil are mixed up in the same fixed and uniform doses in the manners of different ages, as they are found to be in the different ranks of society. We—that is, all of us who are in any thing like a prosperous way in the world—are very apt to praise the present age at the expense of its predecessors, and to bless and felicitate ourselves that we are delivered from the feudal servitudes and hard battles of our ancestors; and when we hear of the Autocrat of all the Russias awarding the knout to a dozen of petty

nobles, or the Grand Turk shutting the mouth of a troublesome vizier with the bowstring, we are very apt to give thanks that we live in a land of liberty and security. Now, nothing can be more commendable than this spirit of thanksgiving; and nothing can be more valuable or worthy of being preserved and lauded than its course; and yet the chance may be, that in the ardour of our gratitude, we over-rate our own felicity and under-rate that of our neighbours. The knoutings and strangulations are of necessity confined to a few individuals,—those who by their wealth or their offices render themselves obnoxious to the despot; and as despotism does not brook a rival or participator in its exquisite luxuries, they have little chance of being perpetrated at the instance of more than one. They are matters too which address themselves to the most obtuse-headed of men; and therefore they spread over the world like lightning; and what is worse, though more to the present purpose, they serve to give the appearance of virtue to the less dreadful, palpable, and obtrusive vices of others. It is human nature to hate monopolies which exclude us, but to like them quite well when they do not. Thus, however unpleasant the exclusive privileges of the peers may be to the ignoble herd, there is no doubt that they are very delightful to the noble personages themselves

However unjust the monopoly afforded to the East India Company by their charter may be to the merchants of Britain generally, there is not the smallest suspicion that, independently of Chair, Deputy Chair, and the whole worshipful Court of Directors, all the holders of its stock look upon it as a most equitable sort of thing. From all or any of this it must not be supposed that there is any intention to quarrel with that fair and goodly bulwark of the British constitution, the nobility, or to awaken the old complaint, that the Honourable the East India Company produces a questionable gain to the few at a dead loss to the many. All such improper inferences are protested against; and in looking for instances to prove that those among whom any thing is parcelled out seldom quarrel with it, these were put down in preference to a hundred others, just because they were the first that came in the way. The point to be established has been stated; the examples alluded to establish it completely; and those who do not choose to rest it upon them, may take placemen or any other description of persons that may suit their fancy; for it will be found equally true of them all.

Having established this preliminary point, it is presumed that it will be possible to show, that notwithstanding the excellence of the British constitution, the moderation of the executive government, the perfect purity of all our public men, and

all the other "fundamental features" of our national bliss, there actually is in this country at the present moment a very considerable portion of tyranny; and that, too, of a more secret and insidious, and therefore of a worse character, than if it sprung directly from the caprice of a sovereign, or from any one visible power, by what name soever it might be called.

It is taken for granted, that the very basis of the social contracts—the hinge upon which society turns—is, that mankind must submit to some sort of power; that this power is beneficial or legitimate (this word is used in rather an antiquated sense,) when it allows the whole of the persons over whom it is exercised, to employ all their talents in the most efficient way for the good of themselves and others jointly; and that it is malignant or tyrannical when it has a contrary effect. If it were to exert its malignant effect visibly, and from only one source,—the government of a great nation, for instance,—it could not, during an age like the present, when the means of communicating information are so general and so rapid, exist for any length of time. The people, left to the energy of their own minds, would rise against it, and put it down by main force. Even although a good many should fall at the beginning of the struggle, the experience of the world shows that the effect of that is the very reverse of intimidation; for the

plant of a bold cause never flourishes so well as when it has been watered by the blood of martyrs. When we see or hear of a man dying, and dying boldly, for a cause, then, if we have had any liking to that cause before, we immediately think it worth fighting for; and if the matter touch any of the more powerful springs of our nature, such as our love of religion or of liberty, we will rather be cut to pieces than yield. The country is therefore under no sort of alarm for the establishment of a direct and palpable tyranny on the part of any administration into whose hands the government of England should fall, even though they should have ten times the gravitating power that way, which has been evinced by the very worst measures of the very worst administration that we have seen, and even though they should be backed by the whole will and power of the Holy Alliance. To give a little more security on that point, indeed, it could be wished, that there were a little more civilization and understanding in the north-east, and that the great ones there would give themselves a little less concern about the affairs of their neighbours; but, even as the case stands, there appears to be no very great cause for alarm; and though persons who wish thereby to advertise their loyalty, as they call it, as a disposable commodity, should play Manchester once or twice, it

would be rather unpleasant to be in the place of him who should command British soldiers to attack and murder the people contrary to law, or even who should attempt permanently to annul and destroy those best and most salutary parts of the constitution, which of late have again and again undergone temporary suspension. No one would wish to see the thing put to trial; but, if it were so put, few would be in much pain about the ultimate result, however much the scenes of misery and horror through which it would be arrived at might be lamented.

So far all is delightful: we not only have a government which is not, in the common acceptation of the term, tyrannical, but we have a government which dares not, and absolutely could not, become tyrannical, even upon the improbable hypothesis that our great men should be so far given over to the wiles of the devil as to make the attempt. And yet, notwithstanding this cheering and satisfactory view of the matter, there is a great deal of tyranny in the country,—a tyranny too, which, instead of rousing the courage and spirit of men to opposition and triumph, coils round society, like a snake, in the folds of which the taste, the spirit, and the energy of the country, are crushed and broken. This tyranny is *the tyranny of influence*,—an evil which has, no doubt, prevailed to a greater

or less extent at all times and in all places, but which is peculiarly characteristic of the times in which we live. It is in many respects the very reverse of that kingly tyranny, which is so much and so justly cursed, and denounced, and dreaded, in every state calling itself free, and in none more than in our own country. The tyranny of kings is often a splendid principle, calling forth the highest energies of the mind, and rewarding men in the exact ratio of their merits; and it seldom puts on its more hateful aspect, except in the hands of a worthless holder, or toward those who aspire to a share of itself. The tyranny of influence, on the other hand, is a levelling principle,—not of the artificial distinctions of men, indeed, but, which is infinitely worse, of their natural and moral distinctions. It spreads itself through the whole of society, from the highest top to the lowest bottom, and withers the buds of genius and virtue, of public and private worth, at their very opening.

To prove the existence of this principle, or rather this dereliction of all principle, requires no long and laboured induction,—we have only to look abroad into society. It is true, that, like the pestilence, it "walketh in darkness;" or, like the deadly vapour of the Italian shores, we discern its power only from the mischief which it produces; but still, where the effects meet us at every point,

the cause cannot be far distant. If there were no influence to cramp the understandings, and warp the judgments of men, why should their professions and their actions be found so completely at variance? It requires a long exposure to the petrifying influence of this principle, to impart to the faces of men so much of stone, as that they can hold them up in public opposition to the dictates of common sense; but allow them once to sneak away into a corner, and you find that the heart is a far more petrifiable subject. When you set them up in public, with nothing to do but to speak, and then pour in the clear and warm radiance of public opinion upon them, "Prodigious! how the things protest, protest:" but just allow them to retire, and to act, and you shall soon see the value of the protestations. In the heat of the moment, they forget the chain, and are perhaps sincere in their protestations; but when they once cool, the weight is felt, and drags them, just as he who holds the end of it lists.

The operation of this tyranny is best seen in the appointment of men to offices of trust, honour, and emolument,—especially of emolument; for the principle, being a corrupt one, goes most naturally and readily after the lucre. If the state of feeling in the country were sound and rational, there would be but one consideration in the appointing of a

man to any office,—namely, his fitness for it; and reason and selfishness would go hand in hand in choosing him that were fittest: but, instead of this being the uniform practice in Britain, at present, we feel confident that the instances of it will, upon examination, be found to be so few as not to constitute a practice, even in the most insignificant offices that could be alluded to. Let us take a hasty glance at a few of them. The king, fortunately for the peace of the country, is not chosen at all, and therefore he may be left out; although, from the example of Poland (meaning, what was Poland before it became the prey of the three eagles—or vultures), and other elective monarchies, the choosing of a king seems to be a proper field for influence displaying itself in its most abominable form. The Polish king-makers made slaves of the nation; and then, by way, we suppose, of doing penance for their sins, they butchered one another. We are fortunately saved the trouble of looking upon such butcheries at the accession of our kings; and so the dominion of influence among us begins at least one step lower. It is, however, but one step; for, let any one look at the administration,—at the present administration, for instance,—and say, by what means they may have contrived to get into office. It cannot, surely, have been their transcendent fitness for office; for, even stretching a point, and

granting that they are all honourable men, most clerkly and bustling, we desiderate those expanded views, that overwhelming eloquence, and that ardent love of liberty and of man, which should characterize the highest officers of a nation, which takes, or pretends to take, the lead among all the nations of the world. Their power in the British senate is not the power of wisdom, and eloquence, and commanding arguments,—it is simply and exclusively the power of votes; and before we can receive it as evidence, either of the intentions or the capacities of ministers, we must know by what means the voters came there; for, if it should happen that they too are appointed by influence, then, according to the celebrated and sensible argument, "Two blacks will not make a white." In estimating the value of the administration, it is, of course, taken for granted they are stewards for the people, and not mere menials for the crown; because, according to the spirit, and even the letter of our constitution, the private and personal feelings of our sovereign, whether good or bad, friendly to liberty, or the reverse, have nothing to do with the governing of the country. According to it, the most patriotic and liberal king which fancy could pourtray, could not make the people, speaking generally, one iota more free, and as little could the greatest tyrant reduce them one iota nearer to slavery. The path

of our king is, by law, as clearly marked out as that of the meanest of his subjects; and, though there be always as much of the matter of adulation in the people as would make them pardon, and possibly applaud royal aberrations, yet no such thing is recognized in the constitution. It recognizes the king as a being merely of the laws, without passions, prejudices, or partialities; and, of course, it would admit of no such thing as an influence upon the choosing of administrations, arising from his loves or hatreds as a mere man. It is treason in the people to say that the king does wrong; and, were such a thing possible, it would be as much treason in the king to do it. The part of the subject is, therefore, a little perplexing: we feel toward the king's ministers as though they had obtained their places more through influence than on account of their own merits; and yet, as that influence cannot come from the sovereign, we are at a loss to what to ascribe it. Perhaps, the best way would be to do with it, just as men do with all knots which they cannot loose,—cut it asunder, and say, that it is a sort of reciprocating influence among ministers themselves. The present enquiry, however, is not into the causes of influence; and so the resolution of the difficulty is of the less importance.

The next description of station to which it may be proper to advert, is that of the peerage. It, to

be sure, not being always a station of emolument, has some peculiarities; and there have been, in all ages, instances in which it has very properly been bestowed as the reward of eminent public services. But there are also others, in which little or no service has been done, and few or no noble qualities exhibited by the persons upon whom it has been conferred. Now, if these persons have not acquired their honours through influence, it is not easy to discover how they have acquired them at all. The multiplication of peers is, however, a matter of no sort of consequence, farther than as their votes may influence the conduct of the Upper House of Parliament, taken as a legislative body.

Seats in the House of Commons are not of necessity offices of emolument, any more than peerages; although, from the eagerness with which they are sought after by men who cannot be vain of their powers of oratory—as they never speak, it should seem that they do confer some advantages on the holders. Now, if any one will look at the conducting of elections, or even at the number of silent voters which the House of Commons contains, he will find it not too much to say, that many of them are placed there by influence; and that, were any two or more sensible and intelligent men, without any bias—any personal or party views—to choose them solely with a view to the

interests of the country, (that is, of the people of the country, not the members of administration,) a few score at least of the present members would be set aside.

There is a public wisdom in veiling even the weaknesses and failings of the judges of the land,—because, like Cæsar's wife, they ought not even to be suspected. But still it may not be going too far to say, that were they chosen by ballot by and from among those partizans at the bar, some of the present occupiers of the bench would have worn stuff gowns for life. But if there be a trace of influence even in the appointments to the bench, there is decidedly more in those to the official situations at the bar; and since the time of—one knows not who—one could not name an Attorney-General, or Scottish Lord-Advocate, who had been appointed to that situation solely because he was the ablest lawyer at the bar.

One might follow the steps downward to the very lowest officer connected with the state, and still it would be found that influence is the grand element in all their appointments. Nor is the case different any where else. Suppose, for instance, that a man wishes to become parson of a parish or professor in a college; what course does he follow? Does he go about to show that he is the most eloquent preacher or the most profound scholar?

No such thing: he sets about procuring all the influence that he can. If the crown be patron, he becomes furiously loyal; if some great man be patron, he draws his first parallel far and wide among the great man's friends, and narrows it gradually till the great man himself be carried by sap and mine; and if the patronage be vested in any body of ordinary persons,—in a corporation, for instance,—he sets about canvassing for their votes; or, better still, he secures them through the influence of some great men, who may do, or at least promise, a personal favour to them in return. It is of no consequence how low we descend; for we shall find influence working away in the appointment even of bailiffs and grave-diggers,—who are chosen not because of the skill with which they tip shoulders and handle, but through the operation of influence.

Now, though we cannot help smiling at the restless anxiety with which this insatiable principle hunts after all manner of offices great and small, and at the paltry and pitiful shifts to which it is frequently reduced ere it can accomplish its purpose, yet the smile goes off, and the matter assumes a more deep and serious aspect, when we reflect on the consequences,—when we find that the boasted liberality of our government, the equity of our laws, the excellence of our public institutions, and

the intelligence of our people, are all held in close and hopeless captivity by so paltry a thing as influence; and that, considered as bearing upon the whole country, its effects are far more deadening and enslaving than those of a regal tyranny. The royal tyrant, as has been already noticed, lops off merely the heads of a few overtopping plants in society, while influence eats every where, and cuts close by the roots. Waiving all causes that are of a political nature, you cannot take one step in civil society without feeling its effects. Do you wish to be warmed by the fire and stimulated by the example of a powerful and eloquent preacher? Influence says, "No; you must be contented to doze to the sound of some chosen son of mine; for unless the slime of my anointing marks his steps, no man shall climb to the pulpit." Do you wish that men of the first talents and eminence—men who have given proofs to the world of their successful devotedness to the cause of literature and of science, and whose lives as men are worthy of their pretensions as scholars and philosophers—should uphold the dignity and extend the usefulness of those seminaries of education which must form the minds and give a tone to the manners of the next generation? Influence says, "No; you must be content with dolts and drivellers—with 'sleek-headed men who sleep o' nights,' or revellers,

who are in use to spend them not in the most seemly manner. The gentle goddess of Dulness sleeps in the groves of academies; and the state would be in danger were she to be awaked. The minds of young men are ardent; they have not *prudence*,—and therefore it is fit and proper and necessary, that their steps should be short, slow, and wary, and upon level ground." Do you, in short, wish to have any public situation filled as it should be filled? If you do, influence raises her heavy head, and, rolling the huge and filthy coil of snakes which form her nether extremities, as they did those of Milton's figure of Sin, says, "No; the power of appointment is in my folds, and I must be both worshipped and paid."

Now, the effects of this mental and moral slavery are just what might be expected,—a contempt for talents, and a neglect of virtue: for mankind are so constituted, that it requires the applause of their fellows to cheer them on to labours which do not bring an immediate reward in temporal riches and enjoyments. Knowledge and virtue are the natural recommendations to offices of honour and emolument; and, if they fail in producing their proper effect, they must be thrown aside. It is not in human nature to prepare, at great labour and expense, commodities which when brought to market cannot be disposed of; and if young men

find that talents and virtue are not recommendations to employment, they have no inducement either to study hard or to live correctly. Here again we may, during contradiction, appeal to the facts. Does a barrister labour to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the general laws of his country, in order to qualify himself for a seat on the bench ? or does he make himself intimate with the principles and detail of country business, in order that thereby he may be appointed sheriff of a county? No such thing: he merely trims his politics to the wish of the party in power, and spews out a more than ordinary quantity of venom against their opponents. Does a churchman hope for a living on account of his superior knowledge of the Bible and the writings of the Fathers, or on account of the greater sincerity of his faith and the more exemplary purity of his life? O ! not a jot. He bows, and wheedles, and fawns, and serves, till he win the ear of some patron, or of some one who has *influence* to promote his views. It is the same in every department of society; and when the living principle which should promote the intelligence of men is taken away, little good can be expected from the dead-letter. Hence, in any department of society, we have uniformly to seek for the commanding talent somewhere else than one who is not acquainted with the mischiefs

of influence would expect. The official men are, with but a few exceptions, persons of a very inferior calibre; and we have to look for the more brilliant powers, and the more extensive acquirements, among those who neither are, nor, as things go, hope to be in office.

It is the consciousness of this inferiority, which makes our official men have so much dread and hatred of the press. They are aware that the eyes of the public, which are by its means opened to their conduct, must see many faults and follies; and instead of setting about the correcting of these, they labour to vilify and silence the monitor; but it were a dismal day for the country in which they should succeed; for the dominion of influence is now so universally extended, that, were this last and only palladium of our old liberty, virtue and spirit, to be destroyed, there is not another step to be taken ere the chains were final and complete, of the most loathsome and disgusting slavery that ever ruined and degraded a nation. The consequence would be, that the different elements of influence, which are at present obliged to league themselves against public opinion, would separate into conflicting masses, and produce anarchy and civil war; or if, as is possibly the case, the whole of the influence should arise from one source, it would speedily absorb and obliterate all the nomi-

nal remains of freedom, till the government of the country became, in name as well as in reality, an absolute monarchy, and till the pile of tyranny, which, founded in every corner of the country, received the cope-stone in a royal tyrant in the king. Public opinion ought therefore to be freely expressed and carefully cherished; because, though it cannot prevent the secret workings of influence, it may retard, and possibly prevent, till the wheel of chance bring about something better, its final and dreadful domination.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

When the world had prepared materials for an estimate of the literary merits of this extraordinary man, and was pausing to luxuriate for a little upon the splendid vision of his heroic fame—of that fame which he would have gotten by pouring upon the whole land of the Greeks, that flood of intellectual light which had been so beamy and so bright upon a few points, and which, when his presence had made it full and general, would have defied ignorance to darken, or cruelty to quench:—when the world had prepared thus, and was meditating thus, the melancholy news came, that the hand of death had blotted out this vision of delight, and that the fondest hopes of Greece, of liberty, and of man, were weeping at the bier of the noble bard!—of that bard, who, having a mind stored with knowledge the most varied and the most profound—a fancy which could sketch in

finer lines, and paint in fairer colours, than that of any other man of his age—a perception of moral and political right, which no prejudice of men or of systems could darken—a warmth of heart, and a tenderness of feeling, which no abuse of the world could cool or harden—and a firmness of purpose which no vicissitude and no power could shake,—had cast all personal considerations of rank and enjoyment behind him, and had stood forth the champion of social and intellectual freedom. An event so unexpected in its coming, and so cold and dark in its character, instantly swept away all the humble wreaths which had been forming, and withered and scattered all the little flowers which had been culled—made men forget the glory of the laurel, and the gaiety of the chaplet, in the dark and hopeless gloom of the cypress—and changed their strains of exultation for notes of sorrow, feeble, unskilful, and broken, in proportion as the cause which exerted them was deep and sincere. They had expected to add a little leaf to the laurel wreath of the living Byron; but, instead of that, they can only add a plume to the hearse of the dead. They had expected to predict glorious things of the future; and all that remained for them was to cast a mournful glance upon the past,—to find silence and sadness where they looked for song,—to meet with the cold oblivion of death

where they hoped to enjoy the warm activity of life,—to meet with a shrouded corpse where they came to admire a plumed warrior,—to behold a grave where they had come to contemplate a triumphal arch,—the muffled drum for the clarion of victory,—the wailing of mourners for a song of triumph,—and weeping friends, instead of a delivered nation rending the air with their thanks! These—these are mournful exchanges, and the man who would not feel his own powers withered under their influence, is unworthy of naming the name of the illustrious cause.

Under such circumstances, it would be delightful, were it possible, to have the whole course of the bard traced before one, clear and conspicuous as on a map; it would be gratifying a curiosity, as refined as it is rational, to chronicle the dates, and point out the circumstances which brought the perfections of nature fresh and vigorous to his mind; it would be delightful to indicate the localities, and say, "Here Byron studied such and such a passion, and here he framed such and such an image!" But these are favours not bestowed upon ordinary men; it is not given to common spirits to look into the times or circumstances of the revelations which nature makes to her peculiar and darling sons. The energy of genius is like what is said of the Spirit in holy writ, "We can hear the sound

thereof, but we can neither tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth:" It is like the vivifying influence of the spring; one can see the buds and the blossoms which it calls forth into life and beauty, but itself is a secret, silent, and incomprehensible power.

It being thus utterly impossible to trace the mental progress by which, against probability, and in spite of criticism, Lord Byron arrived at an elevation so conspicuous; and the mere every-day history of the man, the tale of where he was born, how he was educated, and after what fashion he ate or he drank, being so very inferior, and so perfectly common-place, compared with the extent of the splendour of his mental powers, it will be to the contemplation of these that the attention of mankind will be most forcibly and most permanently drawn. No doubt, those friends who had the singular felicity of being admitted into the sanctuary of his favour will long dwell with delight upon the memory of the man;—they will continue to wonder why one so playful in his manners, so kind in his heart, and so exquisitely tuned to all the choicé sympathies which can endear the human character, could have been so grossly misrepresented, so cruelly belied;—why he, who had never gone into society but with a desire and a power of doing it good, and against whom even

malignity itself could not muster a single cold-hearted deed, should have been held up to the public view,—not as a common scorner of his kind, but as a very monster in misanthropy:—but still the continued admiration and the universal fondness will be for the intellectual spirit which peopled the higher regions of Parnassus with so many pyramids of wonder, and so many palaces of delight.

It is not possible to account for the strange extent to which the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood and misrepresented in any other way, than by supposing that he had found in himself, not in imagination merely, but in action and in practice, all those dark lines and sketches of human nature which he drew. Now this, although among a certain class of persons it seems, in his case, to have been so very general, is one of the grossest absurdities that ever was attempted to be foisted upon men; and that it should have been given utterance to, even by the most vacillating apostate from youthful faith whom Byron ever chastised for his backslidings, or by the most cold and cunning hypocrite whom he ever dragged from his hole, and held up to public scorn, is a matter not easy to be guessed at. If Lord Byron must have done all the deeds of his Giaours, his Conrades, his Manfreds, and Laras, then so must

Milton have revolted and fallen with his Satan, and Shakspeare lied with Iago, and murdered with Macbeth. Byron, taking the ground-work of his characters, no doubt, from human nature, yet gave them, both in their composition and in their colouring, with that boldness, that novelty, that energy of the creative power of genius, which always characterizes the hand of a master. It was not to be supposed that he would drawl out his descriptions like some dull doctor lecturing for his bread, or spare the high places of vice, like some gentle dean, who had become all tenderness to place and rank, through virtue of the mere prospect of a mitre. If it was a character that he had to draw, it mattered not whether that character was a beauty or a bandit—every line of it was upon the canvass, and every lineament tingled with life. If it was a vice he had to lash, he sacrificed no truth to situation; he never made exalted worthlessness or hypocrisy to shine with the oil of his flattery, or become sweet with the perfume of his prostituted praise:—if the subject of his infliction called for the lash, he laid it on, whether that subject was prince or peasant, prime-minister, or poet-laureate. It was this fearlessness, and this perfect distribution of poetical justice, which formed the most precious jewel in Byron's character, and the jewel which placed him at the head of those benefactors of the

human race, who are able, and can dare to take vengeance upon such vices as are either above the exercise of common law, or too extended for its grasp; and it was the knowledge of his having an unbendable disposition to do this, and a power of doing it with the most complete effect, which stirred up against him the hostility of small minds, whether those minds tenanted the bodies of the high or the low. If he would only have assured those persons who are spared of the reprovers whom themselves procure,—if he would have given a pledge that he would never look at the follies of the highest classes of society,—then there is not the least doubt that those would have given him the whole of the people to lash and laugh at, and welcome.

Had it not been that higher persons felt the cloak falling from their own hypocrisy, and the light of disclosure streaming in upon their own vices, we should never have heard that there was infidelity in Harold, or licentiousness in Don Juan: these would have been allowed to take their places in the library, alongside of Bolingbroke and Otway; and any thing too bold or too warm for squeamish understandings would have been allowed to escape, as falling under the category of the excusable, and even necessary, exuberance of genius. With regard to the infidelity of Byron's works, it has been found out only by those who are constantly boasting of

what they have done, and as constantly complaining that this incomprehensible enemy is getting the better of them. Now, we believe it to be the fact, that for one man who has become doubtful, as to the truth of any one doctrine of religion, or even one peculiarity of any religious creed, in consequence of the satire of poets, or the speculation of philosophers, twenty have so become doubtful in consequence of the immoralities of churchmen. Men of genius may sing, or speculate as much as ever they please, and no harm ensue; but when they who call themselves the chosen depositaries of a system of doctrines which are to banish vice from the world, are found in the daily, or even the occasional exercise of those vices, the ground of doubt, however lamentable the fact may be, becomes plain and practical, and level to the capacity of many who cannot follow the poet in his flight, or the philosopher in his theories; and if those busy men, who are so fearful lest the world be contaminated through the dissemination of bad principles, would just reflect how much more dangerous is the example of bad practice, and act upon the reflection, they would save others a great deal of trouble, and themselves a great deal of shame.

As to the immorality again, it is presumed that the person who really finds it in the writings of Lord Byron must copy it after himself, just as he

imagines Byron has done with his outlaws; for though one were to examine the whole of his works, not only with the greatest care, but with a critical disposition to find fault upon this very ground, one would scarcely be able to discover any thing at which a reasonable man could feel alarmed. No doubt, some of the scenes sketched by Byron are warm; but they are not warmer than the real actions; they are never brought forward recommended as models for imitation; they rather stand as beacons to be shunned. In Don Juan, for example, the one of Byron's works which has drawn forth the greatest quantity of bad temper and worse English, (always excepting Cain, which, being a purely poetical creation, such persons could not be expected to understand, and, therefore, were not to be blamed for being alarmed at)—in Don Juan, there is a very wholesome and a very fine moral throughout,—a moral which applies to a greater range of persons, and comes more home to the business and bosom of each, than the moral of any volume of sermons extant. Where can there be a better warning against the forming of unequal alliances upon mercenary grounds, than in the union of Don José and Donna Inez? Where can there be a more complete caution against giving to a young man a retired and monkish education, and then trusting him in perilous situations upon

the faith of that, than in the education and subsequent conduct of Juan himself? And where can there be found so powerful a reproof to those who made the heart and the virtue of woman their prey, as in the letter of Julia, and the reflections by which it is accompanied? Then, when he leaves home scenes, as it were, how admirable and how keen is his dissection of the vices of foreign courts! And when he turns his eye upon the vices of England, how—! "Ay, there is the rub:"—so Byron must be a preacher of immorality! Would, for the sake of morality, for the sake of the cutting down of that cant and hypocrisy, which are the poisons and curses of the age, we had him still! But he is gone: if Heaven shall send us such another, perhaps our disappointment in the present case, may teach us to treat him with little more justice.

BROUGHAM AND CANNING.

THE men who, during the session of 1823, were foremost in eloquence, if not in influence, in the hostile ranks of the opposition and the administration, were Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and to them not only their respective parties, but all those who took an interest in the proceedings of the House of Commons, looked for some great trial of strength.

So much was this the case, that it is important to shew wherein they were alike, and how they differed. They had this in common, that their wealth and their ancestry stood them in little stead, and they had not been remarkable for political consistency; yet each was, in his party and his style of eloquence, not only absolutely without peer, but almost without follower. Yet, though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other

respect opposed, as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This distance extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing: Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; and his eye, though deeply ensconsed under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gaiety: the features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes, seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel, which no artillery

could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men, by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham, angular, bony, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit, and the glow of spirit,—something showy and elegant: Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery,—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned

to visit the human race, merely to make it tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words, like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding: the modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward

in a straight and clear tract,—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful;—it was all felt, and it was felt at once: Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session for 1823:—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appre-

ciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it

was glancing fearfully, first toward the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropt upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House; and the *voting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric. It was as when the thunder cloud descends upon giant peak—one flash—one peal—the sublimity vanished, and

all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies.—From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation.

A SCOTTISH RADICAL.

Some seven or eight months ago, a friend of mine (who, by the way has promised to send me a whole quire of antiquarian speculations,) had occasion to spend a day at a house in the vicinity of the borough of Hagscroft. In the older, and, as some would say, better days of Scottish story, Hagscroft sent its burgess to the Scottish Parliament: and it still cuts a kind of figure with bailies and counsellors. Well, let that pass in the mean time. My friend was in the neighbourhood; and as the day rained, or snowed—I forget which—he was confined to the house. He had exhausted his vituperations of the weather, and his compliments to the lady of the house and her daughters,—which latter, he says, have the rare qualities of being very clever and very quiet; and so he had got the length of a second yawn, when a gentleman came in without ringing the door-bell, and laying a green bag softly

down on a side-table, seated himself, with frank yet modest freedom. There was something in the costume, and yet more in the features of this personage, which made my friend set him down at once as no every-day character. His upper garment had once been green; but it was so faded that the colour seemed at a loss whether to merge in a brown or a black. The coat was clean, however, and so was the vest, which was of the same kind of stripe which is to be seen in the pictures of Burns. The "what-is't-agains" were green cotton velvet, with a large square buckle at each knee. The stockings were home-spun gray, and the shoes thick enough for any philosopher. There was something peculiarly striking in the air of the head. The mouth was finely and firmly compressed, except a small portion at the middle; and it was some time before my friend could settle whether the expression was that of deep thinking or of whistling a tune. The eyes at first reposed so contentedly on the owner's own stockings, which had been wetted a little, that nothing could be made of them: but the first time that the stranger listened to something intended to be smart which my friend said (he is always on the catch to surprise a stranger,) they beamed a glance of ineffable pity and scorn, which showed my friend that he gained no victory. The forehead was

admirable. It had the true philosophic breadth, and at the same time, the imaginative faculties shot upwards to a towering height. My friend has dabbled a little in phrenology, and knows the bumps; and he declared to me, that some few female heads excepted, he never coveted a human upper work so much as he did that of this stranger. The contemplation of it made him completely forget the damper which the owner had thrown on his wit, and he longed to converse with the stranger.

Short space elapsed before he was gratified. The young ladies, who had drawn their chairs nearer the stranger, as one from whom they expected information, now instinctively dropt their seams,—which the smart things attempted to be said by my friend had been unable to make them once derange,—and put themselves into a very pretty, though somewhat wide-mouthed and round-eyed attitude of listening. The old man descanted first on the weather, and then on the theory of the barometer, and the method of constructing it. My friend seized what he thought would be a favourable opportunity, and tried to say something about the application of that instrument to the measuring of heights;—but he was out again: the stranger repeated the whole formula, with the corrections for attached and detached thermometers and hygrometer, as accurately as if he had read it

from the book. The voyage to the Arctic regions, and the probability of finding a northwest passage, followed; and the stranger showed as much knowledge of it as could have been shown by Captain Scoresby himself. Topic, in short, followed topic, with so much rapidity, and each seemed so familiar to the stranger, that our friend was glad to subside into a common hearer. In this state he could not help conjecturing what might be the profession of this extraordinary man; and he ever and anon cast a wistful glance at the green bag, anxious to learn with what precious wares it could be stored. His anxiety upon both points was soon removed; for the lady of the house, turning to the stranger, said, "Weel, Mr. Waterfield, we wad ne'er ha'e dune wi' list'nin' to you; but its time the bairns were at their staps." Up rose the erewhile philosopher, and, taking a fine old Cremona from the green bag, led the way to another room; from which my friend soon heard the delightful tones of very well-played music, and (as he alleged) the still more delightful beating of time by the firm, though light feet of the young ladies.

The modesty of my friend (it forms part of his travelling equipage) only prevented him from asking liberty to see the dancing; and the matron's sense of decorum prevented her from asking him,—although with a decent motherly pride, she threw

out some rather tempting hints. He did not go, however; and this gave him an opportunity of learning from her, that the old gentleman officiated in the compound capacity of teacher of mathematics, music and dancing; that he was very eminent in all the three; and that, in addition, there was nothing mechanical that he could not construct. In short, the people of the town—for it is rather a retired and illiterate one—thought that he came by skill in a way that they did not reckon "oure canny;" and in this they were joined by the parochial schoolmaster, out of jealousy (as the matron shrewdly hinted) that he was completely outshone by the dancing-master.

When the dancing was over, the young ladies did not immediately return to the parlour, and their mother had gone to look after her domestic matters; so that my friend was left tête-à-tête with the philosophic dancing-master. This wonderful person had been not a little flattered by what he considered as extraordinary attention on the part of my friend (for he can put on a most attentive-like face at the same time that he is musing on subjects many miles distant;) and so the conversation soon became quite free and easy.

There had recently been a *radical* meeting in the neighbourhood; and that very naturally became a topic of conversation.

"I really can tell you very little about it," said the dancing-master; "for I never meddle with those matters. Mechanics, and mathematics, and music, and dancing, are of no party; though I have heard that the last is the greatest favourite at court. But I never interfere. The meeting was no doubt very foolish, and took the folks away from their work, at which they had more need to be; and this, as I think, was the greatest mischief that it either did or could do. I wish, however, they would get another name for these meetings. Could they not call them *nonsense* meetings, or *idleness* meetings, or *come-to-nothing* meetings?"— "Any of these names would fit them admirably," said my friend. "No matter for the fitting," said the dancing-master, "provided they would take away the name *radical*. It had nearly brought me to trouble, no longer ago than last week." "How—brought you to trouble?" asked my friend eagerly; "you said you never meddled with these matters." "Neither do I," replied the dancing-master; "but it seems that cannot prevent them from meddling with me." "What!" said my friend, who is a bit of a Tory at heart, "did the rabble break your windows or burn your effigy?" "Not at all," replied the other; "it was the bailie—Bailie Shuffleboard the tailor." "A tailor a bailie!" said my friend, with a stare. "Yes,"

replied the other; "they canna' dance, so maun be content to hobble; but I shall tell you the story." "Well!" said my friend, biting his lip at the thought of a tailor being a bailie; and relapsing into his most patient form of listening. "Why, then, sir," said the dancing-master, "I have been studying Lacroix's Fluxions, which I borrowed of Lord B——; (I have doubts whether he can read it himself: but let that pass; I am very much obliged to him.) Now, the bailie, you see, sir, when his magisterial seat gets warm on the shop-board, often comes in to pass an hour at backgammon. (He loses his temper at draughts; and as for chess, that would be out of the question.) I was not in; and so the bailie sat down a little, to amuse himself with the book till I should return. One word of it he could not understand; but he judged that it was French, and might be about the French Revolution,—the event which raised him to the magistracy. So he turned over the leaves; and again and again met with the word "*radical*," sometimes printed in Italics, and sometimes in capitals. His loyalty got alarmed; and he thought that I had made use of the book to alienate the minds of the people from our excellent government; which, God knows, is the last thing that could have entered my brains. So a thought strikes my friend the bailie, all at once: up he

gets, ties the book in his pocket-handkerchief, hurries home, writes a letter to the sheriff, (not very well spelled, no doubt,) and sends the town-drummer post with it and the book. The drummer gets the sheriff sitting beside the remains of his evening tumbler of toddy, with one stocking off and the other on; and tells him the story, giving him the letter. The sheriff (he was only the substitute, you must understand,) reads the letter, gives the drummer a dram and half-a-crown, and then sets about reading the book; but he could not make sense of a single word. The term '*radical*,' and '*l'intigration des radicals*,' flashed conviction on the loyal and plot-hunting mind of the sheriff substitute; and he could get no sleep all night, for thinking of the discovery which he had made, and the honour and reward which it would bring him. Up he gets in the morning, orders a post-chaise, and drives off to the sheriff-depute, with the letter and the book. The depute is a man of considerable science, although he could never boil mercury in a barometer tube without a fracture. So he no sooner looked at the book, than he burst into a horse-laugh; and showing the substitute Lord B——'s arms on the book, (which the other in his zeal and hurry had never looked at,) bade him say no more about the matter. The sheriff's own carriage came for me on the next

Saturday. I got my dinner and a glass of good wine; and then came home with my book under my arm, as happy and proud as a prince. From that day to this, the bailie has never been a match for me at backgammon, although he has generally had the best of the dice; and I feel so much for him, that I have never hinted at the story to any person hereabouts, and I hope neither will you."

My friend readily promised; and as the ladies came into the parlour soon after the dancing-master had concluded his anecdote, the conversation took a different turn.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

DURING the reign of George the Third, there was a complete revolution in the great politics of Europe. From the dawn of the Reformation up to the time of his accession, and for several years afterwards, *religion* was the grand source of national animosity and of war. It may be, indeed, if one were to strip the question of all false and extraneous covering, one would find that religion was only the *nominal* cause; but still it was at least *that*, and it unquestionably gave a colouring to the whole transactions, and glossed over the more purely political causes. Previous to the Reformation, the temporal powers could hold arbitrary sway only at second hand. The head of the church was the grand despot; and his despotism lessened both the splendour and the force of others: it did not indeed lighten the burden to the people, for it imposed an additional one; but it curbed the

ambition and humbled the pride of kings; and while it tended to degrade them in the eyes of their subjects, it also precluded the existence of any thing like a free government. It took hold, not of the reason and understanding of men, but of their superstition and their fears; and by carefully stifling all intellect and energy but such as conduced to its own aggrandizement, it reduced mankind to a state not fit for being governed by such a constitution as that of Britain. That constitution may have its original imperfections, and it must have suffered decays; but it could not have been formed unless there had existed in the nation a sovereign power wholly uncontrolled by the temporal sway of an universal bishop.

The champions of the Reformation seem to have been completely aware of this; for along with the doctrines of a more pure and heavenly faith, they were every where studious to explain and inculcate more sound, liberal, and rational principles of civil polity; and, while they were breaking the fetters of Romish slavery from off the minds and the consciences of men, they were at the same time preparing the way for public opinion's having its due influence in the government of states. The doctrines of the Reformation were introduced into Britain at an early period; they were promulgated by men equally famous for zeal, boldness, and

ability; and the dissemination of them was promoted in the one part of the island by the headstrong violence of the English ruler, and in the other by the bigoted weakness of the Scottish. In both countries, these doctrines were soon watered by the blood of martyrs;—for the repeated persecutions were just long, violent, and cruel enough, to unite and fortify the reformers, without to any serious extent diminishing their numbers. The part which the governments took in those persecutions, let the people see that a reform must, in order to secure to them in peace the fruits of their industry and the enjoyment of their opinions, extend somewhat further than the cloister and the altar. Hence sprung up the liberal party in England,—that party to which, after its fury had boiled over and its heat subsided, we are indebted for much of what is excellent in our present constitution. To this party, the accession of the Stuarts to the crown of England gave a vast impulse. The first James was naturally weak, vain, and pedantic; and his mind had been debauched by the flatteries of profligate courtiers: hence he was not the most likely person to conciliate, far less to tame, that bold spirit which had been nurtured in England during the splendid reign of Elizabeth. In Scotland, too, he was, by the great body of the nation, both hated and despised:

hated, because of his shuffling and perfidious policy, and his attempts to put down the presbyterian form of religion, to which the more intelligent part of the people had become warmly attached; and despised, because he was destitute of all the more showy and imposing qualities of a king. His attachment to the court of France, arising partly out of the old league between the court of Scotland and that power, and partly from its views both of religion and of civil government being similar to his own, increased the animosities of his English subjects, as well as that of the more liberal and enlightened of the Scottish, and prepared the way for the great civil war. "Adversity," says the proverb, "cannot teach wisdom to a king:" and certainly the exile of the Stuarts neither mended their opinions nor their morals. The second Charles was, indeed, specious and fascinating, but he brought with him from France feelings and manners, and views, which, fortunately for his subjects, could not be long domesticated in Britain. He attempted to substitute the artificial gallantry and heartless debauchery of the French court, for the manly and dignified honesty of England; and while he and his courtiers openly made a jest of all religion, they gave pretty clear proofs that they wished to establish the shows and mummery of the popish ritual upon the ruins of

the less objectionable service of the church of England. But it would not do. The virtue and the spirit of the nation sustained a momentary injury; but they were not destroyed; and the reaction which had begun during the reign of Charles, was rendered more powerful and rapid by the imbecile tyranny of his successor. His subserviency to his paymaster, Louis—his confirmed, intemperate, and absurd notions of the divine right, of arbitrary power, and of non-resistance,—and his attempts to restore the catholic religion,—led to the revolution of 1688; which, through it, without blood, and almost without struggle, gave the more liberal principles a complete ascendancy in the country, yet left many who from one cause or other growled in secret, and longed for the restoration of the exiled tyrants. Throughout the reign of William, the animosities between the parties ran high, and assumed decided and specific characters. One party was for the divine right; and, by natural and almost necessary consequence, for an absolute and infallible church: the other party was for the power of the laws, and for civil and religious liberty. The former was the origin of the tories, the latter that of the whigs; names which, with various changes of signification, continue to divide the country.

The two sets of opinions entertained by these two parties were not confined to Britain; but, modified according to circumstances, they spread all over Europe; and the wars in which Britain had so great and so splendid a share during the reign of Queen Anne, were, in reality, wars about religion as subservient or hostile to arbitrary sway. The brilliant successes of the arms of Marlborough tended to keep the British Jacobites—or divine right and non-resistance-men—quiet during that reign. Their plans were, however, merely delayed, but not abandoned; and accordingly, soon after the accession of George the First, they broke out in open rebellion. The time was not ill-chosen. George was a foreigner, ignorant of the spirit and manners, and almost of the language, of Britain. He was, besides, strongly attached to his Electorial dominions of Hanover; and no device was left untried that could magnify his attachment to these, or bring his person and government into contempt. The attempt of the Jacobites, in 1715, showed, however, that, little as the people of Britain might be attached to a foreign king, they were still less attached to those foreign customs and that foreign vassalage which the Stuarts had once attempted to introduce; and which, had they been able to return from a second exile, they would not have

failed to introduce again, in a form more hateful and destructive than ever.

The jacobites were most successful in finding partizans among those who, from their habits and local situation, had the least political information. Their failure, in 1715, did not convince them of the utter futility of their hopes. They continued to cherish them during the whole reign of George the First; and in that of George the Second, they made another attempt, in which they were animated by the presence of Prince Charles. They failed again; and partly worn out, partly won over, many, indeed most of them, ostensibly abandoned their principles; but still a few continued to have hopes after the accession of George the Third. Their hopes gradually faded away, however, and, ere his reign had closed, fortunately for the country, and especially for the Jacobites, the exiled race became extinct. With that event, or rather several years before it happened, religion ceased to be the nominal cause of war, and a principle hitherto unknown in modern politics, at least to any extent, began to operate. Formerly, it had been king against king, national prejudice against national prejudice, or any one party or faction against another party or faction; and if in any case a ruler strove against his people, religion was at least an avowed and ostensible element of the

quarrel: but now the world was to witness the strife of governors with the whole or a part of nations having any thing even nominally to do with the matter. Nor was this all. There yet remained this strange anomaly: the government of one country first leagued with the revolted subjects of another, and helped them to establish their independence; and then the government against which those subjects had rebelled, and from which they had completely succeeded in freeing themselves, turned round, and fought very long and very expensively for the first against its revolted subjects.

The war between Britain and her colonies in North America was the first in which the new principle was displayed. Not that provinces of empires and departments of kingdoms had not revolted before; but still in modern Europe, none had done so, and established their independence, save the States of Holland; and in their wars, religion had a considerable share: but the colonists resisted the mother country upon grounds which were purely civil, and the most despotic of the European governments took part with them. No doubt these governments did so from a principle of hostility to the liberal government of Britain; but, in the end they paid dearly for their interference. A lesson was read to their people at

home; and it was not long ere they put it in practice in the French Revolution. On the feeling of the people of Britain toward their government, the result of the American war had little or rather perhaps no effect. They, indeed, demanded some slight reforms soon after; but these had no necessary connexion with the example given in the independence of the colonists; and the people were too well aware of the value of what they possessed, to hazard the loss of it in seeking for any thing merely theoretical. In France, however, the case was different. There, the system of the government was bad in itself, and it was not well administered. A few awkward and unsuccessful attempts were made to improve it; but they all failed, and the revolution was the consequence.

Although, however, the French Revolution followed soon after the American war, and although the French people unquestionably received an impulse from the example of the colonists, the independence of America was by no means the only cause, or even the principal cause, of the French Revolution. The people of France had, to use a familiar expression, "grown away" from their government, and it did not fit them; just as the garment of a child does not fit the body of a youth. Government is in itself a bundle of customs,—customs which are no doubt very salutary and im-

portant, but still merely customs; and hence, of themselves, they improve not with the improvement of society. The mould of that of France was cast, and even its form almost finished, during the dark ages. It was, therefore, not at all adapted to the state of society in the eighteenth century; and there can be little doubt, that, though the American war had never been, France would not have been much longer without a revolution, though the character and the consequences of that revolution might have been different.

As it was, the meditated change, even in its first and best form, was perhaps too great. All great and rapid changes are bad. They are violent, and destructive of the peace of individuals at the time, while, in the end, they are sure to produce reaction. The violence of the French Revolution produced a reaction, first, by alarming the other powers of Europe for their own safety, and then, ultimately, by tiring or disgusting the French people themselves; and though the energies of that people were powerfully excited, and in some instances usefully exercised, they were but too frequently engaged in the service of the worst ambition. From the violence of a democratic revolution, they changed to the violence of a military despotism; the powers of which, to those who thought not of a second reaction, seemed to possess

unsubduable strength and unlimited duration. But the wild ambition of Buonaparte lost him at once the flower of his army, and the confidence of his people; and then his fall came rapidly, and as a matter of course.

Still, however, as it was the Revolution that afforded Buonaparte the means of elevating himself to the throne of France, and as *his* wars followed those of the Revolution, without the intervention of any thing that deserved the name of a peace, it was natural, though by no means just, to lay the whole blame of his wars on the Revolution,—that is, on the people. Buonaparte had, in turn, put his foot upon the neck of every sovereign on the Continent; and it was specious, as well as expedient, to say that what the people of France had done, those of other nations might also do; and hence there arose, throughout the governments of Europe, a jealousy of the people,—which formed the leading feature of their politics when the reign of George the Third closed.

Such is the principle that, during the reign of George the Third, gradually occupied the place of the animosity between the Protestants and the Catholics, which influenced their conduct when that reign commenced. It were no easy matter to calculate whether mankind have gained or lost by the exchange. There can be no doubt, that a religious

feeling, or even a religious pretence, adds rancour to civil disputes; and every lover of Christianity must regret to see it, in any form, (it can be but in form only,) made the war-cry of a political party. A religious war strikes its roots deeper into society, and rouses the passions of those who, having no direct interest, would care little for a civil dispute. It, therefore, contains within itself the elements of a protracted duration. Indeed, if something more obvious and tangible do not come in to occupy the attention of the parties, the fire of religious warfare continues alternately to blaze and to smoulder, till the one party or the other be completely subdued or extirpated. The war between the Protestants and the Catholics began with the Reformation, and it continued to rage, at short intervals, till it was weakened by the American war, and finally destroyed by that of the French Revolution.

Jealousy between the people and their rulers may be more violent in its action, and it may even be productive of more serious consequences to a few individuals; but its duration cannot be so protracted as that which arises from religion. The principles, too, of which it takes hold, have more of reason in them, and, consequently, they are neither so dangerous, nor so difficult to correct. Political prejudices, however violent, are always about matters that are wholly level to human capacity:

hence, there is less room for mysticism than in quarrels about religion. The men also who suffer are generally of a higher order in society, and consequently fewer in number. Besides this, the rancour of a quarrel, between a people and their rulers, cannot be prolonged and rekindled by argument and disputation, as in the case with a religious quarrel. If the majority of a nation threaten révolt, or even shew dissatisfaction with their government, the chances of being in the right are many to one in their favour. There is an inherent love of the splendour of their government implanted in the breasts of every people; and they must suffer a good deal before it can be destroyed. Here, however, as in all other matters, example is infectious; and a people who have small cause may complain, just in imitation of another people who have much; but an imitative complaint of this kind cannot be very violent or very general.

In a war between a people and their government, the one party or the other must soon yield. It cannot, like a religious war, be carried on to extirpation; and whether the ruled shall be content to sit down under despotism, or the rulers be forced to adopt a more liberal system of policy, depends altogether upon the state of the public mind. If that be sufficiently enlightened, and if the means of circulating information be secured, no

combination of rulers can enslave the world. The people of one country would revolt; and though the rulers of the others should send troops to assist the government of that, these very troops would carry back the infection to their own country,—nay, it would come in every despatch or rumour of a battle or movement. There can be no doubt that it was on this principle that the armies of Revolutionary France made their way so rapidly among the old governments of Europe; and as the late wars have established a sort of general citizenship among the nations of Europe, which has weakened, if it has not altogether done away, those national prejudices which used to make the one hate the very name of the other, one strong incentive to national wars is removed. This general citizenship has, indeed, weakened the governments in the very point where they might have presumed they were strongest against their people—the army. It is the soldier who has pre-eminently become the citizen of all countries. Formerly, the soldier of one country met but with the soldier of another for a short time, and in hostile opposition: but, during the late wars, the soldier of every nation of Europe fought in turn, side by side, with the soldier of almost every other. The Briton, the German, the Russian, the Spaniard, and the Frenchman, nay, even the Turk, filled their can-

teens from the same spring, slept in the same bivouac, and endured the same toils. It is not in the nature of things, but that they must have found, that they all, as men, possessed the same feelings, the same loves, and the same hatreds,—varied in language and in manners, indeed, but at heart substantially the same.

The vast change, too, which, during the late wars, took place on the composition and character of the soldiery, must have tended to render this effect greater. Compared with the rest of society, they have become vastly more intelligent and moral. Formerly the number of men required for the army was but few, and they were chiefly found among those who, from idleness, dissipation, or some similar cause, were good for little else. The officers, also, were generally those who were accounted not very fit for earning their bread by any of the peaceful professions. But the great numbers which these wars required, drew toward the army men of better habits and more liberal education, and the service in which they were employed had no tendency to make them worse. To shallow reasoners, the army may seem to be a school of vice and cruelty; but it can seem so only to them. Notwithstanding the scenes of cruelty which a soldier must witness, and in which he must act a part, there is something awfully grand and over-

whelming in war, which tends to subdue the trifling passions,—which are always the bad ones,—and stamp manliness, and even virtue, upon the character; and one generally finds the veteran mild and tender of human life and of human liberty, pretty much in proportion to the service he has seen. The half soldier, indeed, who lies loitering at home, and whose sword has never drawn blood, except of his own fingers, from his awkwardness in sheathing it, has some chance of being both vicious and cruel; but they who would impute his vices to the veteran who has been schooled in the field of actual service, know little of the history of man, and less of his nature. If, indeed, the rulers of the nation should at any time calculate upon the enslaving of their people by means of such a soldiery as at present compose the veteran armies of the more enlightened nations of Europe, they would calculate very wide of the truth. Such a soldiery contain no small portion of the best elements of freedom.

Governments,—apart from that veneration which all mankind naturally have for those who are high in office, and which forms one of the strongest bulwarks of thrones,—have no strength but what they derive from the people; and, in an age of intelligence, the people cannot be long and firmly attached to that which is contrary to their best interests.

Europe was vastly more enlightened at the close of the reign of George the Third than at its commencement, and therefore it run a much less risk of the general establishment of despotism. Formerly, it might have been easy to employ the troops of one nation in enslaving the people of another, because the animosities of the courts extended to the people. A Briton hated a Frenchman, and a Norwegian a Swede, as thoroughly as the king of one country could hate the king of another. But things are in this respect changed, and with the exception, perhaps, of the more remote Russians,—who, from gross ignorance and slavish habits, may be made to hate almost any thing,—mankind have become a little wiser. Their commercial transactions, and, as already hinted, even their very wars, have established a sort of brotherhood among them; and the oppression of any one people by their government would be sympathized with from the one end of Europe to the other. In this respect, therefore, the nations of Europe appear to have profited by the French Revolution.

To this, however, Britain is an exception. She had less to gain and more to lose than any of the continental nations; and it may be fairly questioned, whether she has reaped even one advantage from the dissemination of knowledge consequent on that revolution. Physically separated from the other

nations of Europe, she had long enjoyed a political separation of the most enviable and exalted kind. Her constitution, her administration, and her spirit, were her own; and she could derive no advantage and little information from any continental change. It has been mentioned, that she was but little affected by the result of the American war; and the French Revolution was felt but in a very slight degree. The operation which it had, tended indeed rather to abridge than to extend the liberties of Britons. On account of it, some minor, though very salutary reforms, were suspended or abandoned; the clamours of the injudicious and the disaffected, of whom there are always a few in every country, afforded a pretext for the temporary suspension of some of the best laws; and when a good is suspended, it is seldom wholly restored. Perhaps the wars against Buonaparte may have had a deeper impression; and the contact into which the British diplomatists had to come with the continental powers, during the negotiations which followed these wars, may have given at least a tendency to import into Britain a portion of the continental policy. It is not likely, however, that that policy should ever be domesticated in Britain, and they who wish that it should are enemies alike to the throne and the people.

But if Britain run some risk of suffering by her contact with the continental powers, the continental

nations have certainly profited by their acquaintance with Britain. They could not but admire the superiority of her troops, and yet more the immensity of her resources; and they could not be ignorant that these are wholly owing to political causes. In soil and situation she is behind one half of the continental nations; and yet in the power of sustaining a conflict, she is greater than any of them. She does this, too, without the severity of temporary pressure which falls upon other nations; because her government can accumulate debt to an almost unlimited amount, and thus throw the burden of a war upon the remote posterity of those who engage in it. Whether this shall ultimately be a source of weakness or of strength, is somewhat problematical; and politicians take different views of the matter,—some alleging that it is the best way for rendering the government secure, as the creditors must be interested in supporting it; while others, with at least as much reason, contend, that the burden of this debt must not only paralyze the future exertions of the government, and render it unequal to another war of any extent, but also gradually consume its active capital, undermine its prosperity, and involve both government and people in certain and irretrievable ruin. It is certain, however, that it *has given* to Britain the means of carrying on wars, to which, had she been

forced to raise the whole or the greater part of the supplies within the year, she would not have been equal. Her capacity in this respect would naturally enough incline the governors of other nations to inquire into the cause.

Now, the principal cause is her representative form of government—her House of Commons. This gives the crown a hold on the people, which no pure monarchy, however powerful, could acquire; and hence, the contact with Britain must in so far have prepared the continental sovereigns for the establishment of representative governments. This also would be gratifying to the people; as representation is a form of government of which mankind are necessarily fond. It is in so far their own; and a law passed by their representatives is held to be in effect a law passed by themselves. From this fondness on the part of the people for a representative government, a government of that kind could do things which no pure monarchy could with safety attempt. Before, however, it could do these, it would require to be of so long standing as that the court could exert over it a great and silent influence,—such an influence, indeed, as would command a majority. Till this were the case, the course of the executive would be insecure; as nothing could be done of which the majority of the people did not actually approve: but once

allow the executive to command a majority of the representatives, and then the power is greater against the people, and also against foreign nations, than that of any absolute monarchy. The people are still, at least nominally, free; and this gives activity to them in all their private employments. Hence a representative government finds both the wealth and the means of placing it at the disposal of the executive. It is therefore no wonder, that, with the example of Britain before them, a partiality for the representative form of government should have begun to show itself among the continental nations.

It is not, however, in a political point of view alone, that the state of Europe has changed during the reign of George the Third. It has often been observed, that the march of mankind is always swifter than that of their rulers; and, during the late reign, the truth of this observation has not been rendered doubtful. The aspect of society has indeed been almost entirely changed; and, in as far as knowledge is concerned, changed wholly for the better. The sciences, erewhile confined to a few professed philosophers, in a few of the more enlightened districts, have been diffused throughout society. A farmer or even a farm servant, would now be accounted ignorant, were he not possessed of information which, at the accession of

George the Third, would hardly have been looked for in a clergyman; and journeymen handicrafts certainly possess more general information, as well as more knowledge of their respective trades now, than was possessed by masters in 1760. The result has been most beneficial: the vast accession of intellect which has been brought to bear upon scientific subjects has been rewarded with a harvest of discoveries and inventions, great and useful beyond all precedent. At the accession of George the Third, chemistry, in particular, barely deserved the name of a science; and now, it has found its way into almost every art. Nor have the other physical sciences been stationary: and if their progress has been less brilliant and marked, it is only because their previous advancement had been more complete. The moral and speculative sciences have had a less brilliant career; evidently because they bear less directly upon the arts of life. They have, however, in some respects, changed for the better.

The remains of the useless subtilties of the schools have been in a great measure exploded; and the attention of speculative men has been turned towards the more useful pursuits of legislation and political economy. The result has been, that the laws have been cleared of a good deal of the remaining barbarity of the dark ages; and more might have been effected, had it not been

for the wars in which all Europe has been engaged. The study of political economy has made the principles of commerce to be better understood; and a wish at least has been manifested for doing away those impolitic and illiberal restrictions, which, having had their origin in times of comparative ignorance, are now found to be injurious to those very countries and branches of trade for whose benefit they were originally imposed.

The grand advantage, however, to which all the others are owing, or at least without which they would have been of comparatively little value, is the improvement which has taken place in the art of printing, and the consequent circulation of information; and while this remains, the world is completely secured against any great or general relapse into ignorance. The rulers of the world find, that when they do wrong, the press is an all-powerful corrector of their errors; and therefore they, from time to time, have menaced its freedom. But it has generally happened, that what it has been in danger of losing in one country, it has gained in another; and, indeed, the desire of information, and an appetite for books, have now become so very general, that it is absolutely beyond the power of any thing human to destroy the freedom of the press. That freedom is, no doubt, sometimes abused to licentiousness; but the instances in which

the press has done harm are so very few, compared with those in which it has done good, that those who would lay upon it any restrictions which might circumscribe its utility, must be numbered among the enemies of mankind. What has often been said of religion, may be said of the press—"It never quarrels with any man till he first quarrel with it."

AN EXCURSION.

"Tramp, tramp along the land,
And plash, plash through the sea."—KING JAMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the beauties, physical, mental, and erotic, of which the Scottish metropolis boasts, it does not please always. The Calton Hill, the Craggs on Arthur's Seat have their pleasures by sun-light and by moonlight. There romancers go in the morning, to witness the rising sun; there the belles of the Athens display to the noontide sun the flexures of their forms, the folds of their drapery, and between whiles also the furrows of their brows—the prints not of time, but of talent--the notched chronicle not of how many years, but how many systems of philosophy, and snatches of tales, are recorded upon those perennial brasses of Athenian science and Athenian small-talk; and then the swain steals at eve to visit the glimpses of the modest moon, and of his yet more

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modest daughter of that queen of madness and amatory decorum.

It is utterly impossible to be in Edinburgh without philosophizing,—aye, without having a theory to one's self, or living a sceptic of all theories whatever. It descends to the very brute creation: just notice a duck, in the Canongate, on a rainy day. There is kennel enough upon either side of the street to float, and of fat enough to fatten, a whole regiment of quacking heroes; but still you find that the splay-foot philosopher holds pertinaciously to the side most remote from his domicile. Contemplate again the donkey upon which Peter Bauldie brings alternately his yellow sand to polish, and his salt to preserve the charms of the Cowgate and St. Mary's Wynd. The palaces, which to the herald-like voice of Peter—the Castle, the Calton, and the Craggs, take up, prolong, and reverberate the sound.—" Yaeaelie Zāānd!" Whae'll' ae Zāāt?" Forth peeps Martha Macwhirter from a hole on the one side of the way, and Christan Macconachie from a hole upon the other; and both at the same instant, and in tones which cut the echo of Peter's voice as with the shears of fate, demand their farthing's worth of his wares. In an instant, Balaam plants himself in the middle of the street, as firm and immovable as a Scotsman sticks to a sinecure.

"Fetch your ripp, cummer, an' yese get it," says Peter. "Hech lad, an' I canne come oot, 'cas I'm no' dressed," says each of the nymphs of the grot. Peter falters a moment between the black eyes of Martha Macwhirter, and the black head gear of Christan Macconachie; but the head-gear triumphs over the eyes, and the hazle, which Peter had carried like a sword, falls in a *salute*, out of devotion to the night-cap of Mrs. Macconachie, but upon the hinder quarters of the donkey. The cogitations of the brute are too profound and absorbing to permit his obeying even this impulse. He, too, must have time to make up his mind, as to whether the eyes or the cap be entitled to the preference. The case is more purely philosophical, has less of mere animal passion in it than the well-known one of the bundles of hay, and so Peter has no alternative but to be porter to the ladies himself. In doing this, Mrs. Christan Macconachie receives her wares first, and the other insists that she "was the first that cau'd," and there are signs of war. The philosophic donkey now performs a new function. He stands as the barrier of separation between the pugnamorous females, who, forgetting the paucity of clothes, and plenitude of soot and ashes, which had kept them within their own garrisons during the calmer hours, are now brandishing their weapons and

sounding their tocsins in the street, with nothing to prevent their joining in mortal or immortal strife, save the interposed ass of Peter Bauldie.

Thus did the speculation of that animal delay, if it did not finally prevent the horrors of war, at the same time that it has procrastinated for a whole page that upon which I was to stake my renown as a philosopher,—a stake which I am anxious to drive at the outset, in order that the reader may not be startled at any thing of more than ordinary wisdom that may be propounded in the sequel.

The matter is this: love and madness have ever been linked together; and so have madness and the moon—that type and emblem of the icy bosom which thaws not in the breath of Cupid, and melts not by the torch of Hymen. How is this matter to be managed? Love is connected with madness; and the absence of all love is connected with madness. Are we hence to infer, that love and the want of love are one and the same thing? That can hardly be. What then? Ask those whom Cupid has made warm and Hymen cold, for they can perhaps tell, *where* is the madness.

Thus far have I written under a pure Edinburgh impulse. With my philosophy from the physical society, my taste from the dellitanti,—my wit from the parliament-house, my sentiment from —— place, and the form of my speech from the purple

room of Messrs. Manners and Miller; and though the subjects of my philosophy have not been many, they have been varied—Peter Bauldie, the ass of the same, two sibyls, love, madness, and the moon.

In the summer of 182*, or rather at that time of the year, when you are doubtful whether it be summer or autumn,—that period which corresponds to the debateable years of a lady's life, with enough still of the sunshine of passion to make that life desirable, and as much of the repose and tranquillity of evening, as to enable one to think before one acts, and reflect when action is over,—at some such tempting and turning point as this, I, in company with two friends, resolved to take a short excursion over that part of the Highlands which has been the least visited and described, for no good reason that I ever could discover, except that it is the most easily accessible.

My two companions had each his favourite pursuit,—the one was to collect with nippers, and bring back in a tin box, all the gay covering of the mountains; while the other was to pound with his hammer, and put in his wallet those mountains themselves. Out of Edinburgh, I had never been a philosopher, and I was a philosopher in it, or while thinking of it, more from necessity or habit, than of my own capacity or desire. Edinburgh is a tide, rising and falling according to the phases

of certain moons of its own: if it roll spring and flood of wisdom, then the boarding-school misses talk "fairey rings," "bumps of No. 1," "cause and effect," or whatever happens to be the lunar influence; and you are either lifted upon the wave of the surge, or rolled forward in its mass, according to your own gravity. If, on the other hand, the lunar influence be less, you move slowly on in an ebb of scandal and small-talk. Thus, when I came to the middle of the Firth of Forth, that point at which the attraction of the philosophic moons of Edinburgh, is supposed to be balanced by the dull clay earth of Fife, it was a matter of course that there should be an end of my philosophy; and that thus I should be able to see whatever was to be seen, hear whatever was to be heard, and be at once the pilot and purse-bearer of the two.

Had I been born upon the fat banks of the Thames,—had Hackney taught me to lisp in iambics—had Hampstead and Primrose-hill filled me with the images of poplars, periwinkles, daisies, and butter cups, I would have said, that the morning was one upon which the goddesses would have looked down with pleasure,—that cloud kissed cloud, and colour embraced colour, before the rising sun, and then hurried away to the bowers of their dalliance, thence to wanton the live-long day, and

not re-appear till the setting sun enabled them to sport in the sight of gods and men,—that the wind borrowing the very breath of love was fanning the earth and flirting with the waters,—and that we three pedestrians felt our souls "sparkle up," and our hearts breathe themselves into the green earth and the glorious heavens. The pinnace in which we were to cross the Firth, would have been ten city barges and fifty gondolas. Janet Carstairs, who journeyed from the coal mines of the south to visit her son, who laboured at the coal mines of the north, would, as she sat under the gunwale, in her brown mole-skin pelisse, have been Venus reposing on the lap of the sea; and of the three Newhaven boatmen, it would have been a matter of lottery which should be Neptune himself, and which old father Thames. I, however, being born in lands less fat, and educated in lands less flowery, have nothing to say further than—it was a very delightful morning. We rose early, and were soon in the pinnace.

Scarcely had we turned to contemplate the beauties of the city, beauties which, like all beauties, do not look the worse for coming mellowed through a body of air, than we heard the words, "up helm," "lower away the jib," called and answered from the opposite ends of the pinnace.

A squall, which had during the night been sleep-

ing in the lovely bowers upon the hill of Dalmeny, had just awoke, and was hurrying down to the sea, curling the water to windward, till it looked like a dark blue sky, spotted with luminous nebulæ, while over the lee the water was smooth as glass, and tinted of the purest gold colour by the morning sun. On the one hand, the masts of the vessels were nearly levelled with the water, and on the other they were *loomed* almost out of it. The sun was beautiful; the contrast was perfect; but we had not much time to contemplate either; for hardly was the jib down and the helm up, ere the pinnace heeled till the water formed a foaming ridge at her lee gunwale, and occasionally trickled in.

"Coönscience, billies! an' we'll be coupit i' the water, as clean as ere coals war coupit oot o' a creel," said Janet Carstairs, planting her feet against the keel, working her face into one of the most laborious and substantial grins—a most singular and ludicrous expression of hard work and harder fear, clutching a *thwart* with each hand, and bolstering against the windward side of the boat, the whole energy and mass of that part of her corporation, which had been increased in energy and size, by twenty years bearing the "coal creel" in the dark caverns of the earth. There is nothing else in nature, that could furnish at all an adequate idea of Janet's face. The billows of the Forth

might be about as much furrowed; but though the shade of black was much the same in both, there was a livid purple upon the visage of Janet of which the Forth could not boast.

Although fear may possibly have nothing to do in the case, there is an awful voice in the sublime of nature, at the utterance of which man becomes dumb. A trim ferry boat, admirably manned, and freighted with two philosophers, a collier's wife, and an idler like myself, was not the very acme of the sublime, even though caught in a squall upon the romantic waters of the Forth; but still we were all mute, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the singular appearance of Janet Carstairs. Every time that the pinnace lurched more than ordinary to leeward, Janet returned the compliment by straining to windward with her whole energy. In such a warfare, the strongest part of the strongest human body will at last wear out; and Janet finding that her hinder parts could resist no more, called out in sounds of the most heart-rending anguish: "Coönscience! ye lazy lordans, gin ye winna come an' help to had doon the ship, I'll lat her whummel clean oot, an' yere dead—all be upo' yere ain heads, ye gude-for-naething oofs that yere."

We could not help smiling at the simplicity of Janet, who had all this time been, as she thought,

saving us from a watery grave. Yet why should we have smiled at Janet, seeing that half of what the world does for the same, or at least a similar purpose, both in manœuvring and in medicine, is not a jot more rational ?

It seemed, however, that the elements had prepared for Janet that relief which we neglected; for barely had she made her complaint when the squall was over, and we within a mile of the Fifan border, had our sails flapping against the masts, and our crew talking about oars and thowes, which, however, they were in no hurry to use.

Nothing could exceed the collier wife's pleasure, when she found that all danger was over. We were entertained with a history of her life, and an account of the collieries at Loanhead in the south, and Largo in the north, which would have been worthy of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Accustomed as she had all her life been to the bearing of burdens, she seemed proud rather than offended that the burden of our safety had fallen upon her; and in the abundance of her gratitude to that power which we had not assisted, she invited us all, boatmen and others, to her native village of Loanhead, where she promised us the best of a collier's house; and to my botanical friend, who was the best looking of the two, she hinted something about a kiss of a collier lassie; but my

friend was a candidate for holy orders; which, whether clerical or matrimonial, forbid all these matters.

We landed in the kingdom of Fife, ordered breakfast, and asked Janet to be of the party; but Janet would partake of nothing but a bumper of Hollands, which she drained with much zeal; and bidding the botanist "no' forget Loanhead," she pursued her journey, and we devoured Cameron's broiled fish, and cold fowl and ham, to an extent of which mere landsmen, especially landsmen of any other land than Scotia, could have no conception.

In Fife, if we abate the cleanliness and comfort of the cottagers. which are very uncommon, and the *dementia* (Fifishness) of the lairds, which is by no means so, there are only two subjects out of which even a book-maker could make any thing—the aged city of St. Andrews, and the old palace of Falkland; and both of these are famous only as ruins,—Saint Andrews, as the place where Buchanan taught, and Falkland as that whence James the Fifth sallied out to captivate the hearts and corrupt the manners of the Fifan fair. Of the first of these I would say, that its college is still in existence; that its professors lecture and drink tea, (not forgetting to dine,) during the cold months of the year, and play golf during the summer ones;

that its daughters sigh as much and as long for the holy bands of matrimony, as any maidens in the country; that the sea encroaches upon the one side of it; and that the other side does not encroach much upon the land. Still it is St. Andrews,—or rather it is *still* St. Andrews.

Of Falkland, I would and can say more, both because it was the chosen residence of Scotland's merry king, and because it lay not far out of the line of our march. Before the plough rooted up the forest, and the pavilion of kings became the nestling place of daws and owls, Falkland must have been a lovely place. Situated on a rich and varied spot, at the rising edge of the Lomonds, which lift their green and exquisitely formed tops high in mid air, surrounded on the other side by its wide demesne and its dark oaks, low enough to be completely sheltered, and yet sufficiently elevated for commanding the fine valley, or rather amphitheatre of Fife, with the silvery Eden in the middle, and the hills of sufficient altitude for beauty, but not so lofty as to produce the ideas of cold or sterility. It must have looked a retreat from all the cares and troubles of life,—a chosen temple for those soft gods to whom James was so fervent in his adoration. The village and houses are mean, but the fields are as admirable for their natural fertility, as for the skill with which they

are cultivated, while the broken buttresses and battered towers of the palace rise above the whole, as if to proclaim the triumph of ruin over all earthly things.

As we approached it, silence came over us. My botanist spoke not of the clothing of the Lomonds, and my geologist said not a word about their structure. We entered the grounds by a breach in the eastern wall. Near us was a little knoll shaded by a few oaks, which were still green in the lateral branches though dead at the top, wild flowers damasked the sod, and in the middle grew one solitary thistle,—the emblem of Scotland's independence—long gone by. We sat down, we looked at the ruined palace, we looked at each other, but we spoke not a word. What could be the reason? there floated something across our minds too wild for words, and too formless for expression. "Haply," said the botanist, "this is the spot upon which fell the first tear from that bright eye, which the jealousy of the *chaste* Elizabeth closed in murder at Fotheringay—worthy daughter of the queen-butchering Henry!—shades of Essex and Bedford, and ———, why tugged ye not at the conscience, ere the hand of the precious immaculate was dipt in royal blood?"

We started up, went to the palace, and lo! the apartments of kings and nobles were converted into

pigstyes, and the chapel in which Mary first prayed her orisons, was a garner for wheat!—We turned and pursued our route along the banks of the Eden.

By the stream above one of the pools of that river, we found a person of short stature, with a coat of which no man could divine the colour, and a hat of which no man could determine the shape, threshing the water with a most flail-like angling apparatus, but landing a ten-inch trout upon the bank at every third or fourth thresh. A Sutherland man never had a more ungainly tackle upon the woodless banks of the Navern. Izaak Walton himself would not have managed that tackle with more art or better glee.

His costume was quite the reverse of that of a dandy; and his air instantly told us, that there was more in the man than could make up for the carelessness of the garb, and that the man himself knew this full well. The slouched and shapeless hat covered a forehead which would have done no discredit to Shakspeare himself; and I never saw so much of that expression which is called "deevelry" in Scotland, and which is hardly known or named anywhere else—that compound of genius and softness and sin, than twinkled in the corners of his grey eyes.

An inkhorn hung at his button, there was a

stump of pen in his mouth, and a book was thrust half way into his pocket. There was a compound economy in this double armature. When the cloud was upon the sun, he threshed the waters like a Gideon, and had the pick of their inhabitants upon the hook; and when the cloud passed away, down went the fishing rod, and some hapless wight of an author was bored through and through with the pen, and preserved in Jeffrey's or Gifford's cabinets of literary anatomy. Gladly would we have had some converse with him, but he was on the opposite bank of the river, and the nearest crossing was a mile distant, so we took our way and left him to his.

Our road proved to be longer than we had anticipated, and so we were ready for such lunch as the village of Pitlessie afforded. There was a charm in the place too; it was there that Wilkie tried his infant pencil. We enquired of the landlady who might the fisherman be we had seen.

"The minister o' Cult," said the woman. "I thought a' body far an' near had kenn'd him. He's a queer chap; no ane i' the hale boonds can preach, or fish, or tell a story like him. Ye maun ken, Ser, that he's no owre weell liket by some a' his breether, because he's aye g'ien them the ti'ther skelp we his tongue, and garring fouk laugh at them; but elka body here adores him,

an' weell sae they may; for he has aye a kind word an' a kind heart, an' to the fu' o' his means, a kind hand, baith to saint and sinner."

"Has he abolished the cutty-stool?" said one of my companions.

"Gae awa wi' your nonsense. Wha ever heard o' the like o' that here?" replied the buxom dame; "d'ye think, Sir, that though we be publicans, we're sinners?"

If the minister had not banished the cutty-stool, we found that the cutty-stool banished not only the minister but the landlady, as she instantly vanished, and the only other person that we saw was a squinting servant girl, whose whole vocabulary seemed confined to "cummin, Ser," "yes, Ser," and "na, Ser."

But notwithstanding these small occurrences, our journey across the kingdom of Fife was as dull to us as the tale of it would be tiresome to the reader. We dined gloriously in the Tontine, at Cupar—for we dined with the presbytery of the Scottish kirk, who seemed at the outset to lament much the absence of the fishing brother. The stomach will not wait even for wit; and so the *moderator* had dipped deep into the hodge-podge, and cut far into the beef,—nowise sparing the blood of the grape, ere the minister of Cult made his entreé. I can compare the change which that

effected to nothing, save the fetching of the lights after one has been an hour in the gloom. Even the moderator burnt forth; for as the reverend Cults began his dinner without saying grace, the saint moderator set the table in a roar with "Brother Thomas, is *Cult sine Cultu* to-day;" and as the said brother pleaded want of memory, the moderator called for a bumper, to "the *memory* of the *late* minister of Cult."

We were forced to leave the light of the presbytery just as it dawned, and hurry on to Dundee, where there is nothing to be seen but a clumsy old tower, a handsome new harbour, and a mixed and modern population, engaged in continual wrangling as to who shall have the glory and gain of ruling in the corporation.

The first pause that we made was upon the top of the Siedlaws, a ridge of hills of no great elevation, but abundantly cold and bleak, which separate the valley of Strathmore from the fertile fields skirting the coasts of Angus, and which were now waving in the promise of a most luxuriant crop. The view was a fine one, and as the ascent had tried the strength both of our lungs and our muscles, we gazed upon it till these should recover their tone. Behind us the Tay, with its ships and steam-boats in rapid motion, appeared in the openings of the hills; to our left, the brown tops of

the mountains concealed the sun and threw their dark and cool shadow over us; to our right, a country finely wooded and cultivated shot away towards an ocean of intense blue, except here and there a sail which flitted along, or the white breakers upon that dangerous reef of rocks, whose terrors have been so much lessened by Rennie's fine edifice—the Bell-rock Lighthouse.

The true glory of nature was, however, in our front,—in that land to which we were bending our steps. The foreground was mottled with little hills, dark with heath or with pines; between which were glades of the loveliest green, and streams of the purest water. But the character of the whole was dark, and the darkness was increased by the contrast of an intense light which came from the hidden valley beyond, and which told, by the variety of its tints and clearness, that here was a glittering river or glassy lake, there, an expanse of well-cultivated land rich with the luxuriant reward of skilful husbandry; and yonder bustling towns and busy villages sent up their smokes, which served to tint, but not to tarnish, the transparent and delightful air. The mountain scenery, which bounded the prospect, seemed almost interminable in its extent, and endless in its variety. Distance had softened or removed the brown tint, so that the whole looked like a rich tapestry of purple and

blue and gold, except where the sun-beams reflected from a patch of snow upon the mountain, a lake at its side, or a stream seeking its way to the valley, suggested both the colour and the lustre of a gem; or a little cloud floating near the sun contrived to catch the glory of the rainbow upon its wings.

While I was intent upon those distant beauties, my companions were cursing the sterility of the spot as not affording the one a flower for his box, or the other a stone to put in his wallet. These lamentations forced strongly upon my mind the different ideas of utility entertained by philosophers and ordinary men. The place was certainly not very rich or varied in its vegetable productions; but still there were all over the heath, except upon the single knoll where we sat, young larches and other forest trees, spreading their green above the purple heather, in a contrast of the most refreshing beauty; while, out of that rock, in which my geological friend could find nothing to interest him, at least two score of men were cutting building stone in large masses and of excellent quality.

Having rested ourselves, we were again in motion, and after two hours trudging along a narrow dell or ravine, for it was sometimes the one and sometimes the other, we came suddenly upon the little village of Glamis, whose castle is so cele-

brated in story. At the small inn here we met with a curious chronicle, not in black-letter, but in flesh and blood. This was the proprietor of an estate a few miles to the westward, and hard by the celebrated castle of Dunsinane. "Laird Inches" (a more appropriate name would have been *feet*, as nature had extended his longitude to at least six and a half of them,) did not hide the candle, either of his knowledge, or of his speculation, under a bushel. Finding that we were rambling without what is usually termed a business object, he was at no small pains to inform us, first, that the region into which we had just come contained more of the secrets of antiquity than any other in Scotland; and secondly, that nobody had been so successful in making it render up those secrets as himself.

It was impossible not to admire the analytical method by which he proceeded from rural to remote times, and the skill with which he introduced the different relics when he reached that part of his narrative to which they belonged. The apparent theory was, that the valley of Strathmore had always been the grand theatre of Scottish triumph; that though foes of three different nations, and at three different epochs, had ravaged all to the southward, they had all been beaten back in the great valley of heroic men; and that as a portion of each invading people had remained and mingled with

the other inhabitants, a race of men had thence sprung up more vigorous in their bodies, and more acute in their minds, than were to be found in any other district of the same island.

The way in which he went about to establish these positions was this: the Landlord was a lively and brawny fellow, with curled hair, dark eyes, aquiline nose, and a somewhat supercilious curl of the lip. The Laird called our attention to these circumstances, and proved by him, and Roman kettles which had been dug up in a neighbouring bog, and Roman camps which, he said, were still numerous along the south side of the valley, that the landlord, who was born on the south side, had Roman blood in his veins. Having thus settled the origin of "mine host," he was equally successful in proving the Celtic descent of "mine hostess," a tall raw-boned female, with a head very high and narrow,—black hair without the least natural flexure, and eyes grey, almost to whiteness. Then came the Danish part of the trio,—a buxom blue-eyed and carroty-haired waiting-maid, from that part of the glen where the streams divide, or alternately seek their way to the sea by Perth and Montrose. Nor was he without substantiating this theory by etymology: the name of Millar, the landlord, came, according to him, not from the

grinder of oats, but from *miles*, a soldier; the lady, whose name was Dow, had it not merely expressive of her race, but even of her complexion, which, notwithstanding her grey eyes, was, as he said, "black enough;" and the maid, he alleged, was of the Ogilbies, who had received their name from the bloom upon their countenances, which made them appear *young* all their lives,—almost the literal interpretation of the Gaelic name.

Such demonstration was irresistible; and the attention with which we, as in duty for its being gratuitous we were bound, received it, and opened the door to future proofs and illustrations. We had the landing of the Danes at Redcastle on the east coast, and at Ravensbay on the south, and at Loncarty on the Tay, with their marches; the defeat of one party at Aberlemno, by Banquo; of another at Camus cross, by Macbeth; and of the third at Loncarty, by Hay and his two sons, delineated with as much precision as if Mr. Inches had been one of the conquering party at all the three places. Then for the Romans: we had Agricola coming from the south-west, Galgacus meeting him from the north-east, a bloody battle ensuing; and to arrive at the gist of the whole matter, we had the Roman slain, and buried in a tumulus, from which the Laird had been fortunate enough to dig his bones, which

he had carefully preserved as evidence of the facts.

The high spirits into which the attention with which we listened to those statements had elevated the Laird, the consequent heat, and the copious application of whisky punch, with which he in vain essayed to cool himself, made him go so far as to insist that we should visit him on the following day, and see the bones of Agricola. This was an honour which, favoured as we had been, we could not with propriety decline; and so, having spent the early part of the morning, one in botanizing upon the hills, another in breaking stones in the bed of the rivulet, and the third in climbing to the top of the venerable seat of the Lyons, inspecting the curiosities within, *inter alia*, the blood of the murdered King Malcolm, as fresh as the day it was shed, we assembled, and reached Mount Inches by two o'clock.

The Laird had resolved to do us the double favour of showing us the bones of the Roman, and the hospitality of the present race. We were introduced to five or six brawny fellows, distinguished by the names of their estates or farms, and recommended for the *rummers* of whisky punch each could drink; which latter circumstance was repaid by the one who was lauded as a twenty glass man, saying, very significantly, "Laird, you maun win

the brose; you are aye twa glasses aboon me, do best for't."

"Aweel, aweel, Drouthydikes," said the Laird, "we'll find a' that out in gude time; but we maun gae an' see the bánes, an' syne, gentlemen, gin ye a' like we'll come inwith and try the beef."

Away we went to feast our eyes with the imperial skeleton, and while we were upon our way, I know not how it was, but I could not refrain from thinking of "the Antiquary" with his Roman Camp. We arrived at a little hill, the brown top of which was marked by an enclosure of green, at the south side of which were two or three smaller enclosures, which to me appeared as the foundations of a farmer's hamlet which had been abandoned, say a century before. Close by them, surrounded by a paling, thickly wattled with furze branches, to repress the curiosity of the cattle, (which, though no great admirers of flesh, are known to be so fond of bones that they would not spare even those of a Roman Emperor,) were the precious relics, which, though the Laird had visited with religious veneration, he had not allowed to be removed from the situation in which they had been found. It must be admitted, that in this un-Elgin-like forbearance, he was not actuated by respect alone; for he added, "There's nae sayin' how lang the ghaists o' thae Romans may gae danderin' about; an' the gude-

wife threeps, that aye sin' the tumulus was opened, there has been an unco unearthly sough amo' the broom i' the gloamins."

My geological companion was the foremost to follow the Laird within the sacred inclosure, not only because he was more fond of and more conversant with "things under the earth" than any other of the party, but because he had studied under Dr. Barclay, and thus, though he had no previous experience in the osteology of Roman emperors, he knew all sorts of skeletons from the mouse to the elephant. A bone was handed to him, which he pronounced to be the *tibia* of a man of gigantic dimensions.

"I tell'd you that," said the Laird, "nae doot but it's Agricola himsel'; no the least doot o't. But, Gudesafe us! he'd had an awfu' pair o' jaws o' his ain, for there's a tooth wad sair the biggest cart-horse in a' Strathmore!"

Here the botanist stepped forward: he was also a medical student, though of more brief standing; and looking at the tooth, he observed, with much composure, that, "if the tooth belonged to a human warrior, that warrior must have been none other than Nebuchadnezzar himself; because from the form of the tooth, as well as from the mixing of the enamel in plates with the bone, he could

demonstrate that, according to Cuvier, the owner must have fed upon grass."

The Laird looked a little chop fallen.

"Look," said the geologist, "if you can find among the mould the *astragalus* or the *os coccygis* terminating in the *cuneiform process*, for these will be decisive evidence, as the former is wanting in every animal but man, and man is the only one in which the latter so terminates."

"A process does na soon *terminate* in oor Shirra Coort here," said the Laird, trying to make a joke of the matter, "and, for my ain part, I hae nae experience that it terminates sooner afore the Fifteen i' your Coort at Edinburgh;" but, proceeding in his search, he brought up the jawbone of a horse, very much decayed, but still perfect enough to be known even by the Laird himself.

"Umph!" said he, as he handed it to the geologist.

"We must go a little further into antiquity still," said the botanist; "we are in the province of sacred history, and no doubt have both Balaam and his ass before us at this present moment."

"Thank you for that, freend, thank you for that," said the Laird; "I'se warrant ye are ettlin at me there, Balaam the false prophet, in no finding the bones o' Agricola after a'; an' the ass, for

makin' sic a fool o' mysel' afore strangers. But let's awa' to dinner, and let Agricola sleep; for gin Drouthydikes get a glisk o' this, he'll mak' me a laughun-stock to the haill Strath."

Secrecy was promised and kept. The dinner was immense in quantity, and far from disputable in quality; the Laird drowned his misfortunes in his cups, and ere we, who were allowed a little licence because we were strangers, had proposed to take our leave, Drouthydikes was under the table. The Laird treated us very kindly, made us stay during the night, called us by day-break in the morning; and, observing to my companion, that he must "Haud oot o' the road o' Nebuchadnezzar and Balaam's ass," led us to the site of Dunsinane Castle. We returned to breakfast, and when that was over, the Laird, on purpose, no doubt, to prevent us from spoiling the story of Agricola's bones, sent his carriage with us "as far as we likit,"—and we took it to the ancient burgh of Forfar, in which our stay was as brief as possible.

At Brechin, again, we had the affair of the Romans; and *Cauder-dun*, a hill to the north, upon the summit of which there is a very extensive inclosure, was sworn was the last camp of the Caledonian hero; while the battle was fought a little to the south and east, the Roman ships

meanwhile riding at anchor in the bay of Montrose.

We were now upon the confines of the Grampians, of that land which had been kept from foreign conquest, either by the bravery of its people, or the barrenness of its soil, and the difficulty of its passes. With sundry intervening races, the western part of this slope of the mountains of Forfarshire used to be inhabited by the Ogilvies, and the eastern by the Lindesays. The latter were originally either an Anglo-Saxon colony, or they were a Saxon or Norwegian race, who put themselves under the protection of the Saxon lords who departed southward after the battle of Hastings. Long before the time of our visit they had been blended with other names and other races; but still there were even then peculiarities in their appearance and customs, and they certainly made common use of a certain number of words apparently Anglo-Saxon, which are not ever used in any other part of Scotland. In stature they are not so tall as some other races, but they are uncommonly fleet and active, and the children and young girls are the most rosy and blooming that I ever recollect having seen. They are as ruddy as those in the healthy villages of England, with more firmness of feature and greater activity. They

seemed much more given to superstition and the recital of legends than one would have imagined, but these matters could only be guessed at by snatches, as, professed wits, or rather humourists themselves, there was nothing of which they seemed to have so much dread as being turned into ridicule. Even the youngest child that we met, though it laughed, and was in perfect good humour, would turn upon us with some such words of suspicion as, "I doot ye're playin' upo' me,"—"I ken ye're funnin," &c. &c.

There was one thing, however, which they were all anxious to tell, and that was the prowess of their ancestors, not only in resisting the English under Edward, and the predatory clans of the Katrine, to whom the Lindesays disdained to pay the accustomed tribute, but also upon occasion resisting the power of the Scottish kings. While my friends were toiling in their scientific vocations, I used often to go into the farm houses, where there was uniformly shewn to me a trusty ferrara, and a pair of iron pistols, with the observation, that "Thae war the tools wharewi' my gutcher keepit the castle mony lang dae," and then, if time permitted, there followed some account of the brave exploits of the Guard of Edzell.

In the bed of the North Esk and along its banks, my two friends found a rich harvest,—the

geologist declared that he had never seen the strata so completely shown for such a length, and the botanist scrambled among the cliffs, and once or twice rolled into the stream.

Thus we trudged on, having at one place the stone pointed out to us, upon which Sir William Wallace had whetted his sword previous to a successful attack upon the invaders, and at another the hillocks which had been raised over the victims of his prowess. The relics of this prowess, and the people's belief in their authenticity, seemed to increase as we penetrated into the glen; and when we came to the castle of Invermark, a little square tower at the confluence of the Mark with the Esk, we had it sworn to us over and over that there the Scottish hero, with the assistance only of Græme, had broken into the castle by main force, and put the whole garrison to the route or the sword. The entrance door being about seven feet from the ground, we doubted the possibility of the exploit, but were assured that the hero first climbed up by means of the shoulders of the gallant Græme, and then pulling him up, the two burst asunder an iron bolt thicker than an ordinary plough-share, and that being achieved, they made but short work with the garrison, nor was it long ere the whole glen was swept of the invaders. "It was but a word an' a stroke wi' Wallace," said the well knit active man

of at least seventy, who showed us the place, "an' he was a bonny chield an' didna need to come twice."

"It was nae time for feuds amo' the fowk at hame," continued the auld man, "an' sae the Lindesay o' Edzell an' the Maule o' Brechin, though they had monie a tulzie after, an' it endit in the Maule gettin' a claught o' the Lindesay's lands stoop and roop, no' in that even-down a gate neither. Howsomever, i' thae days they were friends, as nane o' them was in a condition either to gie hurt, or to provoke it; for the hale band o' Brechin was slauchtered in cauld blude, after they had got honourable terms, an' the reek o' the bonnie castle o' Edzell was comin outowre the tap o' Wirrin, an' the wives and the bairns were skellachan, and the guard, sic o' them as had a leg left, war rinnin for the bare life, a' to save the bonnie Lady Lindesay, wha was shot inta a hole i' the craig at the Doolie Linn, as gin she had been a thing that the light o' the mornin' durstna see.

"Weel, you see, baith the Lindesay an' the Maule had driven their cattle up Glenesk, an' bonnie droves they war, and muckle gude spulzie they offered to the Englishes, wha war aye unco chields for takin' care o' the stamach; an' sae, whan they fand oot that the cattle war up the glen, the haill bevy came up helter-skelter, slauchterin' man an' beast even on afore them, an' never blindin',

only to fill their bellies like, till they war at the castle o' Invermark, whare, as nae body had been expectin them, there war as few to haud them at the staff's end, savin twa three auld men an' young callants, an' waes me, they could do little agen sic a rampagin and blude thirsty set, whase courage aye mounted the higher the mair feckless the opposition. The auld men an' the laddies did what they could, by tumblin' doon stanes frae the tap o' the castle, an' shootin' arrows frae the bores; but the Englishes war owre mony, an' forby, they cutted doon the bonnie birk wood, piled it up afore the castle, an' threatened to set it in a low gin the others wadnae surrender. They stood out manfully for terms, an' gat them—leave as it war to gae to the hills and starve there; but as the comin' o' the Englishes was a lawless thing a' thegether, it could na be expeckit that they wad keep paction wi' ony within their power; and sae the haill garrison war butchered upo' the castle green, except a callan, an' he escapit by maist a miracle. He was near the edge o' the water, just whare that muckle birk tree is, (Gude kens how lang it has grown there, for nae body wad touch a twig o't); and there was only ane o' the Englishes atween him and the bank. This was ane wha it seems was to butcher him, an' he was tuggin' at his sword to get it oot o' the scabbard, for it was

a kin' o' glued in wi' the blood o' former murder, whilk you ken is no very easy dightit aff. Weel as he was tuggin' an' ruggin', the callant, kennin' it wad be but dien ony gate, gae a spring at him, dang him heels owre head into the water, an' grippin' the sword, whilk had now come oot o' the scabbard, he was throu' the water in a jiffy, an' rinnin' up the hill on the ither side, flourishing the sword roond his head, an' cryin' oot 'Wallace an' revenge for auld Scotland's sake!' Mony an arrow was shot after him, but afore the bows war in order he was near hand oot o' their reach.

"The callan ran alang the tap o' the hills, aye keepin' i' sight o' the bonnie haughs o Lochlee, an' sair he grat at the spulzie whilk he saw ga'en forward. But he could-na help it; an' sae he trudged on, till a far way aboon the linn o' Eunoch, he saw twa strappin' fallows in coats of mail an' steel caps, sittin' on a stane, an' was close upo them ere he witted. 'Gin ye be the faes of Scotland come on,' said he wavin' the Englisher's sword. 'If Scotland,' said the t'ane o' them, 'had ten thousand such faes as we are, she would not want freends.' 'I ken ye noo,' said he, 'by the beast upo' the tap o' yere skull-cap, an' your muckle sword, ye can be nane ither but Wallace himsel', I'm little Sandy Lindesay, escapit frae the castle o' Invermark by diggin

ane o' the landloupers i' the water. They hae spulzied the haill o' Glenesk, an' butchered the auld men an' the bairns, gin it binna mysel' at Invermark; an' O! gin ye'll just come back wi' me, we'll ding them yet.'

"Wallace could-na help admirin' the spirit o' the callan; an' sae, after he had consulted a bit wi' Græme, he stood up upo' the tap o' the craig: an' lifting a little horn to his mouth, gae a sound that made a' the grund dirl again. Twa or three horns answered, tho' no' wi' sic a piercin' sound; an' in a jiffy, the matter o' twa or three score o' bonnie chields were colleckit upo' the hill, amang the midst o' wham stood Wallace, risin' aboon the lave, just as you see Benchat aboon the ither hills. Weel, he direckit ae party to mak for the pass oot o' the glen, just whare the milltown is noo; an' anither to come roond the hills to the tap o' Glenmark; an' he himsel' wad meet them. A' body trusted Wallace; an' sae they war aff on the instant, little Sandy Lindesay wi' the foremost party, to take them the shortest gate; an' though the callan had ran lang an' sair, he was sae vogie at ha'in seen Wallace, an' gettin' leave to join the party, that he was aye foremost, let the lave do their best.

"Nae sooner had Wallace gi'en his parties their directions an' seen them on their road, than he says

to Græme, 'We have now made sure of the circle, and so let us start the game. I know there is drink in Invermark Castle; these plunderers will be at it, so let us be on them as night falls.' 'Agreed,' said his gallant companion; 'where Wallace goes, Græme will follow.' Wi' that they came forward to the broo o' the hill; an' though they war a gude mile aff, they cou'd hear the din o' the invaders' mirth at the castle. But they cou'dna get doon the craig, as it hung ootowre, an' was mair nor a hunder feet high, wi' sharp broken stanes at the bottom. Sae they turned back again till they came to the eagle's craig just aboon the linn, an' though it be gude five hunder feet high, an' as even up as the wa' o' a hoose, doon they came as fleet an' as safely as gin they had been comin' doon the braid stair o' Edzell Castle. Alang by the side o' the loch they came quietly eneuch, you needna doot, for there was neither man nor beast left to mak a stir.

"Comin' to Invermark they found the yett shut an' the Englishes roarin' as gin they had been fou. Sae Wallace climbs up upo' the shouthers o' the Græme, stands upo' the muckle stane that yet forms the sole o' the door, pulls Græme after him, then the twa drive up the door by main force, an' to it they gae sword in hand, killin' as mony as ere they can, an' flingin' doon the lave.

"When they had cleared the castle o' the louts, Wallace rins up to the bartizen, an' seein' the new moon owre craig Muskeldie, whilk was the signal for the party in Glenmark, he blaws his horn; an the party, answerin' till't, sweeps doon the glen, driving the invaders like deer, an' never blindin till they war at Invermark.

"The foremost o' the invaders, meaning to tak to the castle for safety, came to the twa trees whilk formed a kind o' brig owre the Mark; but the swords o' Wallace an' Græme threshed upo' them like flails, an' sic as warna cleft ootright were tumbled into the water. The rest, wha had colleckit into a body, took the gate doon the glen, as fast as ever they cou'd, the Scotsmen followin' an' aye now an' then calling out, 'a Wallace straik! a Wallace straik!' Though they didna need to tel that, as it was aye tellin' for'tsell by the ither man fa'in' to the earth. On they drave; an' just as they came to the mill-town, the party afore them answered to the horn o' the party ahint, an' set up the same cry o' 'a Wallace straik!'

"Hemmed in atween twa parties, wi' the stiff rocks on the ae side, an' the deep water on the ither, an' kennin' that as they had gi'en nae mercy they wad get nane, the Englishes fought like wild cats; but the blude o' the glensmen was up, an' the sword o' Wallace was there, sae there was little

chance for ony ither. Ane by ane, they war cut doon or drowned, no without muckle loss to the Scots; an' what vexed Wallace the maist of a', little Sandy Lindesay was foun' lyin' dead upo' the tap o' twa slaughtered Englishes."

The old man completely exhausted himself by the energy with which he told this; and so after offering him a gratuity, which he refused upon the ground that "he didna need it," we bade him good morning, and proceeded towards Lochlee.

The old man's account of the capture and recapture of Invermark Castle and the battle of the Milltown, had not only produced a considerable effect upon me, but had made my two friends as much alive to the inhabitants of the glen, and the memorials of former transactions, as to rocks and plants; and the geologist so far forgot the exercise of his hammer, as to propose that a journey to "Wallace' Craig" should precede his visit to the silver mine in Glenmark, said to have been worked by the York Buildings' Company during the time that the forfeited estate of Invermark was in their possession. We therefore rambled on, till the dark lake, embosomed among mountains which exclude the sun from it for a great part of every day, and some whole months of the year, lay sullen and still before us.

Close by its eastern margin are the ruins of the

little church and school-house of Lochlee, the latter interesting to the lovers of Scottish literature by having been the residence of Ross, the author of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," a poem, which, though it be now as much a sealed book to the fashionables of Scotland as the writings of Gower, or even Alfred himself, are to those of England, yet contains some of the most romantic descriptions that ever were written, and preserves traces of customs and traditions not to be found elsewhere.

We came to the house, or rather the ruin; and as was fitting for meditation upon such a scene, we came without a guide to break, by ill-timed though well-meant information, the chain of our reflections. It had been the very minimum of human dwellings: there were two apartments,—the largest not ten feet square, and yet here the humble and contented bard had taught the youth of the glen, reared a numerous family, written poems and songs, and been the life and the admiration of all around him. A single apartment had been his parlour, his bed-chamber, and his study; that apartment had had but one little window, and near this we saw, or fancied we saw, the marks of his rude chair and little table in the clay floor. Within-side the garden, small in proportion to the house, was a little bank of camomile, upon which the bard

used to rest when fatigued; and below a few stunted trees in the deserted churchyard, was the walk along which he used to study. There was a wildness of desolation, but at the same time a calm holiness of repose about the place, that came over me, I know not how; and for the moment I felt that, if (which is not very likely) my own bones should ever become objects of interest or enquiry, I would rather have them laid in the lone solitude of Glenlee, where they would be visited only by the casual traveller, amid the wild simplicity of nature, than huddled up in the church of St. Peter, Westminster, where, while the worms fed upon myself below ground, the Dean and Chapter would feed upon my monument above.

MAJOR MACTURK;

A FRAGMENT.

"Such things were."

"I WAS born in one of the little glens in the southern Grampians. A lovely glen it was, if my memory does not deceive me. My father was then what was reckoned a respectable farmer; and, if report said true, he should have inhabited Edzell castle, and I, as his only son, should have been there to the day of my death. For, I should suppose, the first ten years of my life, I was allowed to run wild about the hills, only my mother contrived to teach me the A, B, C, and some of the shorter words of the English language. The situation of my father's house with regard to the parish school, being such that I could not conveniently attend it, I was in my eleventh year placed at the academy in ——, where in the course of four years, I made considerable progress in the common branches of

school education. During the summer vacations, I used to return to my fond parents and my favourite hills, and I rather think that during these visits of four weeks each, I derived more pleasure from them than when I had free scope upon them all the year over. My father's life was one of much labour and much anxiety; he complained that early frosts and heavy rains were continually defeating him in his grain crops, while hard winters and cold springs made his cattle unproductive. My mother, therefore, used always to be in the habit of saying, that "her Sandy would not have to toil and drudge in these cold places, but would earn his bread with his coat on while young, and eat it in his carriage when old."

My mother had never been fond either of the situation or profession of my father. He had married her when in the west country disposing of a drove of cattle, and though my father had not received much if any portion with her, she piqued herself much because she had a brother who had made riches partly by trade, and partly by plantations in Jamaica. My father was very fond of my mother; but he was not so fond of her partiality for the wealth and trade of her relations. When she vexed him, which was not often, he used to retort upon her, that the "West India siller was little better than the price o' human blude an' hu-

man banes, and could never be blessed to them that made it; an' as for the merchants, they were sae used to buyin' an' sellin', an' settin' a price upon ilka thing, that they wad sell their ain sauls an' consciences, gin they were things for ony body's buyin'."

The uncle, however, paid us a visit one vacation, and expressed himself so much delighted with my skill in accounts, and worked so upon the vanity of my father, that consent was given, that after another year's academy, I should be allowed to enter his counting-house, preparatory to my going out to the West Indies, there to make my fortune either as a merchant or as a planter, as circumstances might direct. This plan was further confirmed by the advice of a neighbour, who had received a considerable remittance of money from a son, who did not return from the land of sugar and slaves himself.

Animated by the vision of future wealth, which their conversations and advices had conjured up, I went back to the academy, and prosecuted my studies with double vigour. When, however, I mentioned the great things in store for me to the Rector with whom I was boarded, he shook his head, observing, that "there were plenty of graves at home; and that if Mammon would send any of his children (the names by which he always called

his boarders) to that land of bondage and death, could he not be satisfied with such as were good for nothing else?"

I did not fully understand the import of this, and besides the former statement, together with my habit of implicitly obeying the dictates of my parents, confirmed me in the course marked out for me; and though the Rector took occasion to be very severe both upon the climate and the morals of the West Indies, when he came to that part of geography, yet he made no more direct appeal to me; till I was bidding him my last farewell, when he said, "Don't forget to call and see your old master before you go, for he can have no hopes of seeing you when you—; you *may* go," said he, in that tone which he assumed when he meant to be very impressive,

"Sed revocare gradum
Hoc opus hic labor est."

After having spent the appointed weeks with my parents, I was prepared by abundant changes of clothes and linen, and bundled off to ——, where I was received by my uncle with, as I thought, as much state as kindness. In his counting-house I was kept at the desk, or I was hurrying to and fro in the streets, from nine in the morning till nine

and sometimes ten at night; and thus he forced my compliance with one of my father's injunctions, namely, "that I should not idle away my time."

My uncle had a son about three years older than myself, whom he was training to be his partner and successor in business. This young man affected to be very fond of me, but he was much more fond of strutting about; and so a great part of his division of the labour devolved upon me in addition to my own. For this additional labour, he thought his professions of friendship a sufficient recompense. I thought so too at the outset, and if I afterwards altered my opinion, I found it not so easy to alter my conduct. One advantage, and that an important one, I did derive from him: he saw that I was fond of reading: he could procure me the use of books without any abridgment of his own pleasures; he supplied me amply, and I often used to read the greater part of the night. My education, too, was not wholly neglected; for my uncle had me perfected in the study of the French language, and made such an adept in German, that I saved him the expense of a translator for his Hamburgh letters.

If I had not stood in awe of the solemn visage of my uncle, and yet more at the dull muster of arithmetical figures upon his ledger, I should have been tempted to laugh at the economy of his house,

which was as complete an attempt to compromise matters with both God and mammon as ever I remember to have seen. My father was what is termed in that part of the country a religious man, that is to say, he read a chapter of the bible, and said prayers to his family every Sabbath night; and on the day of the annual sacrament, he used to repeat the same exercise in the morning. My uncle gave us chapters and prayers, with a very reasonable allowance of psalmody, twice every day, and thrice on Sunday; but no sooner was he off his knees than he was talking of bargains, or answering such of his correspondence as was not intrusted to the clerks. With him devotion was abundant; but it always seemed not only that he was paying a debt, but that he was paying it with a grudge; and indeed the only feeling that he or his family seemed to have about the matter, was thankfulness when it was over,—a feeling in which I joined most heartily.

In the last year of my apprenticeship, and not many months before I hoped to sail for the purpose of, like Columbus, taking possession of the new world, there was a sad commotion all over Scotland, by the novelty of a militia ballot,—a thing which was peculiarly unpalatable, and which in some districts was attended with serious commotions. My cousin had the misfortune to be balloted;

money was refused to be taken for him, and there was some difficulty, or at least some delay, in finding a volunteer substitute.

While he was complaining to me of the hardness of his fate, I happened to say to him, that, as he had often expressed to me his detestation of the dull and hazardous life of a merchant, and that there was nothing so gay and glorious as the life of a soldier, if I were in his place I would go myself; that his entering upon a call as it were would be counted an honour, and that his father had sufficient influence to place him in a situation where he would soon be the leader of armies, and the idol of kings.—I said this, more in the playfulness of a boy, and as a raillery of one to whom the purchase of a whole company of recruits would have been nothing, than with any serious intention, either to persuade him to go into the army, in any situation, or of going into it myself. Upon him, however, it made a different impression, and that impression, as the event showed, he lost no time in communicating to his father.

Immediately my uncle, who had been always haughty and reserved, and treated me rather as one who lived by tolerance upon his bounty, than as one who earned by faithful and constant service all that I got from him, now became an altered man. He was so very courteous, that I flattered

myself I had at last pleased him by my assiduity and steadiness, and that all the stipulated promises to me would be fulfilled the moment that my term expired.

One day his kindness was carried to the unprecedented length of sending for me after dinner to drink a glass of wine. He and two or three of his mercantile companions sat enjoying their bottle. What might have been the nature of their conversation previous to my entering I cannot tell; but soon after I had been seated in the place of honour, upon my uncle's right hand, they began to talk of the importance, energy, activity and honour of the military life, adding that the whole money which the merchant made, by painful plodding for a lifetime behind the desk, could not procure him so much respect as one wave of the soldier's sword. This they said was an immense superiority; and then, in point of certainty of success, the warrior had wholly the advantage,—that the merchant whatever might be his ability, could do nothing without capital, and that when he had it, it was constantly exposed to the dangers of the elements, and the knavery of other men; while the stock of the soldier, a bold heart and a sinewed arm, cost nothing at the outset, and could not be stolen or lost. After a good deal of conversation of this kind, my uncle proposed a bumper to the

health of a celebrated general, declaring that if he were but young again, no consideration would prevent him from entering the army, and that he would scorn to buy or beg a thing which must depend upon his own merits after all, but would enter the ranks, mount up by his deserts, and thus he would never be called to a duty which he could not understand, or fill a post to which he would not do honour.

Though I could consider no part of this conversation as being addressed to myself, yet I could not avoid, and indeed did not wish to avoid listening to it; and as the specimen which I had got of the counting house was abundantly dull and laborious, I could not help thinking that there was a great deal of truth in the conclusion. The thought of this made the labours of the evening go on even more heavily than usual; and when I at length got to my garret, I could not read. So I got into bed; but it was long ere I slept, and when I did, I dreamed of parades, battles, victories, and military glory.

Next day I was invited in the same manner, and heard conversations nearly similar, only there were added many military anecdotes, and instances of those who had risen from the ranks to the highest stations. As I was leaving the room, one of the guests said to my uncle that he was sure Alexander,

from his spirit and abilities, and being sprung from a noble and warlike stock, would make quite a figure in the army, and deserve the appellation of Alexander the Great. "I am confident he would," said my uncle. This further increased my hatred of commerce, and my admiration of the military life.

The same evening I was sent for after supper, when nobody but my uncle and his son was present. My uncle began by an eulogy upon soldiering, more warm than any that I had heard, and then he abused his son as a fool and a booby, who would not embrace the opportunity which even the "lot of God," as he called the militia ballot, had placed within his reach. The son muttered something which I could not distinctly hear, and to me seemed tenfold more both of fool and of booby than ever he had done before.

"Nonsense!" said my uncle, "if you had but one spark of honour in you, you would go. I could lay the whole of my plantations, slaves, and all, against an acre of his father's hill-pasture, and the annual produce of it, a braxy sheep, that if Alexander there had your opportunity, he would not hesitate a moment. Would you Alexander?"

Inflamed by the conversation I had heard, I eagerly answered, "I would not."

"Then, my dear fellow," said he, "as I am

really as much interested in you as though you were my own, why should not you embrace the golden moment which that great coward has not the sense to appreciate, or the courage to try? I will advance ten pounds for your equipment; and, if you take care of yourself, you will come home a colonel, riding in your own coach, and company for the first lord in the land; while that great booby there will continue drudging at his ledger, and fit for and cared for by nobody but higgling pedlars and drunken planters.

I at once agreed to the proposal. A written obligation was signed by me; and I waited with the utmost impatience. I had not resolution to tell my father of the step I had taken; and, indeed, I was so full of the anticipation of military glory that I could think of nothing else. I reckoned every minute that lay between me and the commencement of my career of glory as long as the longest summer's day, and as dreary as the longest winter's night. It never once occurred to me, that my uncle, inured as he had been from his youth to the purchase of human flesh, had been buying me, and buying me at an undervalue,—as several young men, who were known to me, had paid fifty or sixty pounds a-piece for substitutes; but I have sometimes thought that our paths are measured

out to us, without our being at all consulted as to their direction, or acquainted with that to which they lead.

The happy day at length arrived, upon which I was to turn my back upon Plutus, and keep my eye steadily upon the gilded car of Mars, until fortune, and my own deserts, should enable me to mount it by his side.

It was soon after the breaking of the treaty of Amiens,—that brief and brittle truce, to which the ambitious ruler of the French had consented, for no other purpose than that he might have a breathing time, in which to mature his plan for universal empire. The militia of the country had been disembodied, and as most of the officers and staff had either retired or exchanged, the regiment was to form almost entirely anew,—a consideration at which I was very much pleased, as it promised me an equality at starting which I could not have had in a veteran corps.

My first exploit was an exhibition before the doctor, and I must confess, that I was a little disappointed at the workhorse-like way in which our value was estimated,—limbs being accounted every thing, and no note being taken as to whether we had any mental capacity or not. As soon as the doctor certified that I had two legs and two arms, and was not affected with personal lameness, or

any disease personal or hereditary, I was carried before their honours of the Lieutenancy, where the oath of allegiance was administered to me in due form. A billet for quarters in a low ale-house was then given to me, and my companion or comrade was to be a low Irishman, who had once been porter in my uncle's warehouse, but who had been turned away on account of habitual drunkenness and suspicion of dishonesty. Against this I remonstrated; but, instead of redress, I got nothing but a round swearing.

After I was firmly tied, my uncle and his son, who had come to the town, though not in company with me, sent for me to the inn. They were at dinner when I called; but, without asking me to partake of their cheer, or even to be seated, they tossed my ten pounds at me, and wished me glory and prosperity. I was not a little hurt at this seeming neglect, and the matter was not improved when I afterwards heard my booby cousin boasting in the street, that they had succeeded in getting a man for less than a fourth of what others had paid. It was true, he said, that it had cost his father a bottle of wine and a few lies; but that was but a trifling price to pay for a good bargain. Still, however, I continued to buoy myself up with the hope of rank, and earnestly expected the morrow when we were to be mustered, and our merits

decided upon, not by Lords Lieutenant, but by those who were military men to the very core. In the meantime I wrote to my father, enclosing him eight of my ten guineas, as an earnest of the wealth and splendour which my military life would one day cast upon the family. My Hibernian comrade had also been employed,—he had been getting drunk with those full-bred soldiers from regiments of the line, who were to drill us in the manual and platoon exercises, taunt us into obedience, and initiate us into the vices of the army.

The morrow arrived; the drum beat; and we assembled,—a motley squad, consisting of men and boys of all sizes and complexions, habited in almost every variety of dress, and huddled together in the most miscellaneous disorder. Our officers, though some of them were fresh from the plough, and others from the Gazette—not the column of *promotions*, but that of discharges from services not military, strutted about with an air of indescribable importance. It is the same in military affairs as in religion,—perhaps in every human profession and pursuit;—they who have least of the reality, assume most of the appearance; and the affected martial swagger with which our broken *lairds* and unsuccessful farmers dragged about their log-like legs, was the sure indication that they had never either marched to music, or had a sword in their

hands. Still the ladies of the place flocked round to see the *niduses* of the coming heroes, whom swords and scarlet were soon to transform into fops and love brokers of the very first magnitude. I, as being in my own estimation a future officer of very high rank, could not help admiring their military stride; and when I had occasion to move, I flung out my leg with the same measured stateliness and effect.

Our colonel was a peer of the realm, and, by the will and pleasure of our sovereign lord the king, lord lieutenant of the county. He was a little squat, purple-faced, bandy-legged man, totally ignorant of military affairs, and neither disposed nor apt to become acquainted with them; and to one acquainted with the world he would have been taken for a money-lender of the remnant of Israel, rather than a christian nobleman, and the colonel of a regiment. I was, however, resolved, or rather pre-disposed to look upon all men and things military in the most favourable light; and so, as he was the highest in command, I was willing to rate him as the first in soldier-like air and conduct.

Our lieutenant-colonel was a rosy-faced 'squire, who had been a sort of soldier in his youth, but who, as was apparent from his enlarged stomach and swollen legs, had been more valiant at the mess than the muster; there was, however, a mild and

gentleman-like air about him, and when mounted on horseback he had by many degrees the better of his superior. These two had nothing military about them, except the red collar and figured buttons worn by the lieutenancy could be regarded as such; and the black rosette upon the side of their hats might have made one in worse humour with the army than I was at the time, mistake them for grooms or lacqueys attendant upon the third in command.

This third in command was Major Macturk, not only every inch a soldier, but every inch a soldier in the very swell of the battle or the pride of victory. I have been in many places, and I have seen many military men,—as well those who have gained battles by their skill, as those who have lost them by their folly, or gotten credit for that which has been achieved by the skill of others; but certainly I never met with any so striking in appearance, or who made such a deep and permanent impression upon me. His face was quite a fortification, with more fosses, ramparts, and salient angles than any thing ever planned by Vauban or Coehorn. His mouth was like an unfathomable moat, and the two or three long and dusky teeth which time and chance had left him, were no bad resemblance of draw-bridges thrown across it; while the expression by which it was every where

actuated, and which twisted the folds and angles into more varieties of grin than ever were displayed at an English fair, or in a Dutch painting of the damned, was no inapplicable similitude of fire, and smoke, and shot issuing from its various faces and flanks. It was indeed a most irregular countenance; and if it could be compared to any thing bearing the least resemblance to human features, that thing is the admixture of the Gorgon's head upon the shield of Minerva, and those antique satyrs, which one sometimes sees, grinning from ear to ear and lolling out their tongues. A pair of grey eyes of large size, and rendered still larger by the drawing back of the eyelids into furrows, looked like two wild cats in a thicket; and he went along issuing a sound something between the whistling of a ploughman and the hissing of a serpent. The immense nob of head which exhibited this singular face was stuck close upon shoulders of a great breadth, and this breadth continued down to the limbs, which were very short in proportion to the trunk; and, cased as they were in cavalry boots and buckskins, they were of the same diameter throughout, and marked by nothing save the different colour of the dress, and the two bendings in opposite directions, one at the base of the spine and the other at the knee. A Prussian cap, the short jacket worn by the Scottish fencible regi-

ments, and a great cavalry sabre in an iron sheath, which rung upon the stones as he marched along, completed the equipment of this doughty warrior.

Major Macturk was descended from the family which blessed Scotland with Graham of Claverhouse, and in as far as disposition was concerned, he seemed to have been heir at law to that savage tool of arbitrary power. The time for the exercise of such talent in Scotland had, however, gone by, and so the cruelty of Major Macturk, like the sword of Hudibras, had been constrained

> "To eat into itself, for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack."

That is, the bad passions which, in other times, would have enabled him to fill the neighbourhood with misery, or deluge it with blood, were confined to the embarrassing of a fortune which another man would have thought ample, and bringing the furrows and the fruits of age prematurely upon a frame which, in sober keeping, might have been reckoned good for a whole country. At home the Major had been the terror of the good, and not unfrequently the dupe of the bad.

He wore his military accoutrements in virtue of having been a sort of soldier,—a captain or lieutenant, I know not which, in one of those regiments

which covered themselves with so much glory upon the detachment service in Ireland, during the troubles of that country toward the close of the eighteenth century. The Major had not indeed been in any even of the unequal battles which marked the course and hastened the termination of that unfortunate rebellion; for when there was any thing of that kind, he had always contrived to be upon leave of absence or the surgeon's list; but still he had been a warrior in his time, and had not only gained the victory, but annihilated the enemy. True, indeed, that enemy was not numerous,—it consisted only of a single baker; but as that baker was vanquished by the major, also single-handed, that did not diminish the glory of the action.

The Major's detachment was quartered in a village somewhere in the south of Ireland, and the baker was a little urgent for the price of the bread, which the Major had caused to be regularly stopped out of the men's pay, but forgotten to hand over to the baker. Several of the men fell sick, in consequence, as one of themselves told me, of standing for many hours under arms in the sun; but the report given to, or at least given by Macturk, was, that the baker had poisoned the bread at the instigation of the rebels. In those times, it required nothing more than the naming of such a matter, to

make it not only believed, but acted upon: the baker was tried by such a drum-head court-martial as could be found; pronounced guilty, driven into his own oven by Macturk, and roasted to death. The bread was afterwards analyzed, and found not to contain any deleterious ingredient; but the deed had been done, and there was nothing said about it. Macturk's affairs, however, soon called him to Scotland, and the next day of his soldiering, was the one upon which I, as well as all the rest, shrunk back at his approach.

The only other officer in military costume was our adjutant, he had been a regular soldier, and was accounted both skilful and brave, but he had a sinister look which was not pleasant; and he was constantly fawning upon and whispering into the ear of the peer,—while what he employed as a smile, (it was the coldest and dryest grin I ever beheld,) was always the preface to finding fault.

Next day was that appointed for the choosing of non-commissioned officers,—for which a number of candidates had recommendatory letters. I listened with much attention, in hopes that an epistle from my uncle would have placed me upon this first and humblest step of promotion; but no such thing—I had served my uncle's purpose, and that seemed to be all he cared about me. My name was at last, however, added to the number, at the sug-

gestion of an old serjeant of the twenty-first regiment, whom I had that morning assisted in making out a report. I was astonished that the only examination which we underwent, was the neatness of our hand-writing, and the cleanness of our dress; but upon being called into an inner apartment from the orderly room, off I marched full of hopes of my promotion. In the passage I met Major Macturk, and as I then knew nothing about military salutes, I passed him hurriedly, only making a slight bow. He hollowed after me, in a voice which grated on my ears like the sharpening of a scythe, "Demme, fellow, why don't you halt and front me?" "I did not know that it was required," said I bluntly. The adjutant was instantly at the major's ear, and as instantly he called out in a voice, which bore the same proportion to the major's that a fife does to a drum. "Strike Lindesay off the roll, for insolence to the major." "I have been guilty of no insolence," said I, somewhat mortified at finding my promotion thus in danger of being cut off at the very commencement. "Silence, fellow!" said he, "unless you wish to be the first of the battalion who shall go to the black hole." My face became crimson, and I turned instantly. As I was going out, I heard the adjutant say, "He is a saucy fellow that, but I shall look after him."

He kept his word; for never a parade, or a drill, took place in which I was not found fault with, and my name called out aloud, till I became an object to be pointed at not only by the soldiers, but by the town's people; and I am inclined to believe, that my very anxiety not to deserve this character, made me fall into blunders which otherwise I would have escaped. Still, however, I was rather active, and certainly neither so irregular in my behaviour, nor so awkward at my duty as some of those who not only avoided censure, but met with approbation. The reason might partly have been, that I did not, like some of the rest, treat those who drilled us in the alehouse; but I had two reasons for not doing this,—in the first place, it was contrary to my inclination and habits; and, in the second place, I had no money, as I had sent the greatest part of what I had from my uncle to my father, and as with the rest I had hired the use of an apartment, in which I could avoid the companion who had been allotted me. One circumstance, though a trifling one, I may mention. At parade one evening, the drill serjeant of our squad had been helping the "green ones," as he called them, off with their bounty; and having been a little more zealous than usual in this praiseworthy work, he was intoxicated, and in marching tumbled down. I happened to be next to him,

and though I had not partaken in the cause, I partook in the fall, the whole of which was attributed to my awkwardness. "Turn that fellow, Lindesay, out of the ranks," said the adjutant, "he is so drunk that he is not only falling himself, but tumbling the whole company." I am not drunk, Sir, I detest drinking; I never was, and I hope never shall be, drunk in my life." "Then," said the adjutant, putting on one of his peculiar smiles, "let him be turned to the rear for insolence, and speaking in the ranks." I need not add that his orders were obeyed, and that I had the additional mortification of being exercised by myself, and that too, by one who was a perfect brute, during the whole of the two following days.

These, it may naturally enough be supposed, were no great incentives to military glory; and the effects which even a smaller portion of them had upon my companions, who had been less carefully educated, and grounded in the principle, that a man is never utterly debased and degraded till he be so in his own estimation, were to make them quite regardless of conduct and character, and rest the whole of their pleasure and ambition upon the lowest sensual gratifications. The rebuffs of this kind which I met with were abundantly numerous; but in spite of them, I for a time kept up my love of the military life, and my hopes of

military promotion and glory; and sometimes in my day dreams, I flattered myself, that the ultimate blaze of that glory would be all the brighter, in consequence of the darkness in which my career had begun. But in time, either my false notions were corrected, or treatment with which I met, made the life of a soldier as unpleasant in the reality, as it had been fascinating in the picture drawn by my uncle and his friends, and by me fondly believed to be an accurate likeness.

I pretend to no abstract, or even extensive knowledge upon the subject, but I am inclined to believe that the glory of the military life is all in the anticipation and the idea; and that those who speak well of it, after they have had experience of it, only speak so to hide, if possible, from themselves, the pain of life mis-directed and talents thrown away. It is true that commanders, when they are successful, have their pleasure and their profit, but then they monopolize in their own persons that which should belong to the whole of the men under them; and I do suspect, that if the pleasure and the profit of the first general of the age, were fairly divided among his army, they would not bring the whole up to the level of even the humblest class of persons who follow the arts of peace.

In the bitterness of my disappointment, I looked upon our regiment, and through that upon the army generally, as being no better than a school of idleness, tyranny, immorality, and vice. I have since found that this opinion, as applicable to the whole army was most erroneous, but in my circumstances it was quite natural to form it—at least I formed not only without but contrary to my wishes; and I mention it here, chiefly in order that I may have it in my power to mention the contradiction of it at the same time.

In our corps, it certainly was true. Zeal, loyalty and military enthusiasm were not only in no esteem; but they were secreted in matters of a degrading nature; and the only talents and practices which were at all in favour, were fawning obsequiousness to vulgar and ignorant clods, who neither knew nor had capacity for acquiring any part of the soldier's character, except the very meanest vices of the lowest of the name, and the practice of those vices as far as means and opportunity would go.

Stupidity and immorality were the apparent recommendations of the noncommissioned officers, and the greater adepts they were in those, the more they were admired. The first and only time that I saw "The Age of Reason," and some other books of that stamp, was in the hands of the debauchee by whom our company was drilled;

and though I have heard of such things in other places, the only time that I ever saw a Bible burnt, was by one of his proselytes. I have occasion to remember it, as I ran some risk of being reported falsely, and punished for attempting to save from the flames a book, which the questionable use made of it by my uncle had not been able to lessen in my estimation. The good principles which I had learned from my father, not only kept me from joining in these atrocities, but became if possible stronger; and to them I am mainly if not exclusively indebted for the preservation of my morals, and my independence, in the midst of so many circumstances of a debasing and degrading nature. The wretch to whom I have alluded was a great favourite with the adjutant, and especially with the major, and the principles which he, and such as he, were at so much pains to inculcate, spread apace. Never did men so degrade themselves, or tyrannize over their fellows. But it was vain to complain. The colonel and lieutenant colonel, though honourable men, would from that very honour, not have believed in such atrocities; and matters would have been bad indeed, if they had given offence to Major Macturk.

I believe it has been often remarked, that the perfectly simple and innocent are the most easily initiated into perfect depravity; and I have heard,

though I have not witnessed it, that this received a strong confirmation upon the discharge of those regiments of Scottish Militia, whom the peace, which called me into the field, had returned upon the country.

When they were first called out, in the year 1798, I believe the people were not only ignorant of those means by which the burden is thrown upon all who are liable; but many of them fancied that the thing was illegal and could be resisted; some were impressed with the idea, that ballot after ballot would bring them all into the army sooner or later, and there were some who, like me, entered from military enthusiasm, and some also from curiosity. Thus a large proportion of that militia consisted of raw country lads, who were equally ignorant of the world, and of crime in any of its forms; but who after being initiated during the years of their militia service, came back to the places of their nativity, and after corrupting there, found no wish to labour, and so returned to the army, and left their bones in foreign parts, while they left in the places of their nativity a moral pollution, which, if it can be corrected at all, will take not only years but ages.

In my native glen, (and it is but a little one, containing—or rather it did contain—about three hundred inhabitants,) from the earliest memory of

the old, up to the time of the disembodying of the militia, only one girl had a natural child, and though the father of that child made reparation, by marrying her before it was born, yet her character was looked upon with so much aversion, that she and her husband had to remove to another part of the country. After the disembodying of the militia, however, instances of continence were almost as rare as those of an opposite kind had been previously. Matters had improved a little by the time at which those notes were taken, but still though the original corrupters were mostly gone, they had left disciples, and those not a few.

The first winter that we were in quarters, the colonel went to London, to attend his duty as a peer of parliament, or rather to support the administration, who were at that time sorely pressed by the eloquence of the whigs, backed as it was by the complaints of the people at home, and the success of Napoleon abroad. The lieutenant colonel was at the same time unable to bear the cold, which had more than an ordinary degree of intenseness: so the regiment was left to the tender mercy of the major, and that tender mercy was abundantly cruel. He seemed disposed, either by instinct or by design, to blot out virtue and extinguish spirit. There were one or two veteran officers in the regiment, men who had fought in many fields, and

lain upon the bare earth in the same bivouac with their men. These knew the value of a soldier, and therefore opposed the barbarities of the major. For this they were exposed to the most brutal insults; but always when they were under arms, so that they could not give the tyrant a soldier's chastisement; but they became so disgusted of him, that one by one they resigned; and their places were, upon Macturk's representation, as regularly filled up by the most abandoned and worthless of his associates.

When he behaved thus to the officers, it could not be expected that he would behave better toward the men, where his tyranny had a wider and more congenial scope. If a man was intelligent and regular in his conduct, if he was seen with a book under his arm, or known to have more than the stipulated tale of shirts to his back,—or if he supplied himself with linen, stockings, and shoes, instead of laying out a quarter, or even half of his pay upon the trash which were kept in the regimental store, and upon which the major was known to have a very large per centage,—then he was sure to be the object of daily curses and upbraidings; and it run hard, but he met with solitary confinement or even flogging.

This may seem strange both to those who are acquainted with military discipline, and to those who are not; but there is a sort of mongrel military

rule upon which the matter is easily explained; for when a man gets a commander's post and a commander's pride, without a commander's heart and a commander's honour, it is easy for him to find both pretext and excuses for any cruelty that he may wish to perpetrate,—more especially if the objects of that cruelty know nothing of military discipline and military practices, further than what they experience under such a commander. In such a case the men finding that the higher the person with whom they have to deal in their own regiment, the more harsh their treatment, naturally, though erroneously, conclude that the same system extends in a regular progression to the very top of the army; and I have no doubt, that many of those who found their complaints to Macturk answered by a day's imprisonment, or ten hours extra under arms, actually believed that the same complaints made to the general of the district, would have been visited by the cat-o'nine-tails, while, if made to the commander-in-chief, shooting would have been the inevitable consequence.

The reason assigned for such conduct was, that a man who could read might pry into things which he had no right to know, and that he might be disposed to mutiny, or at any rate to disobey orders; and that a man who had money in his

pockets possessed the means of corrupting his comrades.

But there might be another reason for Major Macturk's hatred of literary soldiers. His appearance, his dissipation, his blustering conduct upon the parade, and his avowed and unrelenting cruelty, made him an object both of ridicule and of odium among the town's people. Caricatures of him, in no very flattering guise or attitude, were exhibited in the shop windows; and ballads, of which his name and achievements were the burden, were sung in the streets. The real authors of these things, being beyond his power, held him in scorn; and thus he had nowhere to vent his rage but upon the soldiers. Some of these were so ludicrously awkward, that it was impossible to look or listen without a strong affection of the muscles of mirth; and I have often seen the Major's favourite officers dropping behind to conceal their laughter, when the original and the caricature became visible at the same instant. Possibly some of these things were invented by the men; or, at any rate, they were suspected, which amounted pretty nearly to the same.

If, as some have alleged, severity be the proper means of bracing the human frame, then every man in our corps ought to have had the sinews of

a Hercules. The winter was one of more than ordinary severity; and when the snow lay full two feet upon the ground, and the floating spiculæ of ice which loaded the atmosphere, obscured the sun and rendered the use of hair-powder not only unavailing but unnecessary, the Major, wrapt up in fur and fortified with brandy, used to keep us standing under arms for two or three hours at a time. If any man got so benumbed with cold as to let fall his musket, he was sure to be confined under a charge of drunkenness.

One case I may mention: a soldier, not many weeks recovered from a fever, became so affected by the cold that he first let fall his arms, and then fell himself. The Major came up to the line; and, kicking the man with his foot, cried, "Take that fellow away! he is drunk."—"I am not drunk," said the man, "I am only cold; and lately as I have been confined to my bed, this severity is more than I can bear."—"I do not think the man has been intoxicated since he joined the regiment; at any rate, if he has been so, I have not heard of it; and I am so well pleased with his conduct that I thought of recommending him to the next vacancy as a corporal," said his captain in corroboration.—"Recommend him to the next vacancy for a devil!" said Macturk. "Do you wish to be put under arrest?" Then turning to a

file of the same company, "Take the drunken fellow out to the front of the line for his insolence." The man was taken to the front of the line, led to a large tree, and bound to it with the sling of a musket in his mouth by way of gag. In that situation he remained for two hours, exposed to the most piercing cold, and deprived of the power of moving. The cold brought on a return of his fever, from which he did not recover for many weeks; and, when he did recover, he was so much injured as to be unfit for service; and so he was returned to his friends, glad to escape from the tyranny of the Major, but quite unable to work for himself.

It was supposed that the Captain, with whom the man was a favourite, had communicated this circumstance to a superannuated officer of high rank and higher character, who resided in the town; and that this officer had sent notice of it to the Commander-in-chief; for in a short time the General commanding the district inspected our corps, not in the usual way of looking at the arms and accoutrements, and seeing that the men threw out their legs and shouldered their firelocks contemporaneously, but by passing slowly along the line, and asking each man if he had any grievance to state. If the General had heard the tale of all the grievances that could have been stated, his inspec-

tion would have lasted a week at the least, if not a month; but the gorgon-face of the Major was close behind him, full of the most dismal forebodings if any one had dared to utter a syllable. Formerly he had sealed their misery, and now he sealed their mouths. Still there must have been something, at least in the way of admonition; for the Major did not appear at parade for a week; and when he did, his conduct, at least for a few days, was more mild. But mildness, when in his company, was out of her element, and so she would not stay. He relapsed into the same tyranny as ever.

Macturk was a gambler; and like other gamblers, he frequently lost. The regiment could tell pretty accurately at morning parade, what had been his success during the night. If he had been a gainer, the muscles of his face were a little relaxed, the duty was less severe, and no man was made liable to receive punishment; but if, on the other hand, he had lost, his face was screwed into points and corners; he went along the line, lolling out his tongue, like a tiger thirsting for blood, and woe be to the man, whose chance it was to encounter his displeasure.

Thus the time rolled dismally, and vice and recklessness were the necessary concomitants of indiscriminate cruelty and forced obedience. If

many of us behaved well, it was from principles which had no connexion with military feeling; and perhaps, too, from a computation that many of us would have the best part of our lives to spend after Macturk's carcass should be rotting.

If at that time any call had been made upon us to enter into another service,—had it been to rot in the marshes of Holland, to stew in the pestilent steams of Jura,—to go to the uttermost bounds of the earth, or to form the forlorn hope in all besieging corps, I dare say, we would have volunteered almost to a man,—so heavy and so hopeless was the tyranny of Major Macturk.

In the very depths of misery there is still hope; and we were, if not finally delivered, at least respited from the cruelty of Macturk, at a time when we were little thinking of it. Major Macturk was obliged to go home, in consequence of a serious embarrassment of his affairs; and the Lieutenant-Colonel had so far recovered his health as to be able to take his place.

The men were so much pleased at the prospect of this change, that a number of them, who were in the street when the Major, denuded of the insignia of his power, was taking his departure, saluted him with a general hiss, which was repeated by the town's people, and continued without the suburbs. The urgency of the Major's affairs

would not admit of his returning to push the investigation of this matter in person; but he sent as highly coloured a statement as he could, to induce the Lieutenant-Colonel to find out, and punish those who had been guilty of the heavy and unsoldier-like offence of hissing the Major. No evidence could be found among the men themselves; and although the serjeant who had been upon guard, and who was a favourite with the Major, swore to four, it was proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that two out of these four were confined at their quarters by indisposition, and that the serjeant could not possibly have seen the other two, as, though upon guard, he was in an alehouse, and not in a very fit condition for distinguishing one man from another,—or even one man from two. Though he could not establish the guilt of the parties whom he had accused, he was abundantly successful in establishing his own, for the proof was so clear, that he was tried, and reduced to the ranks; while all that could be done in the other case, was an entry in the orderly books of all the companies, which was read at evening muster to this effect,—"The Lieutenant-Colonel is very sorry that some of the men have acted in so unjustifiable and scandalous a manner, as to hiss Major Macturk; and he hopes that conduct so unsoldier-like will not be repeated,

otherwise he shall give orders for proceeding with the utmost rigour, in terms of the articles of war."

The Lieutenant-Colonel took the command; and mildness was the characteristic of every measure. Énergy was no element in that gentleman's character, and besides, he was exceedingly proud; but his sense of honour and justice were proportionably high, and there was not a little of good nature in his composition. Under his sway, the tyranny of the Major was soon forgotten; and the energy and spirit of the men sprung up afresh, like grass when warm weather succeeds the snow in winter, or genial showers the drought of summer. The morals of the men were more carefully looked into, and a more strict, thorough, and soldier-like discipline, was introduced; but the drills were not so long continued, and the observations with which they were accompanied, were milder both in word and in spirit,—they were mostly praise to such men as were remarkable for soldier-like appearance, expressed in stately yet pleasing terms.

Nor did the Lieutenant-Colonel confine himself to the mere parade of the superintendance of the battalion. He knew full well that the best means of keeping up both the character and appearance of the men, was to find them in their leisure hours,

and especially during the long winter evenings, employment, which would take away both the desire and the necessity of those dissipated courses, into which men in their circumstances are apt to fall, as much from the want of something better to do, as from any baser motives. For this purpose he instituted schools, and had regular reports of the conduct of those who taught, and the progress of those who learned. This completely occupied the spare time of the men, produced a visible effect upon their health and appearance, and several of them made considerable progress in education, and acquired habits and taste; in consequence of which some of them have risen in the army, and others, returning home when they were discharged, have become thriving members of society.

It is worthy of notice, that as, during the time that the Lieutenant-Colonel had the command, there was not a single corporal punishment, so there was hardly a crime. The example of mild and dignified conduct which he set, was in a few days followed down through every gradation of rank; and the very men who, during the tyranny of the Major, appeared to make a study of doing their duty as awkwardly as possible, now vied with each other who should do it the best.

The mild reign of the Lieutenant-Colonel was, unfortunately, of short duration, and the happi-

ness which it inspired served little other purpose than to render the reverse by which it was followed more painful and galling. Before midsummer he was obliged to proceed to Bath for his health, and as the Colonel was still necessary in London, the command again devolved upon Macturk, who, as his affairs had become so much embarrassed in consequence of his violent temper and dissolute habits, as to make it necessary that others should take the management of them, he assumed his command any thing but improved.

It seemed as if the very air which Macturk breathed carried contamination in it; for ere he had ordered any one to be punished, or even opened his mouth, the mild behaviour, and zeal for doing right, which the conduct of the Lieutenant-Colonel had caused to be general, seemed to vanish as if by magic. The very night that the Major arrived, the men were intoxicated and riotous in the streets; and the first parade which he was expected to attend was marked by carelessness on the part of the soldiers, and harshness and violence on that of the non-commissioned officers and subalterns.

Macturk was what is usually termed a zealous parade officer; and seemed to take great delight in letting the idlers, with whom a parade is in general surrounded, know the extent of his prowess

and power in bullying, swearing, and calling names.

He ordered the men's coats to be so much cut away, that they were of no use in cold weather; and he had all their clothing made so tight that they could not move a leg or an arm without great difficulty. Then he affected to be a great connoisseur in the scouring of brass, the burnishing of steel, and the spreading of hair powder. If, indeed, the service of the country had required a regiment of braziers, cutlers, and barbers, Macturk would have made the best commander imaginable. If a man ground and scoured at his arms till they were useless, brushed his clothes till they were threadbare, and squeezed himself into strops and braces till he was as stiff and awkward as a post,—cased the sides of his head with a coating of flour and soap, to the thickness of an inch and a half, and bundled on a club behind half the size of a knapsack, and moreover if he was sufficiently profligate and stupid, he had a chance of finding favour in the eyes of Major Macturk.

Never, indeed, was there a system better calculated for lessening men in their own estimation, and in that of all the world—for imposing upon them the conviction that they were fit for nothing but trifling and vice, and deserving of nothing but

harsh language and harsher treatment. Any of the soldiers who were found to associate with the decent part of the citizens at decent hours, were always represented as doing so in order to plot mutiny, or even sedition and rebellion, and, as mutineers or disaffected persons, they were marked down for confinement or punishment; while those who frequented improper company at improper times escaped without even being censured. If a man was found beguiling the lazy hours of his guard, when not standing centinel, with a book, that was a crime for which there was no pardon or palliation; but if he was laughing at obscene jokes, or even indulging in low gambling, such practices were sure to be winked at.

Nor were precept and commendation the only incentives to depravity. The Major set the example; and no conduct was too mean for him, provided only that it was vicious. Although for a man, of known regularity of conduct, to be absent from his quarters at the domiciliary visit at nine o'clock, was a crime not to be passed over; yet no notice was taken of those who happened to meet with the Major in his midnight carousals of low sensuality. On these occasions he was often to be found reeling along the streets arm in arm with privates and drummers, and the battalion could

boast of several non-commissioned officers who dated their elevation (such as it was) from those fortunate rencontres.

This love of the very lowest species of sensuality and of gambling reduced him to sad shifts. The beating of Macturk was a favourite project among the low fellows of the town; and though his face was one which no usage could well disfigure, yet he often bore evidence of those nightly hostilities. It was presumed that this was one of the reasons of his favour for such of the men as met him upon these occasions. He never had funds enough either for hiring protectors or bribing foes; and hence, the only way that was left him was to reward with the small offices in his gift those men who saved his carcass. He had his pay; and though his estate was taken out of his own management, he had still a considerable allowance from it. Besides, he had his per centage upon the clothing and stores, and his douceurs from the baker, the butcher, and the brewer. But there were many times at which all would not do; and the gallant Macturk often appeared upon parade without sword or epaulettes; and by wearing a great-coat contrived to pass off the disease of the purse for a disease of the person.

One Monday morning, after twenty-four hours spent with some itinerant sharpers at his favourite blind hookey, he appeared in a doleful plight. He

had no sword, sash, watch, or snuff-box. He had flung on his great-coat to hide the spoliation; but in the violence of his hurry and passion he had neglected to button it. He came along the line muttering curses as he proceeded; and though in heart or appearance he bore no resemblance either to Mars or Minerva, he might have passed for the shield-bearer of the goddess, as his face was the very image of the gorgon's head, snakes and all. We were standing in a narrow street; and just before me there happened to be an old gateway, with an ugly face carved (not by Chantry certainly) upon the key stone. "Look at the Major's face," said the man upon my left, glancing his eye toward the chiseled stone. The likeness struck me so forcibly, that I could not help smiling. This was noticed by the adjutant, who upon these occasions played the jackall to Macturk, and I was instantly marched off to the guard-house under an escort.

I lay three days in the guard-house, without having any very precise idea either of the cause or the result of my confinement; and on the fourth I was carried before a court-martial, there to be tried, at the instance of the adjutant, for insolence to the Major. Two non-commissioned officers, belonging to that nocturnal class which we used to term Macturk's life-guard, were brought

as witnesses against me; and they swore positively to the facts as stated by my accuser. Macturk was, of course, not a member of this court, but he was present, and seemed to have an influence upon at least some of the parties; for at every allegation of the witnesses against me, he brightened up and said, "Very well, my lads." When I came to make my defence, I called the whole men that were about me, and by their testimony, I proved not only that they saw me offer no insult of any kind to the Major; but that the witnesses who had sworn to the insult were so situated at the time, that they could not possibly have seen it.

At this part of the evidence, Macturk lost all patience, and called out aloud, "Demme, fellow! speak the truth, or I'll have you instantly tied up." But the men repeated their declaration, which was further corroborated by the testimony of a serjeant, who happened, at the moment when the insult was alleged to have been given, to be passing in front of the line in the opposite direction. This was more than Macturk could hear; so he strutted out of the room, leaving the serjeant to meditate upon his usual threat of "Well, Sir, I'll do for you for your conduct to-day."

was acquitted by the court-martial, not as being innocent of the crime alleged, but as there was not sufficient evidence for my conviction; but

with Macturk and the adjutant, the guilt both of myself and of the witnesses, whom I had called for my defence, seemed to be fully established; for there was not a parade for many days after, at which we were not called to by name, in the most insulting and opprobious language. Nor was Macturk long in fulfilling his threat to the serjeant. He made it his business, always when the day was particularly bad, and such as would occasion the men a great deal of trouble in again cleaning their clothes, arms, and accoutrements, to pass the guard-house, and order the guard to turn out, and remain for some considerable time under arms. The serjeant alluded to happened to be upon guard one very rainy day, and Macturk, not contented with giving the men one ducking, returned to treat them with a second. At that one there was a man absent more than the relief of centinels. At this the Major got very angry. The serjeant assured him that the man had, in consequence he believed of being formerly under arms during the rain, been taken ill, that he had been unable to find either the officer of the guard or the surgeon, and that therefore he had taken upon himself to send the sick man to his quarters, by the help of two of his comrades, who happened to be passing at the time. "You shall not be guilty of such another breach of discipline, demme," said Macturk; and

next day, and for two days running, the serjeant, deprived of his sash, was constantly upon guard as a private sentinel.

Macturk made the number of corporal punishments that were inflicted his boast; and when we marched into new quarters, the triangular engine to which the men were tied up to be flogged, was borne in triumph before the regiment. So remarkable was his partiality for this engine, that it procured for us the nickname of "Major Triangleslesmen;" and as it always made its appearance before the regimental colours, and often when these were kept in their cases, other corps used to taunt us, that we could shew our cat-o'-nine-tails when we durst not shew our colours.

To enumerate all the cruelties which Macturk perpetrated, would be almost the same thing as to give a full history of his military transactions; but there is one case which I may mention, on account of the share which I had in it myself. I was lodged in the house of a merchant; and, after he learned that I was acquainted with the keeping of books, he employed me at my leisure hours. I got some payment from him—indeed, he would have given me more than I could think of taking; and I was treated as if I had been one of his own family. One evening, when his son and clerk were

out, I was requested to see a young lady, who had been visiting the family, safely home. It was long after tattoo; but I could not well refuse. So, equipping myself in my landlord's great coat and hat, and arming myself with a good stick, I went upon the escort. On the way, we had to pass a house not of the best character; and scarcely had we passed it, when Macturk darted from the back-door, saluting the young lady with not the most decent language, and laying hold of her to drag her along with him. I durst not speak, for fear of being detected, so with one blow of my stick I sent the Major reeling to one side of the street, where he fell against a sow that was prowling about, and had his leg pretty severely bitten. We hurried away before the people, who were alarmed by the united cries of the Major and the sow, could detect us, in coming to his relief. That same evening, a soldier had been reported absent from his quarters at tattoo. He was known to be not a little mischievous; and when that report was made known to the Major, he resolved that whether that soldier had been the author of the rude treatment or not, he should bear the punishment. He was confined, tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes.

The Major took the conducting of this punish-

ment upon himself. Cat-o'-nine-tails were prepared of the hardest cord that could be found; and they were made double the usual weight. The drum-major was sent for, two successive mornings, to exercise with these, four of the stoutest drummers in the regiment. They practised on a bolster filled with straw, and bound to the triangle. Two of them were trained with the right hand, and two with the left. A right-handed and a left-handed one operated at the same time, striking alternately, so that the blows cut across each other.

As soon as the floggers were duly prepared, the regiment was ordered under arms to witness the punishment. We were marched through all the principal streets of the town: first, the triangle, borne by three pioneers; then the prisoner with his coat turned, his hands cuffed, and his mouth gagged; and lastly, the regiment. Having paraded the streets in this manner, we marched to the drill-ground. It was in the warmest season of the year; but the sky was overcast with clouds, which were reeling to and fro in all directions, and the wind blew with fierce gusts, sometimes from one point of the compass and sometimes from another.

When we had reached the drill-ground, we were formed into a hollow square; but the files were

left so open that the crowd on the outside could easily see every thing that went on within. The triangle was erected, and the culprit stript and bound to it in the securest manner. One not habituated to such sights would have been shocked at the way in which he was tied up. That side of the triangle to which he was affixed had two cross bars of iron. These were square, and placed with an angle outwards; and one of them bore against the breast of the culprit, and the other against the middle of his thighs. While the lash tortured his back, these bars produced almost equal pain in the breast and thighs, by bruising and gnawing the flesh between the bones and the angle of the bar. First, his ankles were fastened to two rings in the feet of the triangle; then his hands were tied together by a small but hard rope; and, lastly, the end of this rope was passed through a pulley at the top of the triangle, and drawn till every joint of his body was nearly dislocated with the extension.

This being done, the flogging commenced; the drum-major and serjeant-major standing over the drummers, ready to beat them with switches in case they should not strike with proper severity. Macturk ordered them to take time to do their duty, otherwise a drum-head court-martial should instantly place them in the situation of the culprit.

They laid aside their coats, and lifted the instruments of torture. The officers turned their backs, and the Surgeon paced backward and forward, apparently in considerable agitation; but the Major eyed the scene with delight. They began. At the very first stroke the lash was tinged with blood; and, at every succeeding one, the skin and flesh of the sufferer were scattered in the air. He was a strong and determined man; and though the blows made him writhe till the iron bar was stained with blood from his breast, not a groan escaped his lips. This fortitude under suffering vexed the Major; and he called instantly to the drummers to strike more severely. They relieved each other at the end of fifty lashes. The Surgeon shed tears, and remonstrated, but in vain; for the man shewed signs of strength. The regiment and the crowd were petrified with horror at the scene; which soon was rendered more terrific by the commotion of the elements. The storm which had been gathering burst over our heads. The lightning glared with the most dazzling and awful brightness, and appeared to run along the pikes and bayonets in torrents of fire; the thunder roared as though the whole atmosphere had been rending; and the rain and hail dashed against the bleeding back of the prisoner. Amid the storm a brick-bat

hit Macturk on the knee. He roared aloud, and gave orders to find out the offender; but though a reward was offered the offender was never found. While Macturk was roaring about his knee, which had sustained very little injury, fifty of the five hundred lashes passed over very lightly; but when he again resumed the superintendance, the blows fell with redoubled fury; so much so, that at the end of three hundred and fifty lashes the prisoner fainted; after which, the Surgeon would allow him to get no more, although Macturk insisted that the faint was "all a sham." He was accordingly taken, or rather let down; for, as he was still in a faint, as soon as the rope which fastened his hands was loosened, he fell to the ground, the iron bar tearing the skin off his neck and face as he fell. At last, however, he shewed signs of life; and as by this time all of us were wet to the skin, and even the barrels of our pieces half filled with water, we were ordered to make the best of our way to our quarters, and appear again in two hours, with our clothes dried and our arms cleaned. The continuation of the rain prevented the many floggings which no doubt would have followed the breach of this impossible order. The prisoner was carried to the hospital, where he fevered, and continued ill for more than two

months; and his case had produced such a sensation, that the Major judged it prudent to remit the remaining hundred and fifty lashes.

An account of this punishment, animadverting severely on the conduct of Macturk, having appeared soon after in a newspaper, all the privates in the regiment who were thought capable of drawing up such a report, were, upon suspicion, ordered into close confinement. They were about twenty in number, including me. Nothing could be found against any of us upon which a trial could be grounded; and I believe we were all innocent; but we were kept closely confined. How long our confinement might have lasted I cannot determine, had it not been that an accident set us at liberty. An offer was made for a certain number of our regiment to volunteer into the Line; and for further encouragement a bounty of five pounds was offered to each man. But either that the bounty was too small, or that the men were disgusted with the service, the volunteering went on very slowly. So it was proposed to us that we should be set at liberty, provided we would enter into the Line without bounty. As our situation was very dubious we accepted this offer, and were set at liberty, and, during the few days that we remained with the regiment, treated with lenity even by the Major. The recruiting parties came to

receive us; we enlisted with them; got our discharges from Macturk, and thankfully bade adieu to him and his tyranny.

I, along with five others, set out to join a royal regiment which was quartered in the south of England. It had lately returned from abroad, where it had been very much cut up, so that the numbers were very small; and, as I was among the first volunteers who joined, my hopes of promotion, and, with them, my spirits, began to revive. The officers of that regiment were very different from those of that which I had left. They had all felt the hardships of real service, and this made them more tender of the soldiers. They were indeed proud and haughty; but they were candid and honourable; and the commandant, though but young in years, was a veteran in experience. The regiment was equally renowned for valour abroad and good behaviour at home. The discipline was strict, but the spirit of the commanding officer seemed to animate every officer and man. All did their duty with promptitude and zeal; and there was no punishment, nor even censure. The contrast was so strong, that I was delighted with the army, and longed to fight side by side with my honourable and gallant officers, even though in the humble and nameless character of a common soldier. Some compliments were paid to me on the readiness and

correctness with which I did my duty; and this gave me hopes of promotion.

Our officers were regarded as heroes, who had ventured their lives for the honour and service of their country; so they were treated with much respect by the inhabitants, admitted into the first circles, and admired by the ladies. But though they were very showy and gallant, there was but one elopement during two years. Our duty was very easy, and as I was found not to need much drilling, I had a great deal of leisure, much of which I spent in reading. I saved as much of my pay as enabled me to subscribe to a circulating library; the proprietor of which charged me only half price. Though much of his collection were of the lighter cast, yet he had a few good books in French, as well as in English; and among them, a few on fortification and military tactics. These I read; and I was somewhat astonished that though all our captains and subalterns frequently called for books, yet but few of them called for any of these. The only books of a military nature, with which they were intimately acquainted, seemed to be Dundas, and the Articles of War.

Their personal courage was great; but it appeared as if they considered that, together with a knowledge of the different filings-off, wheels and countermarches, as being quite sufficient. The

first they had from nature, and the second was easily acquired, so that the greater part of their time was in their own hands; and that they devoted to walking, to amusement, and to the ladies. From my studying the writers on military affairs, I thought myself a sort of judge of these matters; and therefore I regarded the conduct of our officers as being far from judicious. I had read of many situations of difficulty into which the commander, even of a small detachment, might be brought, and from which he could be extricated by no momentary effort of natural talent. Hence I thought, that the brave and generous young men who were set over us, would have acted wisely in devoting to the study of their profession, a part at least of those hours which they wasted at routs, assemblies, and promenades. I was unable to account for this neglect. I looked over civil society, and found all classes of persons there very anxious to procure instruction in their respective callings. The knowledge which I had of the military art, convinced me that it was not easier than most civil employments; and the vast quantity of blood and treasure spent on it, forced me to believe that it could not be of less value and importance.

Two years after I joined, the regiment, being now tolerably well made up, was ordered upon an expedition, the destination of which we did not

know. As this expedition was ordered out in great haste, transports of a sufficient size could not be procured; so we were parcelled out in small barks, about eighty men in each: but, as it was about Midsummer, and as the weather had for some time been uncommonly fine and steady, no danger was apprehended. We sailed from Portsmouth, with a fine breeze at north-east, and the same evening were without sight of the land. Next morning it was a close fog, and none of the other vessels were in sight. About mid-day, the wind shifted to the west, and blew more strongly; and the sea was so rough that we became very sick. While we were in this state, there was much noise and bustle upon deck; and doubtless we would have been much alarmed, had not our sickness entirely occupied our minds.

We were in this state for three days; after which the wind abated, and the weather cleared up: but we had lost sight of all the other ships; and the ship's crew said that we were by much too near the coast of France. The wind was still from the west; and as our rigging had been damaged by the gale, we made but little way. After two days more, the weather again began to thicken, and the wind to blow with more violence than ever. So strongly, indeed, did it blow that the vessel was declared to be unmanageable, and allowed to drift

before the wind, with every thing in the worst state. She was driving eastward at a rapid rate, and we who were ignorant of the sea were greatly alarmed. The second night of this random sailing was uncommonly dark; we were too much agitated to be able to sleep, and we could not stand upon deck. We lay huddled together, listening to the roar of the water and the whistling of the wind. The noise of the waves increased; and, while we were wondering what might be the cause of this, the vessel gave a sudden and violent shock, which dashed us against each other. We heard the sound of lamentation, and scrambled up to the deck. It had just dawned, and by the glimmering light, I could see that the ship stuck fast, and that all around was one sheet of tumbling foam. We clung to the mast, to the sails, and indeed to every thing that offered security; but an immense wave rolled over the ship, and carried away ten of our number. I had the presence of mind to fasten myself to the mast; and, while I was in that situation, wave dashed over me after wave. As the day dawned, we saw a high rock at the distance of a few yards, and the beach was not far off. One or two attempted to gain the rock, but they perished in the attempt, and their mangled bodies rolled on to the shore.

The wind abated a little, the waves were less

dreadful, and the tide ebbed,—leaving the rock, on which the ship was, nearly dry. The sun broke through; and the situation of those who remained became not so frightful. It was generally believed, however, that at low-water the ship would fall over; and so we set about forming a sort of raft by which to reach the shore. This raft could hold only about a dozen, and there were still forty. We fixed a rope to it, by which it might be drawn back to the ship; but, on the first landing, this rope broke, and the raft itself dashed to pieces. They who were on it, however, escaped; and we who were still in the vessel gained the high rock, after an effort of equal difficulty and danger. This was fortunate; for we had not been on it a quarter of an hour when the ship fell over, and floated along the sea in loose and scattered planks. While we were on the rock, the tide began to flow; and the remains both of the ship and the men were rolled to the beach. We began to be apprehensive that the returning tide would wash us from the rock; but, to our great joy, we observed a company of men dragging along with them two small boats. By the help of these we were all safely landed; and, getting some brandy and biscuit, we followed our deliverers. We were marched about two miles, and conducted to a small fortified town, where we were informed that we

were prisoners of war. As we had been so lately in a danger so imminent, this information gave us but small concern; so, after we had got ourselves dried and refreshed, we lay down to sleep on the benches of the guard-room.

While I was asleep, the four officers and five sailors had been separated from us, and we saw or heard of them no more. Though soldiers, we had not been taken with arms in our hands; so we were put into a sort of barrack, had a slight guard set over us, and were allowed two pounds of rye bread, a pint of weak wine, and a quart of water, each day. Our bedding was, however, wretched, and we were destitute of every comfort. After a few days, we were allowed to walk over the town, under an escort. Some of the inhabitants mocked, insulted, and cursed us, and others were kind; and from the latter we sometimes got small presents of provisions, wine, and fruit. As we had, during these excursions, showed no disposition to escape, we soon were allowed to take them more frequently, extend them a few miles into the country, and that even without our escort. But one day, while I was confined by indisposition, nearly two-thirds of our number went away, and did not return; nor did I ever learn what became of them; though, as only one of them could speak French, and that too very imperfectly, I hardly

think they could make their way out of that country.

Upon this, the twelve that remained were shut up in a dark and filthy dungeon; and during our confinement in it, we were seized with fever and pains in our limbs; in consequence of which, three died. The remaining nine were conveyed to a sort of hospital, where we had medical attendance; partly from which, but more I presume from the strength of our constitutions, we were soon in a way of recovery. When our health and strength were so far recovered as that we were able to walk, we were marched ten days up the country under a strong guard; and some pains were taken to prevent us learning the names of the towns and villages through which we passed.

We were marched to a village of the department of Gers, and at no great distance from the Pyrenees. At first we were lodged at night in a vault under an old castle, and otherwise watched with great strictness; but in course of time, we were allowed apartments in an old house which had once been an inn. We were allowed to find our own provisions; and, to enable us to do so, we were paid three francs, or about threepence halfpenny a day. Small as this allowance was, we made shift to live pretty comfortably. We had bread at three sous a pound, small wine at two a

quart, very good mutton at a franc a quarter, and fruit for almost nothing. Upon signing our names, at nine in the morning, we were allowed to walk over the fields. This was at first not very comfortable, as the peasants pelted us with stones. But as we made it a rule never to retaliate, they soon gave over their rudeness, and treated us very kindly. They invited us to their houses, and sent us presents to our barrack. From my previous knowledge of the French language, I soon spoke it with so much fluency, that I could almost have passed for a native.

An offer to go into the French army was made to us; but that we to a man rejected. We expected to be worse treated for our refusal; but we were not. The offer was, however, repeated to us, and, upon our again refusing, the officer shook his head, saying, "You English have a very strong love for your country; though for what reason, I know not."

Our clothes became very tattered; and though we could feed upon our three francs, yet it could not afford a supply of clothing. But we were allowed to work in the harvest and vintage time; and the wages of our labour procured us clothes and linen for the winter. During the vintage I worked with a *vigneron* of the name of Videaux. He was one of the richest of the class, and looked

up to as a man of integrity and good sense. He treated me kindly, and petitioned that I should be allowed to lodge at his house; which was granted, upon his becoming surety that I should always make my appearance when required. In this house I felt every external comfort; and had it been possible for me to forget Scotland, and the days of innocence and pleasure which I had spent in it, I might have been happy; but the thought that I was an alien among strangers, and away from the habitations and the religion of my fathers, embittered all my enjoyments. I had written to my father, but had received no answer; and the fear that I might never see him again, threw me into despondency.

The family of Videaux consisted of himself and two children, Jacques and Roselie. Jacques was about my own age, and Roselie a year or two younger. They were my companions, and their kindness and affection were great; but their extreme gaiety made me rather sad.

As there never was a syllable uttered about politics, public news, or the state of the country, I at first thought that the Government of France must be the mildest possible; but, upon examination, I found that though the public burdens were not nominally so heavy as they were in Britain, yet they bore as high a proportion to the real wealth of

the people. The silence and apparent satisfaction with the Government, too, did not arise so much from an admiration of that, as from the danger of complaining. Spies were placed over the people; and when any one was found speaking with freedom, or, indeed, speaking at all about the affairs of the state, he was sent to the army, if fit for it; and if not, he was subjected to a heavy fine.

The gloomy prospect of a hopeless and interminable exile, threw me at first into a sort of lethargy, and then into a slow fever. At this the kind Videaux and his family redoubled their attentions. Roselie attended me; and as medical practitioners are not very numerous in the remote parts of France, she was both my physician and my nurse. Her skill was not, however, so great as her anxiety; and I was far more indebted to her kindness than to her prescriptions. After three weeks of pretty severe indisposition I recovered. At this the whole family showed signs of pleasure, and none more than Roselie. It was a triumph both to her attention and her skill. During my convalescence I required not her prescriptions, but I was pleased and revived by her liveliness.

While I was sick some more of our men had effected their escape. So as soon as I was in a state of being removed, I was, in spite of all the offers and assurances of Videaux and his family, carried

to a dungeon under the castle, where I found my countrymen now reduced to nine. It was then about the middle of winter, and the weather was cold and variable, so that we felt the dungeon very unpleasant. No light came into it, save from a narrow loop-hole about eight feet above the floor. We used to stand alternately upon each other's shoulders at this little opening, to enjoy the fresh air and the light of day. On the second morning after my confinement it was nearly blocked up; and, upon examining the cause, we were most agreeably surprised to find a small bag of biscuit, which had been left during the night, evidently for our use. We pulled it in, feasted on its contents for that day and the next, and replaced the bag in the evening. On the following morning it was filled; and indeed the supply was continued during the whole period of our confinement. We could never learn who were our benefactors, though I had strong suspicions that they were the family of Videaux,—perhaps even Roselie herself.

After two weeks of confinement we were removed from the dungeon, and carried back to our barrack; where a fresh proposal of entering into the army was made to us; but we rejected this as we had done the former. As soon as I could get permission I visited my friends. They expressed great happiness at seeing me, but took no notice

either of our confinement or of its cause; neither did I mention the supplies which we got, as I was not certain that they came from Videaux or his family. I thought there was something cold and distant in Roselie's manner. She had lost much of her gaiety and good humour; and when I met her in the street, she did not speak and laugh as she was wont, but looked dejected and hung her head. I felt vexed at the thought that I should have given offence to one to whose kindness I was so much indebted; but as I was conscious of nothing intentionally offensive on my part, I could neither explain nor alter my conduct.

One day the whole village was one scene of misery and lamentation. The conscription was to be called out in two weeks; and the awful uncertainty of who were to be the victims, hung over all those who had sons or brothers of the proper age. Every kind of employment was at a stand, and the people gave themselves up to gloomy and afflicting sadness. Still there were no complaints—no outcry against the Government; but all were absorbed in silent grief. As these peasants were naturally and upon ordinary occasions more gay and elevated than the same class in this country, so now they were more cast down. The phlegmatic sorrow of our countrymen is somewhat alleviated by their grumbling against the State; and as it is,

at any rate, of a sullen and secluded cast, they are still able to carry on their usual employments. But the people among whom I was were all fire and feeling; and as their grief durst not vent itself in clamours against him who, in this country, would have been execrated and cursed as an arch-tyrant, it pressed upon themselves with double agony and weight.

The fatal day at last arrived, and the die which was to seal the misery of many families was cast. A full fifth of the young men in the village were balloted. It was a momentary joy to those who in the mean time had escaped, and deep sorrow to those who were taken. The scene was very affecting. Girls who were betrothed, and about to be led to the altar, were consigned to a premature and endless widowhood. Grey-haired sires and helpless widows were deprived of those sons upon whom their whole subsistence depended. Tears stole down the furrowed cheek, or glistened in the deadened or despairing eye; yet no voice of murmuring was heard. Jacques Videaux was among the number; and though his father was rich for a French *vigneron*, and would gladly have given all that he had, rather than have parted with his son, yet he was unable to pay the requisite sum; which was indeed too much for any except the very richest among the French, being upwards of four

thousand francs. I was not a little astonished at the magnitude of this sum; because in a country where the military character stood so high, and where it was reported that talents would certainly lead to preferment, soldiers could have been procured in any number at a bounty not exceeding one hundred francs. But the object of Napoleon was, not so much to obtain a certain number of troops, as to mould the whole people of France into that love of the military life, and resignation under military tyranny, which were essential to the success of his plans. The conscripts were joined by a number of young men, who had been educated at the military schools in the southern departments; and the whole marched to join the armies in the north. Jacques informed me that they would all, without exception, be placed in the ranks; and could not, till they had served six months there, be promoted, unless they performed some act of distinguished bravery.

Videaux followed his son to the extremity of the village, and, at parting, conjured him to maintain his own honour and that of his country. At parting with me, Jacques took me by the hand, saying, "Be kind to my father while you are here, and Roselie, forget not, desert not, as you dread the curse of your fellow labourer, and now your fellow soldier. As for me, I fear you shall never

see me again, unless it be our fate to meet in battle." For a moment I felt a desire to offer my services, and accompany him; but the thought of home rushed into my mind, and banished the treacherous desire.

After the departure of Jacques, we remained nearly two years in the village, without any news from Britain, or indeed any intelligence of what was going on in the world. Numerous fêtes and rejoicings were indeed made, for victories said to have been gained over the Prussians, Russians, and other nations; but we learned none of the particulars, and we never saw a newspaper. I assisted Videaux in training his vines, and in gathering and pressing his vintage. Our toils were cheered by the songs of Roselie, though she still retained her pensive mood. In the summer of 1808, my good friend Videaux was seized with a violent fever. In his illness, I was anxious to repay the kindness which I had received at the hands of him and his family; but the activity and attention of Roselie rendered my services scarcely necessary. Her brother gone, and her father stretched upon a bed, from which in all human probability he was never to arise, and no immediate relation to soothe her grief or hear her complaint, she did not, as most girls of her age would have

done, sink or give herself up to unavailing grief: her spirits rose with the need she had for them; and though her eyes were red with watching, and it might be weeping in secret, yet none saw her shed a tear, or heard her utter a complaint. In four weeks the old man recovered; but his recovery brought back the melancholy of his daughter.

Soon after this, some more of our men effected their escape. There remained only four. We were shut up in separate cells, under a ruined prison-house, loaded with irons, and almost excluded from the light of day. Our allowance was small and bad; and I expected nothing better than to waste the remainder of my days in that wretched place. I wearied exceedingly, and was tormented with anxiety and remorse. I thought on the attention of my parents, and how often they had denied themselves the comforts of life, in order to afford me an education by which I might have risen in the world; and the end of all was, that I was to pine and die in a French prison, unheeded, unknown, and unregretted. I could not help cursing the cunning of my uncle, and yet more my own vanity, by which I had been duped. Night after night these reflections and remorses worked me into a most painful reverie, from which I fell into sleep, broken by frightful dreams; but the morn-

ing as regularly brought fresh spirits and tranquillity, and even a faint hope that I might again behold those parents.

For a long time I was in total darkness, measuring the day and the night only by the two returns of the keeper; which, as he informed me, were early in the morning and late at night. To me, indeed, the whole seemed as one long and solitary night, full of sad or terrifying dreams. At length, however, my fetters were taken off, and a small hole was opened, through which a feeble and glimmering ray of light fell obliquely into my dungeon. As this hole was not straight, the light must have been very faint; but to me, who had been so long in absolute darkness, it seemed at first so dazzling as to be painful. By means of it I began to survey my abode; it was about four paces square; two sides formed of native rock, rough, damp, and covered with moss; the other two were of polished masonry, and it was arched over. I found an old nail on the floor, with which I amused myself by writing and scrawling drawings upon the wall. While thus engaged, I found that I was not the only Briton who had been immured in that place; for I met with some English verses, dated 16**. The last two figures were obliterated; but part of the verses I could make out,

and I read them so often, that I have them still by memory. They were as follows.—

"16**

" Pent in the narrow circlet of these walls,
From happy England's much-loved plains afar,
While death's dark film fast o'er his eyelids falls,
A hapless exile mourns his evil star.

" How sad and loathsome is this darkling cell!
Nought it affords that may the heart relieve;
Within, save me, no living thing can dwell—
Not even the spider dares her web to weave.

" The cold damp oozes from the fretted stone;
The blanching moss with sickly paleness creeps:
That drips symphonious to the exile's moan;
This seems refresh'd by the sad tear he weeps.

" Time, like a putrid river, steals along,
All with a sullen and unbroken swell;
No morn is number'd by the wild bird's song;
No tinkling clock the passing hour does tell.

" The harden'd wretch my mouldy crust who brings,
And bowl, my parched bosom to relieve,
All heedless of my grief, receding, sings
As if he joy'd my vile abode to leave.

" Yet sure no crime against the state was mine,
Nor king nor courtier was traduced by me;
Though here, till death relieve me, I must pine—
Pine for thy sake, O holy Liberty!

" O Tyranny!" * * * * * *

There had originally been three stanzas more; but they were so much injured by the moss and damp, that though I could count the number of lines, I could not make out any of the words; neither could I decipher the name of the prisoner, which had been written beneath.

The reading of these verses made me more gloomy than ever. They imparted as much as that the writer never hoped for relief from the dungeon;—and why should I more than he? But then, he had some consolation—something to soothe his solitude, and even to make his captivity glorious; but I had nothing. He mentioned pining for liberty; and perhaps might be one of those brave men who, after having struggled for the civil and religious freedom of their country, and having their brows adorned with the proudest laurels, had been driven into exile at the Restoration. But as for me, I had done nothing; there was no action of my life which had been of any use, and no occurrence of it upon which I could reflect with

pleasure: I had not made a single dot upon the tablet of time, except the rude lines which I scrawled upon the stone in this obscure dungeon; and what were they, or who was to heed them? I regarded myself as one who had better never been, as having dashed away and utterly lost the good which had been put into my hands. These thoughts made me almost mad; and at times I felt a half-formed wish to commit suicide; but the means were not in my power.

THE BLACKSMITH OF GLAMMIS:

A TALE.

Of all the joys with which through mortal life
  The checquered pilgrimage of man is blest,
Some write, that lovely charmer call'd a wife
  Is out of all comparison the best:
She falls, like oil upon the ocean's strife,
  Smoothing the waves of passion all to rest:
Cum grano salis, this is understood,
Which in plain English means—provided she be good.

Now courteous (gem'man) reader you'll agree,
  That this is a most excellent provision,
Almost as good's a dowry,—altho' we
  Can't stop just now to solve the proposition;
That were a little tedious: let us see;
  First, we should have to give a definition
Of sundry qualities not greatly wanted;
And so we think 'tis best to take the thing for granted.

Well, as among the finest of the wheat
The seeds of tares the Enemy did fling;
So in the matrimonial cup, so sweet,
Satan at times a bitter drop will wring:
Perhaps, indeed, the bitterness and heat
May wholly from another quarter spring;
But as we to the ladies should be civil,
'Tis best to lay the blame entirely on the Devil.

Which having done, we freely may discuss
The little rubs and roughnesses of wedlock,
And gallantry himself ne'er make a fuss,
Or hang upon the verse his heavy padlock:
A little metre is indeed a truss
For girding up their loins who have had bad luck,—
Opens a harmless source of recreation,
To one whose rib is doomed to over-strong temptation.

Just as the first of women went astray,
Of knowledge in the laudable pursuit,
So oftentimes, even in this latter day,
They fall to pulling of the self-same fruit
Before 'tis ripe, and as the wise ones say,
Extremely sour and flatulent to boot:
This stirs a constant current of the breath,
For which there's no relief, but only one—their death.

A wife in her own wisdom may be lost
So far, nor rhyme nor reason can protect her :
Yes of her knowledge she will sometimes boast,
A good deal more than you'd at first conjecture,—
As husbands whiles experience to their cost
In that sharp homily a curtain lecture ;
She'll boast of matters to herself revealed,
Which have from all the world been all along concealed.

'Tis very strange your spinster is so mild,
Just like a south wind on a bank of poppies ;
Yes, she is smooth and gentle as a child,
And as for gall, there not a single drop is
In all her lovely person : but so wild
She turns when wed, that all her husband's hope is
Hic jacet. Comes this of the parson's power ?
Or are the sex like wine,—uncork them they turn sour ?

There's little good in general discussion,
It is so dry and prosing and abstract,
It never makes one quarter the impression
Of some plain well authenticated fact,
Particularly when given with due compression,
And with a playful naiveté of tact.
I shall relate you one, when I get time,
And am a little more accustom'd to this rhyme.

It might be argued that the first temptation
Was rather creditable to the lady,—
Only the proof would cause too much digression
In this our preface, lengthy-ways already;
Wherefore proceed we straight with our narration,
(That rhyme jars horribly) and smooth and steady,
That is, as smooth and steady as we can
Go on, till something else distract us from our plan.

But first, perhaps, it were as well to quit
That plural, pompous, prosing pronoun, *we*,
Because a *single* man it does not fit—
Having sufficient room for two or three.
The I is quite as handsome every bit,
Or, when the case requires it, even the me.
Sometimes I'm very thankful, by the bye,
That, speaking of the sex, I do not need the *my*.

Well,—in a village, picturesque and pretty,
Which sleeps within the valley of Strathmore,—
(Your want of taste I very much must pity,
In case you have not seen it all before,)—
There lived a rustic, counted rather witty
As rustics go, altho' he laboured sore,
Earning the funds to pay his food and tax with:
George Gouk he was by name; by trade he was a blacksmith.

As to the "Gouk," I think, you may depend,
That it is strictly, literally, true,
Because to pun thereon I won't pretend,—
And truly, if you're wise, no more should you;
For I ne'er saw yet quip or quibble penned,
Or passed in speech but made the author rue.
You can't rely so much upon the "George,"
Because a smith, you know, is very prone to forge.

George Gouk was married,—as himself well knew;
But, in the meantime, that must be delayed,
Until we walk together to review
The very pleasant village where he staid:
I'll take you with me to the smithy, too,
And let you see him working at his trade.
George Gouk abode at Glammis, which just the same is
That, after Pedant John, your Englishers call Glam-mis.

And never was there known a sweeter place,
In Scotland, or in any other land,
Since ancient father Time began his race,
And took the sinful world upon his hand:
It lies so snugly in a sheltered space,
And breathes an air so balmy and so bland;
And think upon the view,—east, west, and north,—
Of villas, rivers, fields, high mountains, and so forth.

But let us to the southward, if you will,
And climb that eminence upon the left,
So finely wooded: that's the Hunter's hill,
And that's the Hart hill t'other side the clift,—
Where that abominable spinning-mill
Of half its beauty has the dell bereft:
Such smoking fabrics may do in a town,
But sure he was a Goth who there placed that one down.

Now we're ascended: see Benvoirlich rise
Far in the west, of softest, loveliest blue,
Proud chieftain of the clear and Claud-like skies,
And haunt of famed, but fabled Roderick Dhu.
North are the Grampians, whence the streams arise
Which fling the glittering sun-beams back to view,—
Ericht, Isla, and Esk; and 'mid the scene,
From Forfar's glassy loch, steals slow the sullen Dean.

Within that amphitheatre of hills,
Flit the grey spirits of the deeds of old,
Shedding a palely, formless light, that thrills
Even modern hearts unto their inmost fold
Of Mammon doubling: yes, that veil which chills
All love of kind and country, and turns cold
The life-blood of the soul,—as one would say,—
Thinking of deeds like these, who would not dash away?

That soft green vale, now slumbering all so sweet
In the bright radiance of the summer sun,
Has thrice been trod by hostile alien feet,—
Which *graves* in Caledonia have won:
And rises now the peaceful wooded seat,
Fast by the cairn, the monument, the dun,
Where sleep in lost oblivion, side by side,
The honest Scottish heart, the haughty foeman's pride.

Along that vale, the Roman and the Dane
Swept in succession with invading horde;
And struggled there, and struggled not in vain,
The often tried unconquerable sword;
Yonder, tho' few, they rallied once again,
And fell, but fled not from the pass or ford;
Here, those green little mounds to mind may bring
Where oft the eagle quail'd, the raven droop'd his wing.

Yes, Aberlemmo, near thy chisel'd stone,
Which, on the eastern verge I can descry,—
The field was foughten and the day was won,
Which help'd our Marathon of Luncarty!
Though faded now from memory, and gone
In time's unnumbered years swift racing by,
Thy tale shall live while Scotland has a friend;
And, though thy body fail, thy spirit knows no end.

But now we've left the hill, and near'd the dwelling
Of George; and you may list the hammer's clink,
And hear the labouring bellows puffing, swelling,
And see the ruddy sparks through yonder chink;
And hear the loud laugh of the story-telling,
And the hoarse gurgle of the hearty drink:
In vain the hissing beer in copious drench
Swills down that ample throat, the spark it cannot quench.

The smithy is a favourite rendezvous,
At leisure hours, for all the men of tillage;
There they resort to dry their hob-nailed shoes,
And talk about the lasses of the village;
Also at times to read the weekly news,—
Those manufactured tales of war and pillage:
The smith from hence becomes a kind of oracle,—
Resolver of all doubts,—sagacious to a miracle.

And such was George. Once *turning* horses' shoes,
Upon the anvil's hard and steely nozzle,
He heard some wights a spelling o'er the news,
Till they came to a word which did them puzzle.
"M-e-t-a:" "Go on lads, if you choose."
They spell a while and then they take a guzzle:
The word was nice no doubt for rustic hand,
'Twas "*metaphysics*," which few doctors understand.

Still they with pertinancy did spell—
  Smiting at times their brows with horny hand;
And then another time to work they fell,
  But still the term they could not understand:
Some thought it an ill-omened witching spell,
  And some the name of an outlandish land.
George Gouk laid down his hammer on the stithy,
And for some little space gazed on the roof of smithy.

Now, whether a direct inspiring ray
  Revealed the matter to him all at once,
I cannot take upon myself to say;
  But thus he answered them upon the nonce,
Without a single instant of delay,—
  "Lads, I have got the thing into my sconce:
This word, which puts your judgments in a *swither*,
Has reference to two men, when they converse together;

"And when the one that's hearing does not know
  The sense of what the speaking one would tell;
And farther, when the speaking one, also,
  Himself does not see through it very well,
I think *that's metaphysics*." George Gouk, so
  From thy dry throat the definition fell:
And name a single doctor of the schools
Has come so near the truth with all his logic-rules.

No doubt you'll wonder why so shrewd a man
  Should fail in disputation with his wife;
So I shall tell you, just as fast's I can.
  It was not open matrimonial strife,
Or settled argument: Kate had a plan,
  Which teazed her husband nearly out of life:
Whene'er he at mischances would deplore,
She said, "I knew it—yes, I told you that before."

Burke said (was't he?) if any piece of nonsense
  Shall daily for a year be told to you,
Before the year be out, on soul and conscience,
  You'll think that self-same nonsense sense and true.
George Gouk had tenfold proof and odds, in one sense,
  For Kate had told him duly twenty-two
Years, and some more; and therefore no surprize,
Though George began to think, his wife was rather wise.

Indeed the thing had very oft been stated,
  With demonstration of the air and look;
And George could find out nothing to defeat it,
  In self-experience, friend's advice, or book;
Yet in his soul, so strongly did he hate it,
  That daily pains, as lawyers say, he took
The evil to remove, at least to check,—
Or as himself said, "Get a hair in Catherine's neck."

Chance will a blaze of lustre often cast
On that which wisdom can't, at all, explain;
So she sent Mr. Gouk relief, at last,
Though all his pains and trouble proved in vain;
But stop; I'm getting on a little fast,
This hurried head-long course I can't sustain,
And so must have a rest: what though we should
Pace o'er the village streets, or ramble through the wood?

Well, well, I'm glad that you have no objection;
Will you lead on, or if you please, shall I?
Thank you, again. And take the left direction;
You see that church and white-washed spire hard by,
That manse of jimmy manses the perfection,
Why, there the lion and the lamb do lie;
And there have lain, without disputes or fears,
For half a score at least of sweet millenian years.

Into that well-trimmed garden you may peep,
And mark yon fretted, monumental stone,
So old, instead of telling who there sleep,
'Tis but the dumb memorial of its own
Antiquity. See o'er it ivy creep:—
Vile sycophant! to crawl thou'rt always prone,
Until thou thy supporter overtop,
Then dost thou change thy leaf, and with the laurel cope.

But let us enter now the time-worn gate,
(Gates, if neglected, do not last for aye,)
And, o'er the wide lawn to the castle straight;
Perhaps you'd rather by the *burnie* stray,—
Mark then, how very sparkling, and how bright,
It leaps along in its perennial way:
Like life it hurries—never mind the cattle,
Madam; they're harmless brutes and will not offer battle.

Now dost thou mark that singular commodity
Of dials, standing there, toward the right?
"Well, I protest, that is a perfect oddity—
Eighty-four gnomons! some for day, some night;
And look, the bees are circling so about it aye:—
Bless me, there is a bee-hive on the height,
Just where the scrolls support the earl's crown,—
I wonder how they e'er can get the honey down."

Then leave it to the bees; let us ascend
The castle stair, for we have little time:
Reader, I mean, I'm getting to an end,
Not of my tale, but of my space and rhyme,
I dare not break it off lest I offend;
And hark, the call-bell rings the evening chime,
'Twas just such night and hour, note that, I prithee,
A mare came for her shoes, and lodged in G. Gouk's smithy.

George was from home, and came not till 'twas late,
Too late for doing any kind of work.
Ha! now 'tis opened—enter the great gate,
Which stands in middle of the castle's *fork*.
Scan the baronial hall, the room of state,—
I've no rhyme here to offer you but "cork,"
And as the Lyon never stays at home,
The bottles, though you call, don't from the cellar come.

The arm'ry too is worthy your inspection,
The shirts of iron and the bows of wood,
The glaives and pikes; and if you've no objection,
They'll shew you also good king Malcolm's blood:
The castle is a recenter erection;
But still the story is well understood.
Now mount the leads and gaze upon the vale;
And, while you're doing that, I'll try to close my tale.

George went, at morning dawn, to shoe the mare,
But soon returned, lamenting very sore,—
"O Kate, my anvil's eaten, every hair,
By that strange brute! so I can work no more!"
Kate gave a haughty self-sufficient stare—
"I knew it, told you of it all before!"
Quoth George, "you told me of it, did you, Kate?
Why then *you told a fib, for 'tis not eaten yet.*"

And ever after, still as Kate would try,
With prescience her husband's woes to flout,
George curled his lip, and looking kind, though sly,
Upon her, with this answer turned about,—
"O Kate, none knows your wisdom more than I,
Indeed of it I've not the smallest doubt;
Just think upon the anvil and the mare,
That was a clenching proof! how great your wisdom *there*."

THE BRITISH PUBLIC,

IN 1819.

" My pensive Public, wherefore are you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey,
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,
And when that donkey looked me in the face,
His face was sad; and you are sad, my Public."

REJ. ADD.

IT was formerly said of the British nation, that it resembled a bottle of small beer,—inasmuch as the top was froth, the middle excellent, and the bottom dregs. The simile was not a bad one; and with some change of the distinctive epithets, it still holds good in substance; for, if we accommodate ourselves to the political slang of the day, it may be said, that the top is Tories, the middle Whigs, and the bottom Radicals. Still, however, before these epithets can be applied with strict accuracy to the three classes of society, they would require to be defined; as the sense in which they are used varies with the disposition and prejudices of the users. The component parts of rank, or the circumstances which give one person a title to stand

higher (rationally higher) in society than another, are talents (including virtue), ancestry, and wealth. Now, by the "top" of society, as formerly expressed by the term "froth," and as now expressed by the epithet "Tories," is not necessarily meant that which stands highest in all or any of these respects. It rather means that portion of society which is produced and maintained, not by the exertion of any legitimate faculty of its own, but out of the labours of other people; and which holds certain opinions, and pursues certain trains of action, not because they are founded in natural justice, or can be defended by reason, but because they conduce, or are supposed to conduce, to its own existence. By the "middle," again, as formerly characterized by the term "excellent," and now by the epithet "Whigs," is not meant those who have but a medium portion of the three component parts of rank which we have enumerated. Individually, they possess incalculably more talents (including virtue) than that class which has been denominated the top; and in the aggregate they possess incalculably more of both the other elements. They are the independent part of the people,—those who are equally proof against the blandishments of office and the machinations of demagogues, whether these be the victims of personal disappointment and envy, or, as is, we be-

lieve, more frequently the case at present, the hirelings of the Tories, who have fallen upon the clumsy choice of manufacturing plots and seditions for the purpose of exciting pity and commiseration, now that they are unable to command respect and esteem,—those, in short, who support themselves by their own exertions, and who form their opinions, not with a view to the pleasing or the annoying of any set of men, but upon the principles of reason and justice. Nor does the "bottom" of society, as formerly denoted by the name "dregs," and as now known by the term "Radicals," mean those who have any combined hostility against the other classes, or any theoretic or systematic hatred of the present or any other form of government. It does not mean even the poorest of society; it is rather that portion of the idle, the dissipated, and the uneducated, which, driven from the remote provinces by necessity or crime, takes shelter, and occasionally finds employment, in the large towns; and which, joining with the abandoned part of the population there, forms what may still be properly called the dregs of society.

The middle, or Whig part of our population, is the only one in which there are strong and unequivocal characteristics of what the whole, or at least the greater part of the whole, perhaps, was, in

the sounder and more flourishing states of the country; and, strange though it may seem, the other two divisions spring from each other, or rather the Radicals are a direct and necessary production of the Tories; and hence the one class must increase or diminish along with the other. Now, during the long administration of Mr. Pitt, and with little interruption, during all the administrations that have followed, there has been a great manufacture of Tories going on in the country. By creeping upon one occasion, and bounding on another, the system of the servants of the Crown has veered round, till both the principles and the practice of the British administration have become as different from those that obtained sixty years ago as can well be conceived. According to the old and almost forgotten method, the good of the country,—that is, of the whole inhabitants of the country,—formed not only an avowed, but, at least to a certain extent, a real object with the administration; and public opinion was, if not the sole, at least one of the principal beacons by which they regulated their course. No doubt they had their likings for the honours and the emoluments of office, as well as a disposition to provide for their relations, assistants, and flatterers. But still, though they had these propensities, they kept hem, or at least the expression of them, within

due bounds; and the stamp of them was not, as at present, impressed upon every action. Now, however, it would require more logic than the whole administration could muster, to prove to the satisfaction of any unbiassed and impartial man, that in any one of those public measures which they have recommended to the Sovereign, or carried through, or at least proposed in the Legislature, the real and substantial good of the whole people has had much, or in most instances even the smallest concern. The whole has been purely selfish, tending merely to secure those places which should have been quitted the moment that a majority of the independent population of the country declared that the duties of them were not properly discharged; and to curb and silence that expression of public opinion, which not only should be allowed to express itself freely and openly, but which ought to be their chief guide. By this means, they have gradually but effectually succeeded, not only in distressing the country with a load of debt altogether unprecedented, and almost unaccountable, but also in bringing it pretty nearly to the situation of a house divided against itself. We by no means say, that all or any of this is the result of previous design; for we do not think that the proposers and the promoters of the successive measures which have led to it, possessed either the

talents or the wickedness requisite for the formation of such a plot. Although it is not easy to account for the avidity with which Pitt embroiled this country in all the wars and squabbles of the continental nations,—in all of which we were treble losers, in strength, character, and domestic prosperity,—we would willingly acquit him of a regular plan for the degradation or ruin of that country for which he is said to have exclaimed, either in pity or compunction, when he was about to leave it; and though there is certainly not one principle upon which most of the public acts of his successors can be defended, yet we can see no reason for accusing them of sitting down with a determination of doing public mischief. They have a wonderful liking for office, no doubt; and they are obliged to prop and bolster themselves up by means to which men of greater abilities would scorn to resort. But still, considering them merely as men, we do not think them more wicked or less patriotic than any equal number of persons which a man blindfolded might pick out from the assembled nation; neither do we think them less wicked or more patriotic. They are a fair average, if we suppose the extremes to be taken. Lord Sidmouth, for instance, is a good mean proportional between such a character as the Earl of Chatham and Sir Francis Ommaney; and his Majesty's Attorney-

General is precisely the square root of the product of Henry Brougham and the Scottish Solicitor; and so on of all the rest.

All this being admitted, it follows pretty clearly, that we do not stand charged with the offence of accusing Ministers of *malice prepense* in the injuring or enslaving of the country, or in those measures which have led the one part of its population to look askance and with hostility at the other. But really the said country has very little to do with the *intentions* of its public functionaries. On civil and moral grounds, where all men are held to be equal, it is the intention only which constitutes the crime; but when a man holds an office, the case is different, and we have then to do, not with his intentions, but his actions. If some blockhead should palm himself upon society as a physician, and, in the plenitude of ignorance and conceit, prescribe large doses of arsenic as a specific for inflammation of the stomach or intestines, it would be of no avail to plead that he did it in perfect *bonâ fide* that it would operate a cure: he would be found guilty of the double crime of imposture and culpable homicide; and, if his life should be spared, driven out of society. Now, the case is not very different, when, upon symptoms of inflammation in the state, such as occurred during the distress which arose out of the late war, official men go about to quack it by the application of

irritating nostrums,—such as the bills introduced by the present administration. When it was manifest to every one who chose to take the trouble of looking, that the distress of the people was far deeper than their complaining was loud, policy (to leave humanity entirely out of the question) pointed to gentle and soothing treatment as the only rational means of cure. That means, however, was either not known, or, being known, it was neglected and despised; and the consequence has been, the introduction of a very considerable portion of jealousy and animosity. It is thus that the superabundant manufacture of Toryism has produced a superabundance of Radicals.

Or there is another light in which the matter may be viewed. There is not in the whole compass of human history one instance, in which so great a proportion of the people of any country was fed and clothed out of the revenue arising from the capital and labour of others, as is so fed and clothed, and that pretty sumptuously, in Britain, at the present time. Now, since it is demonstrably true, that "the numbers of mankind always press upon their means of subsistence, so that there is over the whole population of any country, a deficiency, rather than an excess of the most simple necessaries of life;" it follows, by necessary consequence, that if many live well without labouring, more must labour without living well; for, as the

maintenance of an idle man always costs more than double the maintenance of a man who labours, it must follow, that, for every one that is placed on the list, or fed and clothed out of the public revenue, two at least must be reduced to grinding poverty. It is thus, again, that the manufacture of Tories operates as a direct manufacture of Radicals: for when a man, who is both able and willing to work, finds that he can no longer support himself and his family comfortably by his labour, it is not in human nature that he should starve in contentment; or that his love of his country, and its institutions, however strong it may have been originally, and when that country gave him wherewithal to support himself, should continue after he is reduced to misery and want. As we do not consider the Tory, regarded merely as a man, as being more wicked or less patriotic than other men, so neither do we consider the Tory-made Radicals. Both are very much beings of circumstances; and as the conduct of the Tory arises in a very great measure from the consciousness that he holds a situation, and enjoys a living that he does not merit,—so the conduct of the Radical springs in a great measure from the consciousness that he suffers privations of which himself is not the cause. The feeling of the former touches the inward conscience, and rouses the affections of remorse and suspicion; while that of

the latter has a tendency to touch the springs of indignation and revenge. When men are reduced to this state, they are ripe for the utterance of bitter things; and so it is not difficult to convict a few of them of verbal sedition. That sedition, however, weighed in the balance of reason, means nothing more than the voice of suffering; and it should excite, on the part of the more fortunate members of society, especially of those who are living well on the public revenue, pity and commiseration; and no aspect of human nature can be more disgusting and horrible, than that of men, who in the prosecution of schemes for their own aggrandizement, having brought their fellows to this depth of suffering, shall let loose among them spies, and traffickers in reputation and in blood. Compared with this, the open declaration of war upon them, and the bringing of spears and bayonets against their half-clad breasts and unarmed hands, were candid and noble.

We readily and at once allow, that mixing with the victims of public distress, the Tory-made Radicals, there are to be found those whom we have described as the dregs of the people; and that they will be both ready and willing to do any mischief in their power, and active to stir up others to take part with them; and if the pressure of distress be heavy and of long continuance, it cannot fail to break the moral tone, and destroy the cha-

racter of many;—that these victims of distress will be ready to join with the victims of crime; and that the moral feeling of society may be deadened, and its moral worth destroyed, to a very great extent. But still, the fault is not in the sufferers, but in them who originally caused the suffering; and though the arm of public justice should offend, yet if the pressure of suffering still continued so severe, as that a large portion of the people could not maintain themselves comfortably by their labour, the offence would continue to be committed in spite of the vigour of the most active police. The whip, the fetters, and gibbet, never made a nation virtuous, or won them back to virtue when they had departed from it—and they never will. The letting loose of spies—blood-men, who are to be paid in proportion to the number of victims which they entrap, and who are permitted themselves, not only to assume the character of offenders, but even to take a lead and entice others, cannot fail to make the matter worse. Rogues will in general be too knowing for them; and thus, while their machinations entrap the simple and the innocent, those who are really guilty will escape. The cases which are thus produced will excite pity, not unmingled with indignation, among ranks of society which are a little higher; and thus the whole population will be divided into parties.

Such has obviously been the progress of things in this country. We put entirely out of view the contending factions of the *ins* and the *outs*—the placemen, and would-be placemen; because between them, reason sees not a shade of distinction; but it is notorious, that while every labouring man had yet food and clothes for his labour, the people—the independent part of society—stood aloof from all concern about its politics. They no doubt read with assiduity the tales of the war, gave their hands a clap or two, and burnt a few farthing candles, when they heard that *our side* (it was not often *ourselves*, as we seldom had a personal interest,) had gained a victory under such or such an admiral, or a general; and they looked a little demure when our side had lost, and gave a growl and a shrug when the imposition of a new tax made them diminish their establishments; but still they took part in the affair as matter of curiosity, rather than as matter of feeling. Now, however, the case is somewhat different. People cannot avoid seeing the exhausting drain of the life-blood of the country, producing its squalid and blanching effects still higher and higher in society; and as they know not how soon the case may be their own, there is awakened in their bosoms, a principle far stronger than the theoretic love or hatred of any system of government whatever. They feel for

themselves, in every thing that is dear to them as human beings; and such a feeling is not to be overcome by any thing of an ideal or a chivalrous description. The splendour of victories, or even the fear of Radicals—though these be called together by those who are paid for it, may dazzle and alarm the people for a season, and make them throw themselves upon a real Scylla, for the sake of escaping an imaginary Charybdis; but the delusion will not last; and when it does come to an end, it were better for the deluders that it had never been.

The operation of this principle has produced two wonderful changes upon the constitution and aspect of society within the last two or three years. The first one was a separation into the rich and the poor,—not in the situation of employers and labourers, as they are in the natural states of society, but in that of alarmists and sufferers. The alarm did not indeed extend itself over the whole of the rich; for, as it originated not in any natural and necessary cause, but in the conscious weakness and demerit of those who were afraid of losing their places, it was in a great measure confined to official men. But still, of them and their underlings and connections, together with expectants, there is a goodly number enough for raising a clamour as loud as heart can desire; and when a clamour of this kind

is once raised, all the weak and ignorant among the possessors of property (and there are not a few of them of this description) are sure to take the alarm, and bawl out most lustily. Then there were the trumpeters of the minister, the trained band of loyal and dutiful addressers, ready to poison the ear of their sovereign with calumnies against the suffering part of his people. This last instrument is at once the most ready and the most dangerous. Whenever the minister chooses to whisper "Address," then lo! the echo rings from a thousand brazen masses throughout the country; and as the sovereign has no means of knowing the state of that country, except through these addresses, and through the persons at whose beck and bidding they are got up, he naturally enough lends his sanction to measures, at which, did he know the real state of things, the generosity and the justice of his nature would alike revolt. It is thus that persons may, in their anxiety to keep their places, put enmity between the king and his people,—induce him to do things that he would otherwise never think of, and thereby produce grumbling and dissatisfaction which otherwise would never have existed.

By these and similar means—aided, however, by the circumstances of the times, and goaded on by the pressure of suffering—the people were, as we

have said, arranged into two great and opposing masses, who regarded each other with feelings of hatred and hostility. When the man who was sweating and starving looked upon the man who was idle and well-fed, he could not but feel somewhat unpleasantly; and when the well-fed man saw the numbers and dissatisfied countenances of those who were in distress, he could not avoid feeling a little alarm. We repeat it,—there is no law and no tutoring that will induce mankind to starve in peace; and if a large portion of the erewhile industrious population of a country be thrown completely out of all honest means of supporting themselves, it requires no great depth of calculation to find a point, beyond which a well-stored larder would not be altogether safe in their neighbourhood. Still, however, this country, taken as a whole, was not nearly come to that; and, even in the very worst parts of it, there was a breathing-time before any thing violent could have been apprehended. But the state of things gave a colour to the proceedings of those whose interest it was to hide the good and magnify the evil; and they did not fail to take all due and all undue advantage of it.

To one who knew the real circumstances of the case, and was aware that by far the greater part was made, this, were it possible to conceal the im-

mense quantity of human suffering that is contained or involved in it, would be highly amusing. It is not unlike the conduct of a drunken man drawing his sword to defend himself from being robbed by his own shadow, which the moonlight has projected on the wall, and which follows the faster, the faster that he staggers on; or that of a booby 'squire, at a country inn on a rent-day, keeping his eye constantly on the window, lest the boys should filch a few hairs from the switch-tails of his dapple-greys for fishing-lines, heedless, though all the while his bailiff be miscounting his rents, or even picking his pocket. It would, we say, be very amusing to contemplate all this, if it involved nothing but the folly of the actors; but its effects go deep into the bowels of society, disturbing its peace and ruining its prosperity. A philosophic mind would pity or perhaps deride that heartless and selfish spirit, which, after it has made itself fat on the produce of other men's labour, turns round, and taunts for their poverty those whom its own folly and wasteful expenditure have made poor; but when it gets others to join in the jeer, and when to taunting it adds punishment, the matter assumes a darker character. They with whom the calumnies which are daily heaped upon the labouring classes of the people—the erewhile happiest, and still (we dare contradiction when we say it)

most virtuous and orderly inhabitants of the earth—originate, cannot be ignorant that these calumnies are without a shadow of foundation. Even the *spy*, the most apparently abandoned, though certainly not the most wicked of the gang, must feel convinced, from the labour that it costs him to get up even a little riot, and the expense at which he must bribe even the most needy to speak seditiously, or utter a threat of revenge against those who fare better, that there is no tendency whatever on the part of the labouring classes either to overturn the government, or to invade the property of others; and hence it would at first sight seem altogether impossible to account for the readiness with which the falsehood is believed, or the extent over which it is propagated. If the thing were not palpable to sense, it would not be possible, upon any received philosophic principle either of human nature or of society, to account for it at all. The fact, however, is notorious; and therefore the cause of it must be real. Never does there come an alarming fulmination from that recreant portion of the literary or scribbling faculty, which is trodden in the mire under the feet of them who can stand and feed only so long as they can keep up the calumny against more intelligent and honourable men, but it is artfully addressed to the fears and suspicions of the rich. Now, riches, to most who

possess them, are an idol; and to many they are a god, upon whose altar every other consideration would readily be sacrificed. You may abuse their reason; you may wheedle them out of their senses; you may prevail upon them to call black white, or good evil: but touch their purses, or even give the most improbable hint that they are to be touched, and they start up alarmed and alert as the fabled porter of hell-gate. Jar but a single discord upon this string, and the voices of reason, justice, and patriotism, are instantly silenced and forgotten; and the man, though on other subjects quiet and good-humoured, is instantly furnished with the tongue of an ass and the temper of an hyæna.

Those whose object it is to divide the people, for the sake of conquering the remains of their spirit and independence, know the strength of this love of riches; and they have made more extensive and mischievous use of it than of all the other vicious weaknesses of human nature put together. It is in this that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Such is the firebrand which has been industriously cast among the inhabitants of this country; and which, by alarming the strongest and the worst, though in the eye of reason the most useless and unnecessary, fear of the richer members of society, has made them start aside, and look with

an eye of sulky suspicion upon their poorer but equally honest and honourable brethren. They by whom this brand is cast must be aware that it is forged in falsehood; and we know, and whoever chooses to make but slight enquiry may know, that, of those hard-labouring persons who are styled the "mob," "the rabble," and every thing that is opprobrious and degrading,—of those who are calumniated and held up to the hatred of richer men, as being ready to lay violent hands upon the property of others, and rend asunder the bonds of society,—there is not one in ten hundred (no, not one in ten thousand) who would not start back in horror, and feel his manhood insulted, were there offered to him the unearned, undeserved pension, or the sop out of the dish of secret service, upon which his calumniator is fain to fatten. And yet this hireling calumniator, reeking from his foul feast upon that for which he does not labour honestly, and which therefore he cannot deserve, runs about denouncing industrious men, as being ready to commit all manner of crimes, because that corruption on which himself feeds has made them poor: and, strange though it may well seem, there are found men, not naturally of malevolent dispositions, and not necessarily fed out of the labours of others, who believe and repeat the tale; and who totter in fear though among their honest,

peaceable, and industrious neighbours, looking wistfully about lest they should be robbed, while the wretch who rouses their fears, and whom they take along with them as a protector, is all the while picking their pockets.

That, by an imposition upon the mere pecuniary cupidity of mankind, this abuse of their understandings should have been effected, appears to be not a little wonderful, even allowing to the influence of fear upon that strongest passion of man its full force; and before we can account for it fully, we may have to refer to co-operating causes: these are, the separation of the higher from the lower classes of the people,—brought about by changes in the manners of society, and the immense numbers of the upper ranks, which, in consequence of their dissipation and folly, have deprived themselves of their natural independent stations in society, and been forced to throw themselves upon the charity of the administration for bread.

In the "good old times," and, in Scotland at least, at no very distant period, there was a constant, and friendly, and almost familiar intercourse between the higher classes of society and the lower; and long after the chief and the vassal had ceased to feed at the same table, and share together the fatigues and the pleasures of the field, the "laird and the tenant" were in the habit of coming fre-

quently and cordially together. We have no decided or lurking partiality for ancestry—for a race who came in at the time of the Conqueror, or have warmed the same hearth since the days of the Bruce; and yet we cannot help thinking that the honest rustics felt far more attached to the "laird of the auld family," who stopped to talk with them about the deeds which his grandfather and their grandfathers had done together, than they can feel in the place-men, tax-gatherer, army-contractor, or even merchant, who speaks to them by no mouth save that of his "man of business," and in no language save the words "Give, give!" Hannah More (we believe) considered *juxta-position* as being productive of more marriages than all other circumstances taken together; and, if careful analysis were made, we suspect it would be found that upon it hinge almost all the bands of civil society: and if the rich will turn away their nose, and look upon the poor only as machines which are to receive support merely that they may do their work,—just as a steam-engine is supplied with coals, or a mill with water,—they cannot expect that the poor are to treat them with respect and ceremony, far less with regard. The poor have feelings as well as the rich; and these feelings, as they are less disguised by education and habits of policy, always express themselves more openly, and we may add, in a

manner which is more true to nature. The veneration and affection which all rude nations have for their rulers, and chiefs, and great men, even when these are neither very wise nor very well-behaved, shows plainly that the principle of showing deference to place and wealth is inherent in human nature; and if at any time the affections and veneration of the poor be estranged from the rich, it may be laid down as an axiomatic truth, that the rich are in fault. And should there be at present on the part of the poor in this country any animosity toward the rich, farther than that which is forged out of the misrepresented voice of real distress, the conduct of spies, and the clamours and calumnies of alarmists, the fault must be in the rich themselves, and cannot be averted but by them. Wherever we find a landlord liberal, and kind, and familiar with his tenants, we find him respected and almost adored by them, down to the humblest ploughman and the meanest cottager; and wherever we find the same conduct in the master of a manufactory, or other work, toward those whom he employs, we are sure to find similar fidelity and attachment in them. We could mention many triumphant proofs which have come within our own observation; but the introduction of real names might seem invidious, and fictitious ones would not answer the purpose. We believe

that the instances which could be related from the manufacturing world are not so perfect as those which could be drawn from the agricultural. But this is easily accounted for: the manufacturing labourer is less localized, and at the same time he is more in the way of temptation; but, notwithstanding all this, the position which we have laid down could be proved even here.

The feelings and sympathies, the loves and attachments, of human beings, were implanted in them as the bands of mutual good offices, and they cannot be purchased with money. You may buy any man's labours, and even his words, but no price will purchase the human heart. It calls for reciprocal esteem; and if that be withheld, however much interest and hypocrisy may conspire to hide its feelings, it turns away in disgust from the offered price; and, even though it be so much lost and corrupted as to take the bribe, and do that for which it is given, it uniformly, though sometimes secretly, loathes and despises the briber. Upon this principle, we find that the hirelings upon whom any person or government lavishes merely pecuniary rewards, are always the first to desert and betray even the bribers, when they are reduced to that state in which they can bribe and reward no more. The disciple who betrayed our

Saviour was not he who leaned on his bosom, but he who bore the purse.

It is not a little singular, that, with the evidence of all ages before them, it should have been the system of our administrations, for these thirty years, to lean principally upon bought or bribed strength. One-tenth of the trouble which that has cost them, might have enabled them to secure the good-will of the whole people, and saved the country at the same time from much degradation, distress, and misery. No doubt this bribery system has a great semblance of strength and stability about it; and the minister who, somehow or other, has a majority of the *votes* in a majority of the counties, bound to him for food and clothing, or for the expectancy of these, may think that he stands quite firm, and needs to care very little about the opinions of the rest of society. The unction, however, though very flattering, is very apt to get stale; and these same *votes* become gradually so rapacious, that the whole receipts of no exchequer in the world could supply them for any considerable length of time. It is not quite thirty years since the system was first put in vigorous exercise in this country; and yet no one, looking at the debt which it has accumulated, and the distress which it has occasioned, could venture to say that

it would go on at the same rate of increase for another thirty years. But if it does not go on increasing, it must fall off; for it is not of a nature to remain stationary. All those who themselves have tasted of that water of place "which is sweet," and of that bread "which is pleasant," naturally wish that their families, their friends, and even their flatterers, should do the same. The demand must thus continually increase; and if the supply cannot be increased to meet it, some must be disappointed. A man disappointed of a bribe becomes an enemy; and his enmity is just in proportion to the smallness of the service which he expected to be called upon to render for his bribe. In this way, the system of bought support contains within itself the seeds of a disease, which, independently of the mischief that it produces in impoverishing and dividing the country, must, sooner or later, prove fatal to its employers; and, therefore we say, that with the evidence of history staring them in the face, it is strange that a *British* administration should have resorted to it, or having resorted to it, that they should have persisted in it even for thirty years; far more, that they should, in times of peace, be obliged to keep an immense standing army, and a goodly array of spies to bolster it up. If they would just pause and reflect a moment, they would see that the thing for which

they thus puzzle and plague themselves, and distress the country, is, though a very costly, yet a very clumsy, worthless, and inefficient thing in itself; and that, could they but at once summon as much virtue and resolution as to cut it adrift, they would find the governing of the British nation equally easy and delightful.

That they will do so, is, however, a matter of desire, and not of hope; for we suspect that the mill-stone is fastened round their necks by a ligature too strong for them to cut, and too firm for them to loose; and that, in any attempt to disentangle it, they would go down together. There, again, were it not for the distress and misery that are involved in the matter, one would be disposed to laugh at finding a set of men, so wise, as the rulers of this country undoubtedly must be, so completely inmeshed in their own snare. But when we see the effects of this visible upon every man, every action, and every event in the country, and find, that in consequence of it the one part of society is set against the other, and that every man who depends upon his own labour for his maintenance, feels, in augmented labour and diminished comforts, the effects of the system, the disposition to risibility subsides, and gives place to a deeper and more painful emotion.

If the alarm brought about by the administra-

tion, and their pensionaries, and hirelings, had had no other effect than to set *them* in opposition to the people, and the people in opposition to them, the evil would have been comparatively slight, and of short duration; because, numerous and far-spread as these persons are, they could not have held their ground for a single day against the united voice of the people. It cannot be the wish of any limited monarch—far less of the King of Britain, to retain an administration whose measures are distressing, or even disagreeable to the people; and, therefore, had the people been united, and understood each other, their respectful petitions to the throne would, long ere now, have put an end to the mischief; but although there be in this country a pretty general disposition to grumble, there is less disposition to unite readily, and seek vigorously a constitutional redress of political grievances. We are a very wise and wary people; and though we growl inwardly when we pay large sums in taxes, for the support of persons of whom we cannot see the use, either as ministering to the glory of the King or the good of the subject, and occasionally take a false oath or two at the custom-house, give in a false return to the collector, or in some way or other, operate a small reduction of the taxes for our own special and individual interest and behoof, yet we are shy of speaking out concerning the

system in general, because *that* might militate against our interest for some paltry little place, or sinecure, which we are not absolutely without hopes of some day getting for ourselves. Another thing, —the complaints of the people have been treated with so little ceremony, that pride will not allow them to complain; and so they rather choose to suffer on, in the hopes that the unseen page of time may contain something better.

The greatest misfortune, however, which for these many years has befallen the people, excepting always the corrupting influence of the Administration, and the corruptible matter that it has found upon which to operate, is the dryness or misunderstanding between the people and the Whigs. By "the Whigs," we do not mean those who hold Whig principles, who believe that the best form of government for a country like Britain, is by laws, framed by the opinion of the majority, founded upon the principles of justice and equity, and administered by a limited monarch, through the medium of responsible ministers, removable either at his will, or at that of the people. In the sense of the term, we believe that every man is a Whig who is not paid for being something else; at least we have never had the chance to fall in with a man, placeman or not placeman, who was capable of forming an opinion, and who felt himself at

liberty to form it, who was not really and substantially a Whig. No doubt the *official* Whig must, under a Tory administration, put on the semblance of Toryism when he acts officially; but then he is, for all that, as much a Whig at heart as ever. By the "Whigs," we mean the political party who avow Whig principles, and who, during the progress of the system of which the country has now so much cause to complain, have formed the majority, or at least the leaders of the opposition in both Houses of Parliament. This party is really at the head of the aristocracy, both in respect of ancestry, and wealth, and of talent; and therefore their standing supinely aloof has been productive of the most serious consequences to the country. No doubt there were causes for a little dryness between them and the people. Many of the Whig party are rich; and thus their fears have been operated upon by the alarmists. Some of them, too, are no doubt place-hunters; and if admitted into power, would, in all probability, play the same game which has been played by the Tories. Besides, the party came into office when, in consequence of the misdeeds of their predecessors, things were in a very bad state; and as the din of war abroad prevented the people from estimating the extent of the evil which existed at home, and the length of time which would have been required for its correction,

the Whigs did not get credit for all the good which, during their short administration, they actually atchieved; and certainly, if their words are to be credited, not for a very large proportion of that which they had in contemplation. During that short administration, too, the Whigs were never so firmly seated as to be able to carry through with firmness and determination any measure of their own. The prejudices of the Court, and the intrigues of our foreign allies—whose opposition to Buonaparte was founded upon any thing but Whig principles—were against them; and the power of the Crown, created by Tory influence, was, under the circumstances of the times, too mighty for any administration which did not carry it along and minister to its keen appetite for self-extension. All these causes, taken together, tended in no small degree to lessen the importance of the Whigs in the eyes of the people; and as, in so far as these causes operated, the Whigs were blamed without demerit on their part, they had some ground for taking the pet, and standing aloof, although in their so doing there was little policy and less wisdom.

But, independently of these external causes of dissatisfaction on the part of the people at the conduct of the Whigs, there were other causes which had more of reality in them, and which

must be carefully and completely removed, before the Whigs, if they shall again come into office, can hope to be so backed and supported by the people, as to be able to keep their ground against the prejudices of the Court, the influence of the Crown, and the intrigues of domestic Tories and foreign despots. Those causes may, for the sake of brevity, be generalized into these two,—first, a certain avidity of place and power, which the Whigs possess in common with the Tories; and, secondly, the wonderful discrepancy that there is between their words and their actions. No complete removal of the first of these causes can be expected, because it is formed upon a general principle—although it be a bad one—of human nature; but still, circumstanced as the Whigs are, they would do well, for their own sakes, and independently of all higher considerations, to restrain the operation, and even the appearance of it, to the utmost of their power. It is a most dangerous failing, putting arms into the hands of their enemies, and alienation into the hearts of those who otherwise would be their friends. The second cause is, however, much more productive of mischief; and its existence is the more to be regretted, as it has not, like the former, any necessary foundation in human nature. The Whigs (by which we all along mean merely the party calling

themselves Whigs) are somewhat like a sweet-voiced country girl attempting to accompany a song on the harpsichord; there is no concord between the tongue and the hand; and while we are charmed by the song, we are provoked at the lame clumsiness of the execution. The Whigs talk it admirably; and if nothing more were required for correcting the abuses of administration, than the penning of abstract essays, and the pouring forth of beautiful, and warm, and patriotic speeches, then the Whigs would do the business to admiration. But, somehow or other, it happens that the hearts of those who speak so well misgive them, and their hands are paralyzed whenever they are brought to the test of action. The tablets of their declarations are fair and delightful to look upon; but, somehow or other, whenever the state of things gives them even a Pisgah glimpse of the promised land or place, a corrosive dew, either from themselves or their enemies, blots out the lovely characters, and there is an apparent disposition to rest satisfied with casting forth the Amorites of Toryism, and enjoying the milk and honey of their heritage.

After all, this tendency on the part of the Whigs is, perhaps, and indeed, probably, more apparent than real; but still it does them, and the cause of freedom in general, an indefinite deal of mischief;

it gives a handle both to Tories and to demagogues; and, what is worse, it renders the independent part of the people indifferent as to whether the Whig party or the Tory be in office.

We speak not of the disposition of the Whigs to get their own friends and favourites into office, or even to create one or two trifling offices for them; because the first is common to all administrations, and the last may be necessary for an administration which comes into office while all the places for life are in the hands of its enemies. The grand point of difference between the Whig leaders and the independent part of the people, is on the subject of the change necessary to be made in the representation; and till this difference be in some measure explained and adjusted, the Whig leaders will never enjoy the confidence of the people, even to such an extent as they deserve. We are no advocate for universal suffrage, because, though we do not think it would be ruinous or even dangerous to the interests of any one class of persons in the country, yet it would be very inconvenient, if not impracticable, and would open a wide field for bribery and corruption of the worst kind. Our creed on the subject is very short and simple, and, so far as we have been able to observe, it is the creed of every independent and thinking man in the country. It is this:—*The House of Commons being the con-*

stitutional representatives of the whole body of the British people, should at all times speak the sentiments and act according to the wishes of the majority of that body. This would be a house of representatives in the rational and common-sense meaning of the term; and this must have been the view which our ancestors took of the matter when the House of Commons was instituted: for we cannot even for a moment suppose, that, by the "Commons of England," the rude, but honest and independent, yeoman would in any way understand persons returned by Jew money-dealers and members of the upper house. No, the men of the olden time generally said just what they thought; and it is even since the days of Swift, that "the art of political lying" has been brought to its high state of improvement. Let the House of Commons be but in reality what it is in name; let it represent the people and the people only, and study no interest but the interests of the people; and then we care not one straw how its members be returned, by the vote of every man or every thousandth man in the nation. But, as the House is constituted at present, its members represent all the three branches of the state,—kings, lords and commons; which is surely not agreeable to the spirit and intention of the constitution. That a few of the officers of the crown should have seats there, is no

doubt necessary for the proper conducting of public business. But really, we do not see that the treasury members, and the members returned by lords, whether Whig or Tory, or by Jew-money dealers or other individuals, serve any purpose, save that of party or corruption. Now, the Whigs, when they come to be at all specific on the subject of parliamentary reform, always show a great tenderness for these sources of corrupt influence; and as it is known that a great number of the private-property seats belong to Whigs, this makes the people a little jealous of them. It is no doubt true that some of the most patriotic members of the House, do from time to time come in upon this interest; but that, instead of justifying the means by which they are returned, only proves the general corruption of the system, by showing that talents cannot command other seats; and this, instead of an argument against parliamentary reform, becomes one of the strongest arguments in its favour.

This anxiety on the part of the Whigs to retain that election influence which gives them strength in the House of Commons as a party, is no doubt quite natural; for no man or class of men loves to relinquish power; and it may also be essential to their remaining in office, till they acquire sufficient strength for combating, upon more liberal principles, the influence of the crown and the intrigues of the

Tories: but, if so, the candid and safe way would be to make a frank and open avowal; for as long as the Whigs affect to hold liberal sentiments, and at the same time cling to a party influence, which, in as far as it goes, could be employed in keeping them in office contrary to the wishes of the people, in so far must the people be disposed to question the purity of their motives and the truth of their declarations. We have no doubt but many of the causes which estranged the people from the Whigs, and the Whigs from the people, are ideal, and could easily be explained away; and that many of the accusations which have been brought against the Whigs could be shown to have no foundation. And truly, we think it had been better that the Whigs had gone into these explanations, and made common cause with the people, when they allowed their political disappointment to settle down upon them in supineness and pet.

The temporary supineness of the Whig party, though thus to a certain extent defensible, is yet to be regretted; as it was mainly owing to it, that the other party were enabled to make their most serious and dangerous inroads upon the liberties of the people. On their own account—and viewing them even in the light in which they are viewed by their worst enemies, that of place-hunters—it was foolish; as it is only through the medium, and by

the strenuous exertions of the people, that a Whig administration could get into office, after the power and patronage of the crown have been so much extended, as they have been by our Tory administrations of the last thirty years. While the Whigs stood aloof, and the people themselves were harassed and disgusted, a few speculators, taking advantage of this state of things, and violent against the Whigs, in the hope of keeping them effectually out of the field, set up from time to time leaders of the public mind. But though this class comprehend a few of the ablest and most honourable names within parliament, it was by no means so fortunate without. There the Cobbetts and Hunts did more mischief than the more sincere and temperate advocates of the people did good; and, by their violence and madness, a handle was given to the Tories, by which they were enabled to wrest from the people the better part of their remaining rights. Seeing the high and unrelenting hand, with which measures of the most extreme and uncalled-for severity were carried into execution against the people, the Whig party at last took the alarm, and attempted to throw themselves into the breach; but they were too late: the people had been disgusted, and the schemes of the Tories had got time to be matured.

It was thus that not many years ago, every friend

of British freedom stood in appalling and almost speechless agitation; seeing the leaves of that Book of Rights, which our fathers left to us, torn out one by one, and given to the winds, at the same time that, in many districts of the country, the want of food and employment produced complaints of most fearful depth. These complaints were taken up by those writers, the interest of whose employers it was to cast the blame any where but upon themselves; and they were magnified into all the formidable shapes of treason and rebellion. Public prosecutors, and judges, and learned divines, laid down the brief and the statute book, and the gospel of peace, and buckled on the sword, resolving to ride fetlock deep in blood,—to shew that their kingdom was of this world, and their hopes in the present system of things. Meanwhile, the spies redoubled their prowlings, and the alarmists their lies; and an "alarmingly disaffected state of the country" was got up; while, at the same time, there were not fifty men in it, who would, from any other cause than personal fear, have refused to fight for their King and country against any given enemy. The spies, however, were indefatigable. If they found out no sedition or treason, it was their interest to make it; and so a few dozen of pikes were actually found in one or two parts of the country; and the "life-and-for-

tune-men," wheeled, counter-marched, and clamoured, in the hope, no doubt, that their fresh zeal would call down new pensions and places.

The labouring classes, seeing that their complaints were answered by the roll of drum, or the flourish of a trumpet, put on, in one or two districts, the scowling look of settled discontent;—and truly it was well for all parties that the abundant harvest of 1819 brought the price of food within the reach of the diminished wages; for, had the discontent, which had just barely and perceptibly been begun, been fomented by a scarcity, or a dearth, there is no saying how matters might have gone. As it was, the persons who lived well without working, and the persons who worked hard without living well, were regarding each other with sulky looks; and as the spies and alarmists were still busy, the one set urging on the thoughtless and the dissipated, and the other, magnifying every trifle into an affair of moment, there is no saying but a farce of rebellion would have been got up, and a few persons shot by the military, or hanged for obeying the instigators, in different parts of the country.

SCRIPTURE HYMN.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—6.

Who's this, that of Idumea's land
  Comes forth with garments dyed?
From Bozrah, travelling in his strength,
  All-gloriously arrayed?

I who created man, even I
  Who all things being gave,—
The Lord that speaks in righteousness,
  Omnipotent to save.

But wherefore art thou, glorious one,
  In thine apparel red?
And why thy garments stained, like his
  Who doth the wine-fat tread?

The wine-press of the wrath of God
  I've trodden all alone;
And of the people, that could dare
  To help me, there was none.

Yet in mine ire I'll trample guilt;
Sin in my fury tread;
And, in the blood of death and hell,
My vesture shall be red.

The year of my redeemed has come;
I'll shield them from all woes;
The day of vengeance has arrived—
Of vengeance on their foes.

I look'd—but there was none to help;
Wonder'd—but none could save:
Wherefore, mine own right arm I bared;
My strength salvation gave.

GENUINE TEA COMPANY.

It is some consolation to those who are doomed to spend their days in hard labour, and harder neglect, that the gay and fashionable are not able at once to monopolize and consume every thing. These no doubt throw into the ever-revolving wheel of their goddess, every thing that fancy can body forth as a new pleasure; but then, the rapid motion of that wheel is as constantly throwing out, and leaving to the humbler part of the species, pleasures which are to the full as satisfactory as the very last which the restless hands of the votaries have thrown in. The moralist may draw the small arrows of his attack upon the instability of man, and all his enjoyments, from the vicissitudes of fashion,—just as he derives his more powerful bolts from the reverses of states, and the revolutions of empires; and though these may be more

sounding and sweeping, a feebler arm may send them home to the bosoms of men.

Not much more than a century has elapsed since the Queen of England regaled her nobles with tea, by the light of the sun in summer, and with but two or three hours of the taper in winter; but now respectable persons, even of the fourth or fifth grade, would feel a rent in their respectability, were the light of the sun to beam upon their dining, even in summer; and they would be utterly attainted and deprived of their caste, were it known that tea-drinking formed one of their entertainments. Fashion has not indeed been able to bring the shadow backward even one degree upon the dial; but she has thrust the labours of the day forward into the night, and carried the repose of the night forward into the day. One does not say that this arrangement has sprung from any love of darkness, or that they who have the most scope for pleasure in this world, and it may be the most slender hopes in the next, are at the greatest pains to hurry through the former. There is no necessary aversion to the beams of the sun, or to the length of life in the matter; and the whole may hinge upon the caprice of that power, which never allows reason to investigate the motives of her acting. The modern arrangement, no doubt, has its advantages: the delicate frames of persons of

quality and fashion are not exposed to the keen air of the morning, and their tender organs of vision are not dimmed by the glaring and obtrusive light of the sun; the digestion of the males is not hurt by exercise in the open air after dinner, and the beauty of the females is shewn off in a maximum of candle-light,—the species of illumination in which all artificial colours appear the brightest, and all questionable gems glitter and sparkle the most. A nine o'clock dinner, too, has little chance of being disturbed from without. No embarrassed tradesman will intrude with his unwelcome bill; no pressed and rack-grinded tenant will come to plead for a deduction from that rent, the amount of which sends him to labour by daybreak, and, in as far as comfort to himself and his family are concerned, sends him to labour in vain; and no helpless and disabled mendicant will haunt the door, for a share of the scraps that come from the great man's table, and which the better loved and more pampered quadrupeds may therefore devour at their leisure. The hour, in short, is well-chosen; because nothing can intrude, which could touch the painful chords of hearts, that are of course well-tuned through their whole compass. Pain, and sorrow, and suffering—all things which could suggest a reference to the mixed and motley crowd, who tenant the external world—all things which could

bring to remembrance the long journies, and causeless toilings of the labouring bees, that produce the honey of the banquet, are excluded; and they who have no need to care for those things, are left to enjoy, if not "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," at least the feast of venison and the flow of wine.

Still, however, amid all these sources of delight, the present fashion has some disadvantages: there is a little gall in the cup, although it be not tasted till the ninth hour of the night,—or rather, according to the vocabulary of fashion, the ninth hour of the morning; and the sleep may be broken by unpleasant dreams, or scared by terrifying visions, even although the early sun shine upon its commencement, and his declining beams lighten its close. Sleeping only by day-light, may no doubt save persons of quality from spectres which haunt the night; but still, as long as man is guilty, and conscience any thing but an unmeaning sound, there will be found in the silence of the bed-chamber, although the sun of Italy or of India should gleam through its ample casements, forms to scare and to terrify; and one is not sure that, when mightier and more malignant spirits are laid, the simple and harmless ghost of the tea-table may not present itself before the lively and delicate imaginations, at least of that sex which is the more

amiable and virtuous. Leaning, as we do, to sundry old and exploded notions as to what makes life worth the having, and society worth the courting, we shall be chary of our positive opinion on the matter; but still one may hesitate a sort of belief, that our modern maids and matrons, when they are driven from the society of men, to sip their tea, play their smiles and graces, and say their pretty nothings, as unheeded and unavailingly as though they were mewed up within the gratings of a nunnery, do sigh to think of the olden time. It is small comfort to them to hear the loud triumphs of Bacchus thundered from the dining-room, when they themselves are sitting the while in cold neglect. It is not for this that they mould their forms and muster their fascinations; and really the measure of three glasses (one means of wine, not of time) after dinner, is but small remuneration for the morning hours at their toilette. One says nothing of the fatal consequences which the giving up of tea-parties has had upon match-making; for, besides being rather a delicate subject, that is one which is felt. Pair the young folks as you may at a dinner-table, there is something there far too gross for the etherial spirit of love. When a young man of any feeling helps the nymph for whom his bosom kindles to the choicest tid-bit, be it pigeon, or lamb, or fallow deer,—to

say nothing of goose and capon,—there is no keeping unpleasant ideas out of his mind. The beautiful plumage, the simple manners, the soft murmurs, and the sincere loves of the gentle twitterer, the frisking gaiety and unsuspicious playfulness of the innocent lamb, and the beautiful form and bounding fleetness of the deer, rise in judgment against the sweetest mouth when sucking their marrow, and the most pearly teeth when gnawing their flesh; the dimpling smile, the virgin bashfulness and simplicity, and the sylph-like form, and, above all, the sentiments of innocence and tenderness which they inspire, are out of all congruity and keeping with the idea of a carnivorous animal feasting upon all that is poetic and beautiful among the inferior creatures. Nor is the matter mended by the wine. No doubt the pledge is given with a nod, a look, and a smile, which speaks things of unutterable and almost indescribable delight. But still the sparkling in the cup cannot, upon such occasions, be entirely separated from the idea, that it can "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder:" the adage *Dione Bacchum non amat,* which has been believed from the remotest antiquity, never fails to come across the mind, and the fluttering wings of the little quiver-bearer droop and are still.

From these, and countless other objections, the

tea-party is free: the butter and the honey may be procured without the smallest waste of animal life, and toast and seed-cake may be munched without suggesting the idea that even a sparrow has fallen to the ground. In the tea also,—the cup which, as it is beautifully expressed by Cowper, "cheers but not inebriates,"—there mingles no idea but such as may be cherished by the most artless maiden in the land. When you press a lady to drink wine (and ladies do like to be pressed), you press her to be in so far a partaker in the vice of drunkenness; you insult her powers of fascination and enchantment, by implying that she needs the stimulus of strong liquors to keep up her spirits: but you may press her to drink tea till you have given her an opportunity of playing the whole chime of her melodious negatives, and even melting away in the sacred "yes,"—which a spinster never pronounces more audibly than a Brahmin does the mystic *Oom*—without the smallest impropriety. At dinner, folks, unless they be very awkward, sit close to the table; and thus nothing is seen but an assemblage of busts;—while at tea, the fair ones sit at whole length, or loll gracefully upon sofas and ottomans, so that the whole wavy lines of their forms are seen. The beau, too, has an opportunity of showing the graceful make of his limbs (or rather, by the bye,

as fashion has it at present, of his trousers), and can go through his bows as he presents the cup or cake to the fair. At a dinner-party there can be nothing approaching to a *téte-à-tête*; while at tea this can be enjoyed in all its luxury; and it is delightful even to see the sipping and stirring, and hear the demi-whispers between, all through the steam of the cups, as sweet as the censors of myrrh and aloes-wood in an eastern haram.

Attempts have been made to stigmatize tea-parties as wholesale manufacturers of scandal; but though there may be instances in which they indulge in that article, yet one can see no necessar connexion which would warrant the conclusion tha tea is a cause and scandal an effect; and there is not the smallest doubt that, if the matter were fully investigated, it would be found that persons who indulge in scandal when drinking tea, would indulge in it just as readily and as deeply although they were quaffing the choicest liquor that ever was run from a still, or squeezed from a grape. There is a book whose maxims never fail; and it refers vice, not to meats and drinks, but to its true cause, the pollution of the heart. It is no doubt true, that since those who ride foremost and secure in the race of fortune abandoned the drinking of tea for thicker potations, the practice has been left

to those who have much whereof to complain. Widows who have passed many years in that state upon small jointures, and maiden ladies whose limited charms and yet more limited fortunes have made them be left to pine and waste away in solitude and neglect, cannot avoid giving a grumble or two at the hardness and helplessness of their own fate, and aiming a dart or two at their more gifted or more fortunate sisters; and as such persons will, for the sake of their bread and butter, if not for their company, always command a male auditory of some description or other, it may be possible that something not unlike a manufactory of scandal may be established. But here, again, the fault, if fault there be, is not in the tea, but in the circumstances of the parties; and if envy or disappointment does rankle within, it is always best to give it vent the first opportunity, as that is the sure way both of diminishing its quantity and of blunting its malignity. A bad passion nursed in the bosom in secret gathers strength, taints the whole nature, and brings on that worst of all curses, hypocrisy; but if it be communicated in words, the moment that it is felt, it is given to the winds, blown into the desert, and forgotten. Supposing, therefore, that tea-parties were actually scenes for the representation or rehearsal of scandal, one would not quarrel with them on that account.

Instead of looking upon them as a disease, dangerous to the health of society, one would regard them as being merely little pimples on the surface; which, though not altogether seemly to look upon, are yet salutary in drawing some virus away from the vitals. Instead of decrying them as marshes whose effluvia tainted the air, one would consider them as *cloacæ* for conveying away the moral impurities of the world, and which, though they may be most unpleasant to enter, are yet highly conducive to the health and cleanliness of society.

One knows well, however, that these are but calumnies, and that mankind (and especially womankind) cannot have a more rational repast than that which they enjoy when assembled round the tea-table. The repast is comparatively a cheap one, and thus it is within the reach of a very large portion of society. It may be banished from high life, and it may be sneered at and scouted by the votaries of metropolitan dissipation; but woe to the provinces if it shall be altogether put down! It is charming in itself, and it is the prelude to something better. The spirits of all are gently exhilarated; and no sooner do the tray and the urn make their retreat, than a scene of the most exquisite pleasure ensues. The tone which the gently-astringent beverage gives to the organs of speech renders conversation more piquant and rapid than

it would be after heavier fare; and then, when every place, person, thing, and circumstance, has been discussed, with what glee all go to their respective amusements! The seniors hurry away into a corner, there to enjoy a rubber at whist or a game at quadrille, for pearl fishes at the rate of one penny per dozen; and the juveniles either indulge in a round game, or have the luxury of a romp. Somebody, indeed, whose stockings have come through the indigo, may occasionally crucify the party with her remarks on the new novel or poem; and some fond mother may be rather lengthy upon the pain with which her little darlings take their physic and cut their teeth; or if any young lady have a sweet voice or a willing hand, she may keep them in suspense by shaking the air and thumping the piano-forte. But these are instances of monopoly. When the engagements of all give place to the exhibition of one, they seldom please, and therefore they should be indulged in as sparingly as possible. But even with a decent quantum of such imperfections, a tea-party is a very nice thing; and not the worst of it is, that every swain is permitted to squire home his favourite nymph at so early an hour, that the barb of the hook may, if desirable, be fixed more firmly in him at a supper *en famille*, or by the display of the lady's attractions and good qua-

lities during the hour which is spent in preparing for the simple but social meal. In a solitary and contemplative walk in the street,—for one agrees with Godwin, at least in this one position, that a man may be as solitary and contemplative in the street of a city as in the moor of Rannoch or the wilds of Siberia,—one may view with delight the fair damsels trotting along to the party, each with her beau at a modest and respectful distance, bearing the requisite load of shoes, &c. in a reticule; nor would one be less enchanted at the eager face of the more mature spinster, wound up for the occasion in all the importance of something new to communicate; and the virtue of prudence might rise fifty per cent. in one's estimation, upon noticing the wily mother examining her fair brood as she went along, just as though they had been cards which she hoped that evening to play to advantage. The fragments of the tea-party, too, are fraught with matter of useful speculation; and one curses in one's very heart the introduction of coaches and cabriolets, which have deprived the actors of the use of their legs, and spectators, such as oneself, of the use of their eyes. To be sure, there is always a drop of nectar in the bowl; and there is no doubt whatever that the sociable coach or cabriolet renders the breaking-up of the party far more agreeable than the cold solitude of the abominable sedan,

which, while it sheltered the lady, left the gem'man to toil through the mire.

Still, however, one would gladly let fashion have her own way as to the conducting of the retreat, provided she would spare but the assembly itself; and it gives one pleasure to be able to state, that there is even now in each of the smaller towns a "Genuine Tea Company." One does not of course mean a company of *tea-venders*; because for aught that one knows or cares, the "Genuines" in that way, may be to the full as "spurious" as their neighbours. A friend who was lately introduced to one of these parties, to whom it was a novelty, and who has much more graphic powers than one can boast of, has touched a few outlines, which may be embodied for the sake of the curious. This friend is no less a personage than Reuben Godolphin, Esq. of whom many may have heard, and whose writings all must have read. Mr. Godolphin is of English extraction, and possesses considerable estates in that country. When attending the University of Edinburgh, he took a liking to Scotland and to science; and his chief residence for several years past has been at a village not many miles from the Scottish metropolis. There he usually spends two-thirds of the year in literary and scientific research; and during the remaining third, he rambles over the country, for the most part alone and on foot.

There is nothing in his exterior which could lead one to suppose that he is the author of what the initiated know has come from his pen; and, unless it be that his mouth bears a slight resemblance to Professor Leslie's, there is not one philosophic feature in his face. He is a practical refutation of the leading doctrines of the skull-men; for his forehead is both low and narrow, his *occiput* is the largest and most irregular that ever was seen; and yet he is a perfect encyclopædia, and has scarcely one of the common animal passions about him. His whole face is remarkably short; and though he be the very reverse of corpulent, there is a breadth in the lower jaw, which gives to his visage the figure of a mason's mallet without the handle, and standing on the large end. Further, to deceive those who look merely upon the face as an index to the mind, he squints abominably, so that one cannot catch the fire of more than one of his eyes at a time; and he is enabled to read the very souls of others in their looks without being at all suspected.

About the middle of last August, as Mr. Godolphin was moving southward, from a pretty extensive pedestrian ramble among the Grampians, his attention was arrested by what he took to be a *doom-ring*, or place where our runic ancestry had their courts of trial by *posse comitatus*, (sometimes

ycleped a Druid's circle,) but which, after all, turned out to be but the remains of an old kiln. Having satisfied his curiosity, he took a diagonal direction to regain the high-road; and, in leaping the fence, he fell and sprained his ancle, so that he could not walk without great pain and difficulty. Fortunately, a gentleman drove up with a gig, and very politely insisted on carrying our friend to the next town or village, no matter which. The politeness of the stranger went the length of offering Mr. Godolphin an apartment in his house, till he should be in a condition for prosecuting his journey in his own way; but that was as politely refused as it was offered; and our friend was conveyed to the inn, where the stranger, who turned out to be an M. D. and an admirer of Mr. Godolphin's genius, gave him such advice and medicine as were necessary. The ankle was well in three days; and on the fourth, the doctor carried his patient to dinner with himself, and then to a Genuine Tea Company.

They were ushered into a large and handsome apartment, in which the company, to the number of about a dozen, of both sexes, and various ages and appearance, were assembled. The lady of the house (for the entertainment was given by a lady,) was a spinster about the turn of life, of robust frame and swarthy complexion; and she spoke the Scottish

Doric with great breadth and force. Close by her side sat a beau, ten years her senior, though in stature he was an inch or two lower. He was remarkable for the trimness of his dress; his face was a perfect circle, and upon its plump disc there played a perpetual smile. His words were chiefly confined to one remark—"Preceesely, Madam, you are quite right;" which he repeated as a burden to the speech of every lady, especially of her who presided; and he seemed to act as signal master to their mirth, for when any bright thing was said, he gave notice, in a most restrained and gentleman-like laugh. Next to this gentleman sat another mature spinster, of equal length, but smaller diameter than the former. She was attired in the very pink of fashion. She had a very peculiar lisp; and when she spoke, she looked wistfully round the company for applause, with little grey eyes, shielded by spectacles. If the applause hung fire, she was sure to force it out of some one by a direct appeal; and in this way at least she had, in the course of the evening, the approbation of all save our friend, with whom, being a stranger, her modesty would not suffer her to meddle. Next in order followed the contents of a sofa; consisting of a portly matron, having under her care two brown-eyed dumpy maidens, dressed with rather more

exhibition of the bust than suited the ideas of the philosophic Reuben; and after them, a tall thin gentleman, in black, sitting by and occasionally whispering to a very interesting girl, with blue eyes and auburn hair, closed the file on the right. Mr. Godolphin, being the only stranger, was promoted to the left hand chair of honour; and his medical friend, to whom that chair had been destined, was posted close by him. On the other side of the doctor, sat a married lady, who, from her features, her voice, and her bearing, seemed to be sister to the mistress of the entertainment. Next to her were posted two beaux, immediately *vis-à-vis* the afore-mentioned sofa, and having their eyes fixed on its younger inhabitants, except when the guardian glance of the matron told them to moderate the signs of their devotion. Next came a young lady, to whom nobody seemed to pay much attention; although, in Mr. Godolphin's opinion, she was by far the most interesting figure of the groupe; and lastly, the husband of the lady on the left,—silent, subdued, and twirling his thumbs, unless when his helpmate uttered a command, or when the spectacled damsel roused him to applause,—closed the muster. The doctor, in the proper spirit of that closeness which is so essential in his profession, introduced Mr. Godolphin, not by name, but

merely as his friend; and the lady of the house followed the same example, by merely pointing to the company in the order of their respectability, without the most distant allusion to their names. In the pause, therefore, which upon such occasions always follows the introduction of a stranger, Mr. Godolphin had time to exercise his inscrutable vision upon the whole company, and to give each such a name as might serve him as mnemonical index. As these names were the creations of the moment, they cannot be regarded as affording any clue either to the real names or to the characters of those whom our friend had in his eye. The following are the names as they stand in Mr. Godolphin's note-book. The lady of the house, Miss Grundy; the gentleman on her right, Major Simper; the lady with the spectacles, Madam Geck; the matron, Mrs. Trap, and her daughters, Rose Trap, and Rouge Trap; as the one seemed high coloured by nature and the other by art; the swain in black, Damon, and his companion Phyllis; the wife, Rib; the two beaux, Castor and Pollux; the interesting girl, Miss Mary—here he by chance, as he afterwards found, hit upon the right name; and the husband, who seemed to stand in so much awe, Tremble.

It was mentioned that the entrance of Reuben and the Doctor was followed by a pause; and one

might have added, that the peculiarity of Reuben's visage produced some staring and whispering, but neither was very immoderate. The lady of the house made an effort to reach the bell-pull; Rib gave a significant frown, and Mrs. Trap as significant a nod; and, in one instant, the husband and the two beaux knocked their heads against each other in their eagerness to obey the silent command. The poor husband had the worst of it; for, putting his one hand on his knee and his foot towards the toes, he sobbed out, "Gentleman, ye ha'e gi'en my horns a sad mischanter;" and then sunk silent upon his chair. "The collision of hard bodies should elicit fire," said Damon to Phyllis.—"Whisht!" said she, smiling graciously. The servant answered the bell; the urn was brought, and the cups were filled in silence, save the appeal by Miss Grundy to Reuben, whether he drank "rame an' shoogur," which was answered in the affirmative.

During the first cup there was a comparative silence; and from the quantity of toast, seed-cake, and buttered biscuit (Angusiacè, *shortie*) which disappeared, Reuben was convinced that tea-drinking was no unsubstantial matter. The cups were returned, and the party breathed a little.

"I winder in a' the earth what can hae possessed Miss Fickle to hae said 'yes' to Maclounge;

he's no likely to keep her sae cosh an' canny, and haud up a' her fine fillamagaries, as they hae been this mony a' lang day: but nae doot she was na' born yestreen, an' necessity has nae law," said Miss Grundy.

"Preceesely, Madam, you are in the right," said Major Simper.

"There's a cause for ilka thing, Mem, and for that too," said Mrs. Trap, with a most significant toss of her head; "I wadna' wis ony o' mine,—but what maun be maun be."

"So say I, with submission," quoth Tremble.

"Da yu?" asked his rib, in a tone which made him still more deserving of the name.

"Well, but thpeck noo ladieth and thgentlemen," said Miss Geck, "let'th thyange that topic; it cannot be intherethting to that thtranger thgentleman." Then turning to Mr. Godolphin, "Pray, thir, what do you think of Anathtatinth? ith'nt it a thyocking performanth?"

Reuben, who had never dreamt that a direct question was to be put to him, and who has rather a high opinion of the book, was almost caught; but wishing to avoid an argument which would have stood in the way of his favourite exercise, observation, he replied, "It certainly does contain objectionable passages."

"What thay you to that, Doctor? Will you

defend it any more?" asked the lady, with an air of triumph.

"Perhaps not, Madam," said the Doctor; "but with submission to my friend here, and to your superior judgment, I shall not defend it any *less*."

There was a pretty loud and pretty general titter; and as it was subsiding the lady chimed in,—a flash of ire darting from her eyes, although it did not seem to penetrate through the spectacles,—"Thyocking, Doctor, to turn the topic into ridicule with your punth, when I withed to be theriouth."

"Preceesely, Madam, you are in the right," said the Major.

It is necessary only to quote this specimen of the conversation, as faithfully set down by Mr. Godolphin; but even the little which has been quoted, will suffice to show from what rational and instructive scenes people would be cut off, were they deprived of the luxury of tea-parties.

It seems to have been the object of the Doctor to treat Reuben with a display of the party in all its glory; for when cards were talked of, he made strenuous and successful opposition, and proposed (as he said) something more rational; but whether it was or was not, the reader must determine. After the table had been pushed aside, and the company

arranged a little more to their liking than they had been during tea, the Doctor called upon Castor to entertain the company with his powers of recitation; and immediately "Collins' Ode" was hanged and quartered with great applause. The Misses Trap then tried their vocal powers; Damon told a fictitious story, with a good deal of humour and effect; and Miss Geck recited a genuine history of a ghost which had put her into great fear the preceding night, but which, after all, turned out to be nothing more than her favourite cat, which had been locked into the crystal-closet, and had there committed the most lamentable havoc.

After these rational amusements followed others equally rational,—a round of questions and commands,—another of cross purposes,—a chapter of "what's my thought like?"—and a bout of "rhyme and reason;" in all of which the services to be done for the redeeming of forfeits produced pleasure to some, annoyance to others, and laughter to all. Even Reuben himself laid aside the stiffness of his philosophy; and one would have laughed (ay, and so would you, most grave and wise reader) to have seen one, who knows as much of the secrets of nature as an old spinster does of those of her own parish, or is as familiar with the face of the heavens as the fairest young spinster is with her own face,—one would have laughed (and you

would have laughed) to see him poised in the corner of a chair, upon one foot, while the whole party were, with shouts of laughter, bending his arms and body into the most grotesque and ludicrous attitudes; nor would the laughter have been suppressed had one (or had you) beheld him working his ill-sorted features into what he might judge a fascinating expression, as he laboured to pay the otherwise neglected Mary "a banter and a compliment." This latter exhibition indeed produced no laughter on the part of the other ladies; for, notwithstanding Reuben's strange aspect, his manners are highly polished and genteel, so that any lady might be proud of his attentions, although she knew nothing of his transcendent talents or independent fortune; and the circumstance of his preferring Mary as the shrine before which to do his penance, was a damper to those who thought themselves entitled to more respect. But Reuben acted merely from the impulse of the moment; he paid his little passing compliment to her who seemed at once the finest and most accomplished woman; and the chances are ten to one in favour of his being right.

The last and closing scene, however, was that which gave Mr. Godolphin the most amusement. The Doctor proposed that a common quart bottle should be laid on its side on the carpet, and that

Pollux, who was a tight little fellow, should sit on it, with his legs stretched out, crossed, and resting on one heel, and in that position thread a sewing-needle. It was in vain that the lady of the house shrugged up her shoulders and glanced her eye toward Mr. Godolphin, or that Miss Geck paced up to the Doctor and said in an audible whisper, "Thyocking! are you to make uth a perfect world'th wonder before the thtranger thyentleman!"—for the Doctor would not yield; and, as he had, somehow or other, become completely lord of the ascendant, there was nothing for it but to comply. The bottle, accordingly, was brought; and after being carefully examined, lest in consequence of some flaw it should give way during the experiment, it was firmly corked, in order that the resistance of the imprisoned and partly-condensed air might increase its strength. It was laid on the floor; and then down sat the beau, with a needle in his right hand, a thread in his left, to demonstrate the principles of equipoise. The whole company stood in a circle round; and the two Misses Trap, who seemed to be the most deeply interested in his success, held each a candle to give him light. He poised himself with the bottle across the centre of his base, stretched out the right leg, resting it on the heel, and laid the left one across; but, in doing this, he dropped both the needle and the

thread. The fair ones recovered them, and put them into his hands. He brought his hands hastily together, and the effort threw him on his elbow. Up he came again, but with too much force, so that again he was on his other elbow. He oscillated in this way for several minutes, to the great (and of course rational) amusement of the party,—their laughter and his own impatience contributed not a little to prolong the motion. At last, however, he acquired a little skill; and, by a motion of his elbows, contrived to keep his poise, and ultimately to bring the thread in contact with the needle: but it turned out that the waggish damsel had reversed it, and he was poking the thread against the point. The rectification cost him another course of swings and falls, and afforded the company another round of laughing. After various unsuccessful attempts, it was declared that the needle was too small; and one used in the repairing of worsted hose was produced. Even that he could not manage; and the Doctor was loudly blamed by Mrs. Trap for introducing a thing which was not practicable. He said nothing; but, sitting down in the stipulated position, got hold of the thread and needle, performed the task at the very first trial, and then started to his feet with as much agility as though he had been playing the clown and not the doctor. The beaux now both

rallied, but with no better success than before; neither could the goodman Tremble make it, although he attempted at the joint command of his spouse and her sister. "Bleth me!" said Miss Geck, "it'th thurely not tho difeequeelt: if the thyentlemen would retire till I thate down, and got a thyawl over my feet, I am confident I could do it mythelf." The gentlemen retired, the lady was duly and decently wrapped in the shawl, the gentlemen were called in, and to work she went: but being still more fidgetty than the beau, she made also a total failure; and the other ladies having declined trial, the sport was at an end. By this time, the clock had given them three times three; the lady of the house pulled the bell, and a glass of wine finished the business. Damon and Phyllis, who were a betrothed pair, and known and recognized as such, marched off arm in arm; Mrs. Trap took her chickens under her wings; but ere they were many paces from the door, their wings were fortified by Castor and Pollux; Major Simper led off the lisping beauty; Mr. Tremble and his helpmate marched in the same division, preceded by a huge tremendous lantern; the Doctor went to his evening rounds, promising to join Mr. Godolphin at the inn, after an hour; and they were all paired and occupied, save our friend and the neglected Mary.

Now, although friend Reuben be a philosopher, a perfect anchorite in his manners, and a person of the most ungainly aspect, he has still the heart of a man in his bosom,—aye, and as manly and kind a heart as ever beat. So, finding that this neglected girl was taking the road alone, and knowing that he had an hour to spare, he walked up to her and offered her his protection home; assuring her, at the same time, that nothing but anxiety for her safety could have induced him, a perfect stranger, to be so bold. "I feel proud of the kindness which you offer to me, Mr. Godolphin," said she; "I know your honour; and for what you have done for my aunt, I am glad of this opportunity of thanking you." "Your aunt!" replied Reuben with astonishment; "I have not the smallest recollection of having seen you." "True," said the young lady; "but I have heard of you; and I knew you by the description which my aunt wrote me. I am very sorry that you should have met with an accident." "Are you 'little Mary,' of whom my kind landlady at L—— speaks so often and so well?" said Mr. Godolphin. "Yes, I am," replied the young lady; "and your kindness has not only enabled her to purchase the cottage and garden, which she rented ten years ago, but also to give my brother something to begin business, and myself to gain my living in an honourable way."

"Psha!" said Godolphin; "I never gave your aunt any thing but a mere trifle, for taking care of my books in my absence." "Pardon me, sir," said Mary. But before she could proceed farther, the Doctor joined them. "I give you much praise for your gallantry," said he, "but as your ankle is not yet strong enough for walking a mile on our dark and rough roads, I must use the authority of my profession for sending you to your quarters: I shall see the young lady safely home and join you at the stipulated hour." "If this lady pleases," replied Godolphin. Mary withdrew her arm; and they separated. The Doctor came to the inn at his hour; and, in the course of conversation, he told Godolphin, not without a good deal of hesitation, that Mary was governess in a genteel family in the immediate neighbourhood; that he had been secretly attached to her for some time; and only wanted to be fully established in business in his practice ere he should make her his own; that this was now accomplished, and that their nuptials were to take place at the ensuing term of Martinmas. Godolphin, who felt not a little interested in Mary, from the long time during which her aunt had attended to him with all the care of a mother, naturally expressed some astonishment that the Doctor had entered into no recognizances with his intended bride at the tea-party. The Doctor informed him

that she had been invited there for the express purpose of experiment and discovery by the rest of the company; and that, as they had subjects enough about which they could talk independently of his proposed marriage, it had been preconcerted between Mary and himself, that they should be none the wiser. He added, that he was obliged to go to such parties in a demi-official sort of way; but that he disliked them, especially the ladies, because they affected to look down upon his fair one, for no other reason than that she worked and tney were idle. The Doctor remained till a pretty late hour; and parted with Reuben with many wishes for his welfare, and entreaties that he would pay a visit after the nuptials were over. This Reuben could not promise to do, as he seldom chooses to be under the trammels of an engagement: but he no sooner reached the office of his banker, than he sent anonymously to Mary what would place her on a level with most in the town; and he added, in his private letter to me, "I never will forget the Genuine Tea Company."

THE MINSTREL;

A FRAGMENT.

Soon as the morn had dappled o'er the sky,
And birds their matin song began to swell,
Hymning the dawn in artless minstrelsy,
Fitzallan bade the aged priest farewell;
And, pondering his advice, by brake and fell,
A devious course with hurried steps he wound;
Nor of the path before him could he tell,
So thick the night fog settled on the ground,—
Swathing, with fleecy shade, the face of things around.

The feet bound swiftly when the pulse beats strong,
And anxious thoughts a tedious road beguile:
So felt Fitzallan as he shot along
The tangled mountain track of many a mile;
For though the time seemed but a little while—
A viewless atom of life's smallest grain—
He deem'd from memory he had razed that smile,—
That syren smile, the cause of so much pain,
And joyed in new-born hope that he was free again.

He gain'd the summit, as the sun's first beam
Glow'd on the mountain peak with dazzling light,
And, form'd from dew drop, or from infant stream,
The little rainbow blent in colours bright.
Pausing, he turn'd and cast his raptured sight
Back to the plain; but nought could there be view'd
Save sheeted fog, low-settled, dense, and white:
He seem'd as on some islet-cliff he stood,
And saw beneath him roll the interminable flood.

Drank by the sun, that white flood ebb'd away;
And on the changing scene he could descry
Villas, and trees, and huts, and hamlets gray;
Which, grouped like little isles, did clustering lie:
Anon, on aged spires and turrets high,
The cheering beam of morn was radiant seen;
Swift o'er the woods the orient blaze did fly,
Tinging with living gold their foliage green;
Last glow'd it on the stream which dimpling roll'd between.

And fair the morning landscape spread around:
Near, was the wildness of the mountain scene,
With cliffs, and crags, and precipices crown'd,
And bubbling rills and white cascades between:
The middle field was fertile all and green,
Tufted with woods, adorn'd with castles high,
And winding streams and lakes of glossy sheen;
Then, when the distance drew the admiring eye,
The calm blue ocean seem'd to meet the azure sky.

Here, on the beetling rock, the wild goat hung,
And from his lair sprung forth the mountain roe;
And blithely there the youthful shepherd sung,
As from his fold he brought his flocks of snow.
With devious curlings, upward soft and slow,
The cottage smoke in flickering columns sped;
The distant plains resounded to the low
Of countless herds; and morn its vigour shed
Joyous o'er rural life, while luxury dozed in bed.

There is a youthful freshness in the sight
Of rustic nature at the morning tide,—
A hearty bliss, which shrouds in thickest night
The city's bloated mirth and hollow pride:
And who that boasts a soul would e'er abide
'Mong lanes of filth, and streets of sin and crime,
If he could get him to some mountain side,
Where he might hear the spirit-stirring chime
Of nature's glorious song, and with her spend his time?

Fitzallan lingered on the airy height,
Enchanted with the beauteous scene below;
For nature's charms can add a fresh delight
Even to a heart exulting o'er its woe:
Yet ah! but fleeting respite might he know;—
Eliza's image rushed upon his mind!
And, as the summer sun consumes the snow,
He gave his resolution to the wind,
And onward down the slope with heavy heart inclined.

And winding now by thicket, brake, or stone,
By spreading birch, or pine-tree's tapering spire,
Upon his ear burst forth a sudden tone,
That might befit a woe-resounding wire:
It seem'd as if a wild Œolian lyre,
In some rude tree had caught the fitful gale,—
With such a mournful close the notes expire,
And wake again with such unmeasured swell:
Who might the minstrel be?—Fitzallan could not tell.

Still with a louder and a wilder strain,
The magic notes upon the waste were flung;
They paused, resumed, paused and resumed again,
And, after every pause, more wildly rung:
Answering again, a voice responsive sung,
In numbers suited to the fitful tone;
But faint the voice, and feeble was the tongue,
As of some aged minstrel that had known
The sapping flood of time, and fortune's sternest frown.

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
Fitzallan's glance the minstrel could espy:
Aged he seemed as minstrel well might be,—
White were his locks, and sunken was his eye,
And weather-beaten was the hand and dry,
That held a shatter'd and a shapeless lyre;
Yet, in his look 'twas easy to descry
The unquench'd embers of that sacred fire
Which could, in former times, to daring deeds inspire.

"Hail, aged minstrel! pleasant is the strain
With which this lonely mountain-side you charm,
O let its witching accents wake again!—
Wild is thy harp and skilful is thine arm:
Perhaps in former times thy heart could warm
At beauty's glance, and feel the pangs of love;
And oft thy song might still thy soul's alarm,
When woman's steely heart no strain could move:
Then on my love-lorn soul thy powers of music prove."

The minstrel felt a flash of the young fire
Of former times within his bosom glow;
He felt the pulse which beauty can inspire,
Warm all his soul, through age's thickest snow;
And, with its inspiration rising slow,
His wither'd hand along the strings he cast,
And sweetly made the strain and song to flow
Of all the woes and sorrows he had pass'd,
Till in decrepid eild he useless roam'd at last.

First heedless youth, and all the bliss it brings,
Its giddy joys, and prospects bright, though vain,—
Love's rosy chaplet, and its thorn that stings,—
Its joy, its grief, its transport and its pain.
A heaving sigh suppressed the minstrels' strain,
And from his hand the harp in silence fell;
Nor might be heard in deepening tones complain
Of fell despair. Snatch'd up again, they swell;
And thus with bolder note rung forth o'er dale and dell.

The Minstrel's Song

Free as the red deer on the hill,
  Once in the morn of life I stray'd,
O'er flowery mead, by gurgling rill,
  O'er naked heath, through green-wood shade.

All nature then to please had power :
  Sweet was the sun at early day,
Sweeter the shade at noontide hour,
  And sweeter still the evening ray !

Light was my heart, my limbs were fleet ;
  The world around was full of joy,
Its memory makes my old heart beat ;—
  O if I were again a boy !

I loved my friends ; I loved my song ;
  I loved to roam, all heedless where ;
I loved both solitude and throng ;
  But reck'd not of the flaunting fair.

Ah, happy days ! why sped ye on ?
  Why from me in such haste to fly ?
Why did ye leave me to bemoan
  The witching glance of woman's eye ?

Gems from the mine, dew on the thorn,
The forky lightning's flickering gleam,
The sun's first ray on summer morn,
Dim twinklers to that eye might seem.

It glanced on me. So warm its light,
The glance yet shivers through my heart:
It brought a trill of new delight;
It left a pang of unknown smart.

She seemed to love a little while,
And hope's delusive stream ran high;
But, having snared me in the toil,
She scorn'd my vow, she mock'd my sigh.

Ah! wherefore should so fine a form
Conceal a fickle faithless mind?—
Inconstant as the April storm,
Uncertain as the veering wind!

And why should nature thus annoy
Poor feeble man with foul and fair?
And when she paints his fondest joy,
Conceal his keenest anguish there?

The gold is dear to woman's heart,
The gem shines brightly to her eye;
To win them she tries every art,
And sense and soul she passes by.

So fared with me: cold Mammon bow'd
His leaden knee at beauty's shrine,
And won the maid who oft had vow'd
That she was ever, only mine.

Hope fled; and in her stead Despair
In all his sickening horrors came;
His spectre shapes incessant glare,
His arrows stick in all my frame.

I shunn'd my friend; I lost my song;
I wander'd lone, all heedless where;
For, ah! no path, however long,
Leads from the Cavern of Despair.

I wander'd forth, in doleful mood:
Dark was the night, the wind was high;
Swollen was the Varrar's sounding flood,
His foaming cataract was nigh.

Resolved to end both life and care,
Frantic I sought the towering steep,—
When lo! the forky lightning's glare,
And angry whirlwinds round me sweep.

Darker it grew, save when the flash
Flamed dreadful on the mountain's brow;
And silent, save the thunder's crash,
Or Varrar's roaring flood below.

It dimm'd my eye, the lightning's blaze;
  It stunn'd my ear, the thunder's sound;
And, lost in stupor and amaze,
  I sunk all nerveless on the ground.

There, as I lay, a vision came—
  (Or was it fancy's fairy spell?)
Came, rapid as the arrowy flame,
  Resistless as the ocean swell.

At its approach, beneath the shore,
  The awe-struck flood in silence wound;
Mute was the tempest's deafening roar,
  And wonder drew her curtains round.

Its form was a thing of light,—
  Serene and holy, bright and beaming:
Before it fled the shades of night,
  And glorious day was round it gleaming.

'Twas mantled in a pearly sheen,
  'Twas cinctured with an azure zone;
And on its breast there might be seen
  How bright the badge of Freedom shone.

Dependent at its side was hung
  The semblance of a golden lyre,
Such as by heavenly hands is strung,
  And touch'd by the celestial choir.

It paused, and in its mien I spied
A dauntless dignity appear,
Might quell the boldest human pride,
And melt the sternest heart to fear:

And lifting high its golden lyre,
It touch'd an independent lay,
Such as to glory might inspire,
Or guide to virtue's sacred way."—

But here a pause the minstrel made:
The string was mute, the strain was stay'd;
His eyes were raised as though he pray'd
For heavenly inspiration's aid,
Or nature's holy fire.

And never more that hand again
Of that wild harp shall wake the strain;
That tongue shall never more complain;
And never shall that heart feel pain:—
The minstrel did expire.

* * * * *

NATIONALITIES.

THERE are two theories upon which, singly or conjoinedly, it is usual to explain the differences of national character,—the physiological distinction of the races, and the different moral and political training to which they have been subjected. In the present paper, it is not pretended to proceed by either of these theories, but merely to notice, what is perhaps more interesting to the general reader, a few of the facts as deducible from careful observation.

If one were in few words to estimate the characters of the three nations which compose the British public, from the causes that seem immediately to regulate the general tenor of their actions, one would say that the Englishman is guided by habit, the Scotsman by reflection and impulse, and the Irishman by impulse alone.

In his manner, the Englishman, compared with

the others, is cold, silent, and repulsive; and the way to his friendship and his heart is long and dreary. When you are permitted to visit him, a thing which occurs not till after the most cautious preliminaries, you find politeness, but not cordiality—good cheer, but apparently no hearty welcome. He seems to receive you more as a matter to which he must submit, than as one that he either desires or takes pleasure in. He never presses you to partake of the good things before you, nor to prolong your visit. Of Homer's hospitality, he seems to attend chiefly, if not solely, to the last part—"he speeds the going guest." He talks with you about business, or about those everlasting themes, the state, the news, and the weather; but he takes no pains to find out the chord which would vibrate pleasure in your bosom, or to lead you to that which would vibrate pleasure in his own. He boasts of his country, at the same time that he growls at all its institutions; and accumulates great riches, although the burden of his song all the time be, that he and all about him are going to ruin. He is beggared, while is house is a palace; and starving, though gorged to the throat. He performs his duty to his family, and is civil to his domestics, apparently not so much from any warmth of heart, as because they are his. You can perceive that in every thing he is selfish, although he vaunts not of his talents,

his possessions, or his connexions. His pride is not the pride of genius, of fortune, or of family, it is the mere feeling that he is himself,—that he was born in England, can pay his way, is indifferent to all knowledge which conduces not to the furtherance of his fortune, and reckless, if he himself but thrive, whether the rest of the world sink or swim.

His own mind is the castle of his opinions, into which it would be as great a crime for you to break, as it would be for one not having a legal warrant to break into the castle of his house. Even in the construction of that house, you find evidence of that power which loosens him from all other matters, and binds him to himself; for, however inconvenient it may be for his weighty self, and his weightier spouse, to waddle up and down half a dozen flights of trap stairs, he will consent to have no family either in the floor above him, or in the floor under him. Be the house large or small, palace or pile of chip boxes, he must, when he goes out, be able to lock the door and put the key in his pocket; and when he is in, there must be nothing about the pile, save the earth, the Englishman, and the sky.

But though this selfish independence makes the individual a cold companion, it is not without its advantages. The Englishman never pries into your secrets; thus, though, in your prosperity,

you feel none of that delight which flows from the intercourse of the heart, yet in your adversity, you are spared both the pain of desertion and the peril of being undermined. As the Englishman never loves you with ardour, so he never hates you with bitterness. The very quality which makes him indifferent to your good opinion makes him indifferent to his own revenge; and though he will not brook an insult offered to him as a man, he can bear the loss of property with more equanimity of temper, and less disposition to persecute those through whose misfortune, or even fraud, he has lost it, than the inhabitant of any other nation in the world.

The same quality makes him carry fair play into all his quarrels. He does not quibble like the Scot, or bully like the Hibernian. He does not take advantage of his antagonist when off his guard, nor come upon him with a combination of superior numbers. He demands a clear space; stands up manfully; seeks fair play; fights like a lion; when overcome, he surrenders with a good grace; and as he is not cast down by a fair defeat, so neither is he insulting when he wins an honourable victory. This independence and desire of fair play descends to the very school-boys and children in the streets. You never meet with a boy who is rich, hiring auxiliaries against the boy who is poor; as little do

you find the cunning leaguing against the candid. It is arm to arm; no foul play; and the stronger, whatever be his rank, is the victor.

The very same quality is the foundation of a perfect sincerity, which, while it exposes the Englishman to impostures, which any other man would see through, and makes England the Potosi of quacks of every denomination, renders him the very safest and most pleasant person in the world with whom to do business; and though his selfishness induces him to drive as hard a bargain as ever he can, no man sticks more faithfully to it when it is once made.

Even his growling, which renders him disagreeable as an individual, and which is any thing but amiable in itself, is, in the aggregate, one of the most valuable qualities that he possesses. This, perhaps, more than any thing else, is the bulwark of British freedom; and we owe it more to the grumbling—always the disagreeable, often the unmeaning, and sometimes the unfounded, grumbling of John Bull, than to any other cause, that the theory, and especially the practice, of the British constitution, have so much of freedom in them as they really possess. When a popular measure has to be carried, or an encroachment on a popular right to be resisted, in parliament, there is never much dependance to be placed on the

Scots or the Irish. For independently of the description of persons that form the majority of their representatives, (if representatives they can be called), the Scots would yield from the desire of pleasing, or the hope of gain, and the Irish from ignorance or indifference; but John Bull plants himself like a rock, places his arms a-kimbo, growls at the top, or rather at the bottom of his voice, and not a threat or a promise will move him—he is too bold for being intimidated, too rich for being bribed, and too stubborn for being driven.

Still, in spite of all this stubbornness, there is not a native in Europe more easily persuaded, or more prone to take his opinions at second-hand, provided (which is often not very difficult) the fact of his being so be concealed from him. When he once plants himself in his stationary attitude, no power will drive him; but if he is once in motion, you may lead him in a spider's web.

The concentration toward his profession is as great as that towards himself; and this is, perhaps, the main foundation of his success in commerce, and his superiority in the mechanical arts. Whatever he undertakes he sticks to, and makes it his business to know it intimately, with a view not only of deriving from it the greatest emoluments, but of doing it in the best manner. Hence, the word of

an English merchant, and the hand of an English mechanic, are more to be depended upon than those of the same classes in any other part of the world.

In the relaxations of his labour there is the same influence of habit. He frequents the same coffee-house, sits in the same box, drinks the same kind of liquor, and reads the same newspaper, not because they are the best of their kind, but because they are those to which he is accustomed. It is much the same with his political opinions. He does not hold them from any theoretical conviction of their abstract right, or even from any satisfactory induction of constitutional principles; he holds them, because he has been acustomed to hold them; and if, like the countryman to whom asparagus was presented for the first time, he happens to bite at the wrong end, he continues so to bite for the sake of consistency.

In every thing, in short, the Englishman is a being of habit and form,—a follower of laws and customs which have been made,—a disciple of time more than of reason,—very sincere, very honest, very stubborn, and withal very cold-hearted.

The Scot, though not upon the whole better, is very different. Instead of standing independent and apart, and having his pleasure, and almost his

very existence, in himself, like the Englishman, his inquisitiveness leads him to examine, and his passion to love or to hate every person or thing that comes within the scope of his knowledge.

A brief introduction brings you to his dwelling, and if his board be not always so well replenished as that of the Englishman, his welcome is sure to be more hearty. He disputes with you, he contradicts you, he tells you more about himself and his affairs than an Englishman would wish to know, and puts more questions to you than Englishmen would wish to answer; but he all the time presses his attention upon you, and his kindness makes some amends for his impertinence.

But while this impassioned and prying character makes the Scotsman a more agreeable companion than the Englishman, it makes him not quite so safe. He not only dissects your opinions when you are present, but your character when you are gone; and as his reflection gives him to the full as much caution in his transactions as his feelings give him warmth in his intercourse, all the flaws of your character and fortune stand a chance of being both noticed and noted. If he find that you are prospering, no man will serve you more readily or more effectually; if the reverse, no man will take himself off in shorter time or with less ceremony.

If he has not the indifference of the Englishman, he is also without his sincerity. If an Englishman be ignorant, he confesses it; and if you inform him, he expresses his gratitude. On the other hand, when you come upon a subject of which a Scotsman is ignorant, or (a more frequent case) where his information is shallow, he beats about and tries to persuade you that he previously knew what you have put him in possession of for the first time. If an Englishman is found wrong, either in argument or action, he confesses it at once, though to make him promise amendment be another matter: when a Scotsman is so detected, he musters his sophistry to persuade you that the wrong is the right.

Theoretically, his political conceptions are much more clear, and his doctrines much more sound, than those of the Englishman; but he comes not up to him in sturdy practical independence.

But neither the Englishman nor the Scotsman is marked with peculiarities so striking as the Irishman. Some Englishmen would pass for Scotsmen, and some Scotsmen for Englishmen. An Irishman can never be mistaken; he is like nothing but himself. If you meet him ever so casually he is your friend at once His admiration of you burns upon his lip, and flames and smokes through all the figures of impassioned and hyperbolical

speech; but the instant that another idea, no matter what it is, brushes across his mind, he starts away and becomes your most bitter enemy. He will divide his last potatoe; and the knife that formed the partition may be at your throat before the potatoe is swallowed.

If you would employ him, he can do every thing, —understands all knowledge, can perform all deeds,—his soul, his life, his every thing is devoted to your service. If you actually do employ him, he attempts but half of what he promised, in half of that again he fails, and he bungles the remainder. Still he does all this with so much *naïveté*, that, in the face of the experience, you can hardly help employing him again.

Like the others, he is selfish, and he is not the less so that friendship and devotedness are the theme of all his speeches. But his friendship is different from that of the Englishman or the Scot. If it is not open and manly like the former, or calm and calculating like the latter, it is the selfishness of passion,—the love of immediate indulgence, without any reflection from the past or calculation for the future. He is the victim—the slave of passion. That is his ruling principle. To that he sacrifices friendship, honour, country, success in the world,—every thing.

When he swears eternal friendship with you, you

do not doubt his sincerity; and if you could keep in action the causes which operate upon his passions, he would keep his word; but masters of his soul order him in another direction, and in that direction he must go.

Gay, brilliant, and imposing in his manners, and not encumbered with the load either of forms which he must observe, or principles to which he must adhere, his chance of advancing in the world seems at first much greater than that of the Englishman or the Scot; but, wanting the firm sincerity of the one, and the calculating prudence of the other, and aiming at things too mighty for his grasp, he makes continual failures, and the operation of ambition soon gives place to that of the other passions.

The Englishman goes straight forward to his purpose; the Scotsman takes occasional deflections, when he calculates that they will either shorten the road or facilitate the ascent; and the Irishman flies sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other, tumbles down in violence, and often ends where he began. In his mental powers, the Englishman is persevering, but slow; the Scotsman is more intense and varied, but he sticks not so pertinaciously to a single subject; and the Irishman has the rush of the wind, and also its lightness. An Englishman in power is haughty and distant—

he relies on his own schemes, and counts not on the favour or the assistance of other men: a Scotsman in power is apt to be more intriguing, and, for the vanity of serving his connexions, will allow himself to do things which an Englishman would call mean: an Irishman in power is apt to lose his interest in the gratification of his vanity, and become the dupe of those who minister to his passions.

The poor Englishman takes his toil as lightly as he can, and counts the hours till he shall enjoy the Sunday's idleness and the Sunday's dinner. When young he boasts of the dexterity of his fists, and the strength of his muscles; takes his wages with a growl, and thanks you not though you overpay him; and when he is old, he boasts that England is his country, and marches away to the workhouse with a feeling of independence. He appears to have no wish either to arrive at a more elevated station himself, or to put his family in a way of doing so. The poor Scotsman chaffers about the amount of his wages, hoards it with the greatest parsimony, and consoles himself that, in consequence of the way in which he has spent his savings, one, at least, of his sons will be a gentleman. When he is young, he prides himself in the fashion of his coat, and the beauty of his sweetheart; and when old, he continues to labour rather than be

burdensome to any body. The poor Irishman drudges hard for little; and seeks his pleasure in warm protestations of friendship—demonstrated, perhaps, by the cudgel. When young, his glory is his brawl and his amour; when old, the grave is his shelter.

Enter an English court of justice, it seems a cold formality; and a man is sentenced to be hanged with the same *sang froid* as if he were only to pay a fine. In Scotland, the same scene is solemn and impressive. In Ireland, it appears a perfect battle-field. The English public speaker proceeds by forms and facts; the Scottish, by argument from first principles; and the Irish, by an appeal to the passions. The first are clear; the second subtle; and the third vehement. A man is banished from Scotland for a great crime; from England for a small one; and from Ireland, morally speaking, for no crime at all. Hence, in New South Wales, an Irish convict may be a good man; an English passable; but a Scottish is invariably a villain.

Such are a few features in the characters of the three principal nations which form the British public. To what are the differences owing? Are they physiological, and explainable from the origin, form, and appearance of the people? are they the result of different modes of municipal and political

treatment? or do they depend partly upon the one cause and partly upon the other? These are questions for future solution: in the mean time we shall close with a few remarks, calculated rather to stimulate than to gratify enquiry.

Throughout the history of the English, we find the same love of the individual, the same indifference to others, and the same openness and sincerity, which mark them at the present day. In all the great political events of their annals,—the conquest by William of Normandy, the wresting of Magna Charta from John, the wars of York and Lancaster, the dethronement of Charles, the Restoration, or the Revolution,—there is no trace of devotedness on the part of the people, none of that chivalrous adherence to a prince which was shown by the Highlanders for Charles Edward, and none of that death or misery for a cause, which marked the Scots during the English invasion, and which makes the heart burn and the wound bleed in Ireland to this day. When fighting was the order of things, John Bull fought like a lion; but the moment he was worsted, he threw down his arms, swore his allegiance, and ate his beef and drank his ale (though not without growling) under the new dynasty, as copiously as he had done under the old. John Bull has often fought hard for liberty, and, when he was gulled, he sometimes fought as hard against it; but John

Bull never went into the desert and starved himself, either for the one cause or for the other. When they lost Hastings, they stored not up their vengeance for Bannockburn; and they cost William no battle of Boyne, and George no field of Culloden.

Another instance of want in the English of that devotedness which, under different modifications, is found to belong to the Scots and the Irish, may be traced in their religious history. Among them the Reformation was marked by the same indifference on the part of the people, as the changes of the monarchy and the revolutions of the state. It was made for the English people, and not by them; and though England may count her persecutions and her martyrs, the periods have been too short for the establishment of a connexion with the national character, either in the way of effect or of cause. We find among them none of that unbending devotion toward a cause—that patient suffering for what was supposed to be the truth, which made the Scottish Covenanters take up their testimony in the wilderness, and submit to every privation, every persecution, and every peril, rather than abandon their principles. In England there have been tumults and oppressions on account of religion; but the rivers of England have never, day after day, and year after year, ran red with

defend it any more?" asked the lady, with an air of triumph.

"Perhaps not, Madam," said the Doctor; "but with submission to my friend here, and to your superior judgment, I shall not defend it any *less*."

There was a pretty loud and pretty general titter; and as it was subsiding the lady chimed in,—a flash of ire darting from her eyes, although it did not seem to penetrate through the spectacles,—"Thyocking, Doctor, to turn the topic into ridicule with your punth, when I withed to be theriouth."

"Preceesely, Madam, you are in the right," said the Major.

It is necessary only to quote this specimen of the conversation, as faithfully set down by Mr. Godolphin; but even the little which has been quoted, will suffice to show from what rational and instructive scenes people would be cut off, were they deprived of the luxury of tea-parties.

It seems to have been the object of the Doctor to treat Reuben with a display of the party in all its glory; for when cards were talked of, he made strenuous and successful opposition, and proposed (as he said) something more rational; but whether it was or was not, the reader must determine. After the table had been pushed aside, and the company

arranged a little more to their liking than they had been during tea, the Doctor called upon Castor to entertain the company with his powers of recitation; and immediately "Collins' Ode" was hanged and quartered with great applause. The Misses Trap then tried their vocal powers; Damon told a fictitious story, with a good deal of humour and effect; and Miss Geck recited a genuine history of a ghost which had put her into great fear the preceding night, but which, after all, turned out to be nothing more than her favourite cat, which had been locked into the crystal-closet, and had there committed the most lamentable havoc.

After these rational amusements followed others equally rational,—a round of questions and commands,—another of cross purposes,—a chapter of "what's my thought like?"—and a bout of "rhyme and reason;" in all of which the services to be done for the redeeming of forfeits produced pleasure to some, annoyance to others, and laughter to all. Even Reuben himself laid aside the stiffness of his philosophy; and one would have laughed (ay, and so would you, most grave and wise reader) to have seen one, who knows as much of the secrets of nature as an old spinster does of those of her own parish, or is as familiar with the face of the heavens as the fairest young spinster is with her own face,—one would have laughed (and you

would have laughed) to see him poised in the corner of a chair, upon one foot, while the whole party were, with shouts of laughter, bending his arms and body into the most grotesque and ludicrous attitudes; nor would the laughter have been suppressed had one (or had you) beheld him working his ill-sorted features into what he might judge a fascinating expression, as he laboured to pay the otherwise neglected Mary "a banter and a compliment." This latter exhibition indeed produced no laughter on the part of the other ladies; for, notwithstanding Reuben's strange aspect, his manners are highly polished and genteel, so that any lady might be proud of his attentions, although she knew nothing of his transcendent talents or independent fortune; and the circumstance of his preferring Mary as the shrine before which to do his penance, was a damper to those who thought themselves entitled to more respect. But Reuben acted merely from the impulse of the moment; he paid his little passing compliment to her who seemed at once the finest and most accomplished woman; and the chances are ten to one in favour of his being right.

The last and closing scene, however, was that which gave Mr. Godolphin the most amusement. The Doctor proposed that a common quart bottle should be laid on its side on the carpet, and that

Pollux, who was a tight little fellow, should sit on it, with his legs stretched out, crossed, and resting on one heel, and in that position thread a sewing-needle. It was in vain that the lady of the house shrugged up her shoulders and glanced her eye toward Mr. Godolphin, or that Miss Geck paced up to the Doctor and said in an audible whisper, "Thyocking! are you to make uth a perfect world'th wonder before the thtranger thyentleman!"—for the Doctor would not yield; and, as he had, somehow or other, become completely lord of the ascendant, there was nothing for it but to comply. The bottle, accordingly, was brought; and after being carefully examined, lest in consequence of some flaw it should give way during the experiment, it was firmly corked, in order that the resistance of the imprisoned and partly-condensed air might increase its strength. It was laid on the floor; and then down sat the beau, with a needle in his right hand, a thread in his left, to demonstrate the principles of equipoise. The whole company stood in a circle round; and the two Misses Trap, who seemed to be the most deeply interested in his success, held each a candle to give him light. He poised himself with the bottle across the centre of his base, stretched out the right leg, resting it on the heel, and laid the left one across; but, in doing this, he dropped both the needle and the

thread. The fair ones recovered them, and put them into his hands. He brought his hands hastily together, and the effort threw him on his elbow. Up he came again, but with too much force, so that again he was on his other elbow. He oscillated in this way for several minutes, to the great (and of course rational) amusement of the party,—their laughter and his own impatience contributed not a little to prolong the motion. At last, however, he acquired a little skill; and, by a motion of his elbows, contrived to keep his poise, and ultimately to bring the thread in contact with the needle: but it turned out that the waggish damsel had reversed it, and he was poking the thread against the point. The rectification cost him another course of swings and falls, and afforded the company another round of laughing. After various unsuccessful attempts, it was declared that the needle was too small; and one used in the repairing of worsted hose was produced. Even that he could not manage; and the Doctor was loudly blamed by Mrs. Trap for introducing a thing which was not practicable. He said nothing; but, sitting down in the stipulated position, got hold of the thread and needle, performed the task at the very first trial, and then started to his feet with as much agility as though he had been playing the clown and not the doctor. The beaux now both

rallied, but with no better success than before; neither could the goodman Tremble make it, although he attempted at the joint command of his spouse and her sister. "Bleth me!" said Miss Geck, "it'th thurely not tho difeequeelt: if the thyentlemen would retire till I thate down, and got a thyawl over my feet, I am confident I could do it mythelf." The gentlemen retired, the lady was duly and decently wrapped in the shawl, the gentlemen were called in, and to work she went: but being still more fidgetty than the beau, she made also a total failure; and the other ladies having declined trial, the sport was at an end. By this time, the clock had given them three times three; the lady of the house pulled the bell, and a glass of wine finished the business. Damon and Phyllis, who were a betrothed pair, and known and recognized as such, marched off arm in arm; Mrs. Trap took her chickens under her wings; but ere they were many paces from the door, their wings were fortified by Castor and Pollux; Major Simper led off the lisping beauty; Mr. Tremble and his helpmate marched in the same division, preceded by a huge tremendous lantern; the Doctor went to his evening rounds, promising to join Mr. Godolphin at the inn, after an hour; and they were all paired and occupied, save our friend and the neglected Mary.

Now, although friend Reuben be a philosopher, a perfect anchorite in his manners, and a person of the most ungainly aspect, he has still the heart of a man in his bosom,—aye, and as manly and kind a heart as ever beat. So, finding that this neglected girl was taking the road alone, and knowing that he had an hour to spare, he walked up to her and offered her his protection home; assuring her, at the same time, that nothing but anxiety for her safety could have induced him, a perfect stranger, to be so bold. "I feel proud of the kindness which you offer to me, Mr. Godolphin," said she; "I know your honour; and for what you have done for my aunt, I am glad of this opportunity of thanking you." "Your aunt!" replied Reuben with astonishment; "I have not the smallest recollection of having seen you." "True," said the young lady; "but I have heard of you; and I knew you by the description which my aunt wrote me. I am very sorry that you should have met with an accident." "Are you 'little Mary,' of whom my kind landlady at L—— speaks so often and so well?" said Mr. Godolphin. "Yes, I am," replied the young lady; "and your kindness has not only enabled her to purchase the cottage and garden, which she rented ten years ago, but also to give my brother something to begin business, and myself to gain my living in an honourable way."

"Psha!" said Godolphin; "I never gave your aunt any thing but a mere trifle, for taking care of my books in my absence." "Pardon me, sir," said Mary. But before she could proceed farther, the Doctor joined them. "I give you much praise for your gallantry," said he, "but as your ankle is not yet strong enough for walking a mile on our dark and rough roads, I must use the authority of my profession for sending you to your quarters: I shall see the young lady safely home and join you at the stipulated hour." "If this lady pleases," replied Godolphin. Mary withdrew her arm; and they separated. The Doctor came to the inn at his hour; and, in the course of conversation, he told Godolphin, not without a good deal of hesitation, that Mary was governess in a genteel family in the immediate neighbourhood; that he had been secretly attached to her for some time; and only wanted to be fully established in business in his practice ere he should make her his own; that this was now accomplished, and that their nuptials were to take place at the ensuing term of Martinmas. Godolphin, who felt not a little interested in Mary, from the long time during which her aunt had attended to him with all the care of a mother, naturally expressed some astonishment that the Doctor had entered into no recognizances with his intended bride at the tea-party. The Doctor informed him

that she had been invited there for the express purpose of experiment and discovery by the rest of the company; and that, as they had subjects enough about which they could talk independently of his proposed marriage, it had been preconcerted between Mary and himself, that they should be none the wiser. He added, that he was obliged to go to such parties in a demi-official sort of way; but that he disliked them, especially the ladies, because they affected to look down upon his fair one, for no other reason than that she worked and they were idle. The Doctor remained till a pretty late hour; and parted with Reuben with many wishes for his welfare, and entreaties that he would pay a visit after the nuptials were over. This Reuben could not promise to do, as he seldom chooses to be under the trammels of an engagement: but he no sooner reached the office of his banker, than he sent anonymously to Mary what would place her on a level with most in the town; and he added, in his private letter to me, "I never will forget the Genuine Tea Company."

THE MINSTREL;

A FRAGMENT.

Soon as the morn had dappled o'er the sky,
And birds their matin song began to swell,
Hymning the dawn in artless minstrelsy,
Fitzallan bade the aged priest farewell;
And, pondering his advice, by brake and fell,
A devious course with hurried steps he wound;
Nor of the path before him could he tell,
So thick the night fog settled on the ground,—
Swathing, with fleecy shade, the face of things around.

The feet bound swiftly when the pulse beats strong,
And anxious thoughts a tedious road beguile:
So felt Fitzallan as he shot along
The tangled mountain track of many a mile;
For though the time seemed but a little while—
A viewless atom of life's smallest grain—
He deem'd from memory he had razed that smile,—
That syren smile, the cause of so much pain,
And joyed in new-born hope that he was free again.

He gain'd the summit, as the sun's first beam
  Glow'd on the mountain peak with dazzling light,
And, form'd from dew drop, or from infant stream,
  The little rainbow blent in colours bright.
  Pausing, he turn'd and cast his raptured sight
Back to the plain; but nought could there be view'd
  Save sheeted fog, low-settled, dense, and white:
He seem'd as on some islet-cliff he stood,
And saw beneath him roll the interminable flood.

Drank by the sun, that white flood ebb'd away;
  And on the changing scene he could descry
Villas, and trees, and huts, and hamlets gray;
  Which, grouped like little isles, did clustering lie:
  Anon, on aged spires and turrets high,
The cheering beam of morn was radiant seen;
  Swift o'er the woods the orient blaze did fly,
Tinging with living gold their foliage green;
Last glow'd it on the stream which dimpling roll'd between.

And fair the morning landscape spread around:
  Near, was the wildness of the mountain scene,
With cliffs, and crags, and precipices crown'd,
  And bubbling rills and white cascades between:
  The middle field was fertile all and green,
Tufted with woods, adorn'd with castles high,
  And winding streams and lakes of glossy sheen;
Then, when the distance drew the admiring eye,
The calm blue ocean seem'd to meet the azure sky.

Here, on the beetling rock, the wild goat hung,
And from his lair sprung forth the mountain roe;
And blithely there the youthful shepherd sung,
As from his fold he brought his flocks of snow.
With devious curlings, upward soft and slow,
The cottage smoke in flickering columns sped;
The distant plains resounded to the low
Of countless herds; and morn its vigour shed
Joyous o'er rural life, while luxury dozed in bed.

There is a youthful freshness in the sight
Of rustic nature at the morning tide,—
A hearty bliss, which shrouds in thickest night
The city's bloated mirth and hollow pride:
And who that boasts a soul would e'er abide
'Mong lanes of filth, and streets of sin and crime,
If he could get him to some mountain side,
Where he might hear the spirit-stirring chime
Of nature's glorious song, and with her spend his time?

Fitzallan lingered on the airy height,
Enchanted with the beauteous scene below;
For nature's charms can add a fresh delight
Even to a heart exulting o'er its woe:
Yet ah! but fleeting respite might he know;—
Eliza's image rushed upon his mind!
And, as the summer sun consumes the snow,
He gave his resolution to the wind,
And onward down the slope with heavy heart inclined.

And winding now by thicket, brake, or stone,
By spreading birch, or pine-tree's tapering spire,
Upon his ear burst forth a sudden tone,
That might befit a woe-resounding wire:
It seem'd as if a wild Œolian lyre,
In some rude tree had caught the fitful gale,—
With such a mournful close the notes expire,
And wake again with such unmeasured swell:
Who might the minstrel be?—Fitzallan could not tell.

Still with a louder and a wilder strain,
The magic notes upon the waste were flung;
They paused, resumed, paused and resumed again,
And, after every pause, more wildly rung:
Answering again, a voice responsive sung,
In numbers suited to the fitful tone;
But faint the voice, and feeble was the tongue,
As of some aged minstrel that had known
The sapping flood of time, and fortune's sternest frown.

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
Fitzallan's glance the minstrel could espy:
Aged he seemed as minstrel well might be,—
White were his locks, and sunken was his eye,
And weather-beaten was the hand and dry,
That held a shatter'd and a shapeless lyre;
Yet, in his look 'twas easy to descry
The unquench'd embers of that sacred fire
Which could, in former times, to daring deeds inspire.

"Hail, aged minstrel! pleasant is the strain
With which this lonely mountain-side you charm,
O let its witching accents wake again!—
Wild is thy harp and skilful is thine arm:
Perhaps in former times thy heart could warm
At beauty's glance, and feel the pangs of love;
And oft thy song might still thy soul's alarm,
When woman's steely heart no strain could move:
Then on my love-lorn soul thy powers of music prove."

The minstrel felt a flash of the young fire
Of former times within his bosom glow;
He felt the pulse which beauty can inspire,
Warm all his soul, through age's thickest snow;
And, with its inspiration rising slow,
His wither'd hand along the strings he cast,
And sweetly made the strain and song to flow
Of all the woes and sorrows he had pass'd,
Till in decrepid eild he useless roam'd at last.

First heedless youth, and all the bliss it brings,
Its giddy joys, and prospects bright, though vain,—
Love's rosy chaplet, and its thorn that stings,—
Its joy, its grief, its transport and its pain.
A heaving sigh suppressed the minstrels' strain,
And from his hand the harp in silence fell;
Nor might be heard in deepening tones complain
Of fell despair. Snatch'd up again, they swell;
And thus with bolder note rung forth o'er dale and dell.

The Minstrel's Song

Free as the red deer on the hill,
  Once in the morn of life I stray'd,
O'er flowery mead, by gurgling rill,
  O'er naked heath, through green-wood shade.

All nature then to please had power:
  Sweet was the sun at early day,
Sweeter the shade at noontide hour,
  And sweeter still the evening ray!

Light was my heart, my limbs were fleet;
  The world around was full of joy,
Its memory makes my old heart beat;—
  O if I were again a boy!

I loved my friends; I loved my song;
  I loved to roam, all heedless where;
I loved both solitude and throng;
  But reck'd not of the flaunting fair.

Ah, happy days! why sped ye on?
  Why from me in such haste to fly?
Why did ye leave me to bemoan
  The witching glance of woman's eye?

Gems from the mine, dew on the thorn,
The forky lightning's flickering gleam,
The sun's first ray on summer morn,
Dim twinklers to that eye might seem.

It glanced on me. So warm its light,
The glance yet shivers through my heart:
It brought a trill of new delight;
It left a pang of unknown smart.

She seemed to love a little while,
And hope's delusive stream ran high;
But, having snared me in the toil,
She scorn'd my vow, she mock'd my sigh.

Ah! wherefore should so fine a form
Conceal a fickle faithless mind?—
Inconstant as the April storm,
Uncertain as the veering wind!

And why should nature thus annoy
Poor feeble man with foul and fair?
And when she paints his fondest joy,
Conceal his keenest anguish there?

The gold is dear to woman's heart,
The gem shines brightly to her eye;
To win them she tries every art,
And sense and soul she passes by.

So fared with me: cold Mammon bow'd
His leaden knee at beauty's shrine,
And won the maid who oft had vow'd
That she was ever, only mine.

Hope fled; and in her stead Despair
In all his sickening horrors came;
His spectre shapes incessant glare,
His arrows stick in all my frame.

I shunn'd my friend; I lost my song;
I wander'd lone, all heedless where;
For, ah! no path, however long,
Leads from the Cavern of Despair.

I wander'd forth, in doleful mood:
Dark was the night, the wind was high;
Swollen was the Varrar's sounding flood,
His foaming cataract was nigh.

Resolved to end both life and care,
Frantic I sought the towering steep,—
When lo! the forky lightning's glare,
And angry whirlwinds round me sweep.

Darker it grew, save when the flash
Flamed dreadful on the mountain's brow;
And silent, save the thunder's crash,
Or Varrar's roaring flood below.

It dimm'd my eye, the lightning's blaze;
It stunn'd my ear, the thunder's sound;
And, lost in stupor and amaze,
I sunk all nerveless on the ground.

There, as I lay, a vision came—
(Or was it fancy's fairy spell?)
Came, rapid as the arrowy flame,
Resistless as the ocean swell.

At its approach, beneath the shore,
The awe-struck flood in silence wound;
Mute was the tempest's deafening roar,
And wonder drew her curtains round.

Its form was a thing of light,—
Serene and holy, bright and beaming:
Before it fled the shades of night,
And glorious day was round it gleaming.

'Twas mantled in a pearly sheen,
'Twas cinctured with an azure zone;
And on its breast there might be seen
How bright the badge of Freedom shone.

Dependent at its side was hung
The semblance of a golden lyre,
Such as by heavenly hands is strung,
And touch'd by the celestial choir.

It paused, and in its mien I spied
A dauntless dignity appear,
Might quell the boldest human pride,
And melt the sternest heart to fear:

And lifting high its golden lyre,
It touch'd an independent lay,
Such as to glory might inspire,
Or guide to virtue's sacred way."—

But here a pause the minstrel made:
The string was mute, the strain was stay'd;
His eyes were raised as though he pray'd
For heavenly inspiration's aid,
Or nature's holy fire.

And never more that hand again
Of that wild harp shall wake the strain;
That tongue shall never more complain;
And never shall that heart feel pain:—
The minstrel did expire.

* * * * *

NATIONALITIES.

THERE are two theories upon which, singly or conjoinedly, it is usual to explain the differences of national character,—the physiological distinction of the races, and the different moral and political training to which they have been subjected. In the present paper, it is not pretended to proceed by either of these theories, but merely to notice, what is perhaps more interesting to the general reader, a few of the facts as deducible from careful observation.

If one were in few words to estimate the characters of the three nations which compose the British public, from the causes that seem immediately to regulate the general tenor of their actions, one would say that the Englishman is guided by habit, the Scotsman by reflection and impulse, and the Irishman by impulse alone.

In his manner, the Englishman, compared with

the others, is cold, silent, and repulsive; and the way to his friendship and his heart is long and dreary. When you are permitted to visit him, a thing which occurs not till after the most cautious preliminaries, you find politeness, but not cordiality—good cheer, but apparently no hearty welcome. He seems to receive you more as a matter to which he must submit, than as one that he either desires or takes pleasure in. He never presses you to partake of the good things before you, nor to prolong your visit. Of Homer's hospitality, he seems to attend chiefly, if not solely, to the last part—"he speeds the going guest." He talks with you about business, or about those everlasting themes, the state, the news, and the weather; but he takes no pains to find out the chord which would vibrate pleasure in your bosom, or to lead you to that which would vibrate pleasure in his own. He boasts of his country, at the same time that he growls at all its institutions; and accumulates great riches, although the burden of his song all the time be, that he and all about him are going to ruin. He is beggared, while is house is a palace; and starving, though gorged to the throat. He performs his duty to his family, and is civil to his domestics, apparently not so much from any warmth of heart, as because they are his. You can perceive that in every thing he is selfish, although he vaunts not of his talents,

his possessions, or his connexions. His pride is not the pride of genius, of fortune, or of family, it is the mere feeling that he is himself,—that he was born in England, can pay his way, is indifferent to all knowledge which conduces not to the furtherance of his fortune, and reckless, if he himself but thrive, whether the rest of the world sink or swim.

His own mind is the castle of his opinions, into which it would be as great a crime for you to break, as it would be for one not having a legal warrant to break into the castle of his house. Even in the construction of that house, you find evidence of that power which loosens him from all other matters, and binds him to himself; for, however inconvenient it may be for his weighty self, and his weightier spouse, to waddle up and down half a dozen flights of trap stairs, he will consent to have no family either in the floor above him, or in the floor under him. Be the house large or small, palace or pile of chip boxes, he must, when he goes out, be able to lock the door and put the key in his pocket; and when he is in, there must be nothing about the pile, save the earth, the Englishman, and the sky.

But though this selfish independence makes the individual a cold companion, it is not without its advantages. The Englishman never pries into your secrets; thus, though, in your prosperity,

you feel none of that delight which flows from the intercourse of the heart, yet in your adversity, you are spared both the pain of desertion and the peril of being undermined. As the Englishman never loves you with ardour, so he never hates you with bitterness. The very quality which makes him indifferent to your good opinion makes him indifferent to his own revenge; and though he will not brook an insult offered to him as a man, he can bear the loss of property with more equanimity of temper, and less disposition to persecute those through whose misfortune, or even fraud, he has lost it, than the inhabitant of any other nation in the world.

The same quality makes him carry fair play into all his quarrels. He does not quibble like the Scot, or bully like the Hibernian. He does not take advantage of his antagonist when off his guard, nor come upon him with a combination of superior numbers. He demands a clear space; stands up manfully; seeks fair play; fights like a lion; when overcome, he surrenders with a good grace; and as he is not cast down by a fair defeat, so neither is he insulting when he wins an honourable victory. This independence and desire of fair play descends to the very school-boys and children in the streets. You never meet with a boy who is rich, hiring auxiliaries against the boy who is poor; as little do

you find the cunning leaguing against the candid. It is arm to arm; no foul play; and the stronger, whatever be his rank, is the victor.

The very same quality is the foundation of a perfect sincerity, which, while it exposes the Englishman to impostures, which any other man would see through, and makes England the Potosi of quacks of every denomination, renders him the very safest and most pleasant person in the world with whom to do business; and though his selfishness induces him to drive as hard a bargain as ever he can, no man sticks more faithfully to it when it is once made.

Even his growling, which renders him disagreeable as an individual, and which is any thing but amiable in itself, is, in the aggregate, one of the most valuable qualities that he possesses. This, perhaps, more than any thing else, is the bulwark of British freedom; and we owe it more to the grumbling—always the disagreeable, often the unmeaning, and sometimes the unfounded, grumbling of John Bull, than to any other cause, that the theory, and especially the practice, of the British constitution, have so much of freedom in them as they really possess. When a popular measure has to be carried, or an encroachment on a popular right to be resisted, in parliament, there is never much dependance to be placed on the

Scots or the Irish. For independently of the description of persons that form the majority of their representatives, (if representatives they can be called), the Scots would yield from the desire of pleasing, or the hope of gain, and the Irish from ignorance or indifference; but John Bull plants himself like a rock, places his arms a-kimbo, growls at the top, or rather at the bottom of his voice, and not a threat or a promise will move him—he is too bold for being intimidated, too rich for being bribed, and too stubborn for being driven.

Still, in spite of all this stubbornness, there is not a native in Europe more easily persuaded, or more prone to take his opinions at second-hand, provided (which is often not very difficult) the fact of his being so be concealed from him. When he once plants himself in his stationary attitude, no power will drive him; but if he is once in motion, you may lead him in a spider's web.

The concentration toward his profession is as great as that towards himself; and this is, perhaps, the main foundation of his success in commerce, and his superiority in the mechanical arts. Whatever he undertakes he sticks to, and makes it his business to know it intimately, with a view not only of deriving from it the greatest emoluments, but of doing it in the best manner. Hence, the word of

an English merchant, and the hand of an English mechanic, are more to be depended upon than those of the same classes in any other part of the world.

In the relaxations of his labour there is the same influence of habit. He frequents the same coffee-house, sits in the same box, drinks the same kind of liquor, and reads the same newspaper, not because they are the best of their kind, but because they are those to which he is accustomed. It is much the same with his political opinions. He does not hold them from any theoretical conviction of their abstract right, or even from any satisfactory induction of constitutional principles; he holds them, because he has been acustomed to hold them; and if, like the countryman to whom asparagus was presented for the first time, he happens to bite at the wrong end, he continues so to bite for the sake of consistency.

In every thing, in short, the Englishman is a being of habit and form,—a follower of laws and customs which have been made,—a disciple of time more than of reason,—very sincere, very honest, very stubborn, and withal very cold-hearted.

The Scot, though not upon the whole better, is very different. Instead of standing independent and apart, and having his pleasure, and almost his

very existence, in himself, like the Englishman, his inquisitiveness leads him to examine, and his passion to love or to hate every person or thing that comes within the scope of his knowledge.

A brief introduction brings you to his dwelling, and if his board be not always so well replenished as that of the Englishman, his welcome is sure to be more hearty. He disputes with you, he contradicts you, he tells you more about himself and his affairs than an Englishman would wish to know, and puts more questions to you than Englishmen would wish to answer; but he all the time presses his attention upon you, and his kindness makes some amends for his impertinence.

But while this impassioned and prying character makes the Scotsman a more agreeable companion than the Englishman, it makes him not quite so safe. He not only dissects your opinions when you are present, but your character when you are gone; and as his reflection gives him to the full as much caution in his transactions as his feelings give him warmth in his intercourse, all the flaws of your character and fortune stand a chance of being both noticed and noted. If he find that you are prospering, no man will serve you more readily or more effectually; if the reverse, no man will take himself off in shorter time or with less ceremony.

If he has not the indifference of the Englishman, he is also without his sincerity. If an Englishman be ignorant, he confesses it; and if you inform him, he expresses his gratitude. On the other hand, when you come upon a subject of which a Scotsman is ignorant, or (a more frequent case) where his information is shallow, he beats about and tries to persuade you that he previously knew what you have put him in possession of for the first time. If an Englishman is found wrong, either in argument or action, he confesses it at once, though to make him promise amendment be another matter: when a Scotsman is so detected, he musters his sophistry to persuade you that the wrong is the right.

Theoretically, his political conceptions are much more clear, and his doctrines much more sound, than those of the Englishman; but he comes not up to him in sturdy practical independence.

But neither the Englishman nor the Scotsman is marked with peculiarities so striking as the Irishman. Some Englishmen would pass for Scotsmen, and some Scotsmen for Englishmen. An Irishman can never be mistaken; he is like nothing but himself. If you meet him ever so casually he is your friend at once His admiration of you burns upon his lip, and flames and smokes through all the figures of impassioned and hyperbolical

speech; but the instant that another idea, no matter what it is, brushes across his mind, he starts away and becomes your most bitter enemy. He will divide his last potatoe; and the knife that formed the partition may be at your throat before the potatoe is swallowed.

If you would employ him, he can do every thing, —understands all knowledge, can perform all deeds,—his soul, his life, his every thing is devoted to your service. If you actually do employ him, he attempts but half of what he promised, in half of that again he fails, and he bungles the remainder. Still he does all this with so much *naïveté*, that, in the face of the experience, you can hardly help employing him again.

Like the others, he is selfish, and he is not the less so that friendship and devotedness are the theme of all his speeches. But his friendship is different from that of the Englishman or the Scot. If it is not open and manly like the former, or calm and calculating like the latter, it is the selfishness of passion,—the love of immediate indulgence, without any reflection from the past or calculation for the future. He is the victim—the slave of passion. That is his ruling principle. To that he sacrifices friendship, honour, country, success in the world,—every thing.

When he swears eternal friendship with you, you

do not doubt his sincerity; and if you could keep in action the causes which operate upon his passions, he would keep his word; but masters of his soul order him in another direction, and in that direction he must go.

Gay, brilliant, and imposing in his manners, and not encumbered with the load either of forms which he must observe, or principles to which he must adhere, his chance of advancing in the world seems at first much greater than that of the Englishman or the Scot; but, wanting the firm sincerity of the one, and the calculating prudence of the other, and aiming at things too mighty for his grasp, he makes continual failures, and the operation of ambition soon gives place to that of the other passions.

The Englishman goes straight forward to his purpose; the Scotsman takes occasional deflections, when he calculates that they will either shorten the road or facilitate the ascent; and the Irishman flies sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other, tumbles down in violence, and often ends where he began. In his mental powers, the Englishman is persevering, but slow; the Scotsman is more intense and varied, but he sticks not so pertinaciously to a single subject; and the Irishman has the rush of the wind, and also its lightness. An Englishman in power is haughty and distant—

he relies on his own schemes, and counts not on the favour or the assistance of other men: a Scotsman in power is apt to be more intriguing, and, for the vanity of serving his connexions, will allow himself to do things which an Englishman would call mean: an Irishman in power is apt to lose his interest in the gratification of his vanity, and become the dupe of those who minister to his passions.

The poor Englishman takes his toil as lightly as he can, and counts the hours till he shall enjoy the Sunday's idleness and the Sunday's dinner. When young he boasts of the dexterity of his fists, and the strength of his muscles; takes his wages with a growl, and thanks you not though you overpay him; and when he is old, he boasts that England is his country, and marches away to the workhouse with a feeling of independence. He appears to have no wish either to arrive at a more elevated station himself, or to put his family in a way of doing so. The poor Scotsman chaffers about the amount of his wages, hoards it with the greatest parsimony, and consoles himself that, in consequence of the way in which he has spent his savings, one, at least, of his sons will be a gentleman. When he is young, he prides himself in the fashion of his coat, and the beauty of his sweetheart; and when old, he continues to labour rather than be

burdensome to any body. The poor Irishman drudges hard for little; and seeks his pleasure in warm protestations of friendship—demonstrated, perhaps, by the cudgel. When young, his glory is his brawl and his amour; when old, the grave is his shelter.

Enter an English court of justice, it seems a cold formality; and a man is sentenced to be hanged with the same *sang froid* as if he were only to pay a fine. In Scotland, the same scene is solemn and impressive. In Ireland, it appears a perfect battle-field. The English public speaker proceeds by forms and facts; the Scottish, by argument from first principles; and the Irish, by an appeal to the passions. The first are clear; the second subtle; and the third vehement. A man is banished from Scotland for a great crime; from England for a small one; and from Ireland, morally speaking, for no crime at all. Hence, in New South Wales, an Irish convict may be a good man; an English passable; but a Scottish is invariably a villain.

Such are a few features in the characters of the three principal nations which form the British public. To what are the differences owing? Are they physiological, and explainable from the origin, form, and appearance of the people? are they the result of different modes of municipal and political

treatment? or do they depend partly upon the one cause and partly upon the other? These are questions for future solution: in the mean time we shall close with a few remarks, calculated rather to stimulate than to gratify enquiry.

Throughout the history of the English, we find the same love of the individual, the same indifference to others, and the same openness and sincerity, which mark them at the present day. In all the great political events of their annals,—the conquest by William of Normandy, the wresting of Magna Charta from John, the wars of York and Lancaster, the dethronement of Charles, the Restoration, or the Revolution,—there is no trace of devotedness on the part of the people, none of that chivalrous adherence to a prince which was shown by the Highlanders for Charles Edward, and none of that death or misery for a cause, which marked the Scots during the English invasion, and which makes the heart burn and the wound bleed in Ireland to this day. When fighting was the order of things, John Bull fought like a lion; but the moment he was worsted, he threw down his arms, swore his allegiance, and ate his beef and drank his ale (though not without growling) under the new dynasty, as copiously as he had done under the old. John Bull has often fought hard for liberty, and, when he was gulled, he sometimes fought as hard against it; but John

Bull never went into the desert and starved himself, either for the one cause or for the other. When they lost Hastings, they stored not up their vengeance for Bannockburn; and they cost William no battle of Boyne, and George no field of Culloden.

Another instance of want in the English of that devotedness which, under different modifications, is found to belong to the Scots and the Irish, may be traced in their religious history. Among them the Reformation was marked by the same indifference on the part of the people, as the changes of the monarchy and the revolutions of the state. It was made for the English people, and not by them; and though England may count her persecutions and her martyrs, the periods have been too short for the establishment of a connexion with the national character, either in the way of effect or of cause. We find among them none of that unbending devotion toward a cause—that patient suffering for what was supposed to be the truth, which made the Scottish Covenanters take up their testimony in the wilderness, and submit to every privation, every persecution, and every peril, rather than abandon their principles. In England there have been tumults and oppressions on account of religion; but the rivers of England have never, day after day, and year after year, ran red with

the blood of a peasantry, whom power was unable to bend, and cruelty could not exterminate.

Even the Irish Catholics, all illiterate as the mass of them are, have shown an attachment to their religious faith, to which there is nothing corresponding in England. Political and local oppression and privation have no doubt been at work, renewing this attachment every time it was in danger of becoming weak; and the hold which confession gives the priests of that faith over the passions of the ignorant, gives them more influence than the ministers of any reformed church. But still, these would not perhaps have been enough to bind the volatile and passionate dispositions of the Irish; and there is certainly nothing recorded in history which warrants the conclusion, that the English, as a people, would injure their personal interests, or forego their personal independence and gratification, for the sake of any dynasty that ever sat on a throne, or any system of religious faith that ever was promulgated.

THE SCOTTISH PARSON.

In one of the most romantic, and now most altered places in the county of Ross, is the valley of Glenballach. It opens to the sea, at least to one of those arms of it which intersect that country. Upon a little eminence stand the ruins of the parish church, not one stone of which has been touched by the people; they well remembering the sacred words which had been wont to thrill within its holy walls, have transferred a portion of the sanctity to the materials of the fabric. Like *Zoar*, it might have been spared, because it was a little one, and I will add, because it was a lovely one; but avarice consumes the temples of God as well as his worshippers. I passed it but a year ago; the roof had fallen in,--innumerable broods of sparrows and martins were tenanting the crevices of the walls,—the doors had mouldered from their hinges,—the windows had dropped from their

sills,—the old bell had tumbled down, bringing the little belfry along with it,—the very surrounding dead seemed to be forgotten, for the graves were levelled with moss, and the tombstones encrusted by lichen. A solitary old man, whose frame seemed to be beaten by the storms of fourscore winters, and in whom the candle of reason burned sickly and in the socket, was the only rational thing within the verge of a wide horizon, within which no black hut raised its unpretending fabric, and twined out its blue column of turf smoke as formerly. The seniors were beneath the sod—the juniors beyond the sea—there was no present thing upon which the mind could dwell; I spoke to the old man, he answered me not, but seemed lost in a mental loneliness, the express image of the scene before him. I said to myself, "And have twenty years done all this?" But wherefore should feelings into which all cannot enter, and which none can remove, wile me from my description? The scene is now sickening to me—I will speak of it as it was when it had more of interest. I may err in some little particulars; but the scene is on my memory, like colours of the oriental dyers,—they become brighter the longer that they are bleached and worn.

Well, it was on a fine Wednesday in the month of July, that myself and another youth were

taking the same route that a year ago led me to the ruins, and towards dusk we found ourselves on the ferry-beach without the means of crossing. A man of very grave and venerable appearance, who was pacing backwards and forwards slowly, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground, noticed us, and accosted us with kindness, but in the under-key of one of the most serious voices I ever heard. As was universally the case in that country then, and as is pretty generally the case in it still, he put these three questions,—What we were? whence we came? and whither we were going? Finding that we were young idlers, loitering away a spare month, and endeavouring to make ourselves acquainted with our country, he pressed us to stay with him for the night, at the same time telling us, that the boat had gone a considerable way up the Firth, and would not return till midnight. Being fatigued with a long, rough, and dreary road, as well as by turning aside to look at stones and cairns, and take sketches of wretched huts and uncouth agricultural implements, we consented; and the venerable stranger led the way to his dwelling.

At that dwelling we soon arrived; it was the manse, or parsonage-house of Glenballoch,—a humble but happy abode; and our guide was no less a personage than the apostle of the district

—the Rev. Caleb M'Gillidhia. He ushered us into his study,—an apartment of about ten feet by eight; one side of which was stuck full of books, as old and venerable as himself; and at the other stood a small and rude writing table, upon which lay an old quarto Bible, a Scripture Concordance, and some sheets of MS. Leaving us for a few minutes, he returned and ushered us into the parlour, where we found his wife, his daughter, his son, and a stranger. Our introduction was kind, but grave and solemn,—the last mentioned person, we were told, was the Rev. Angus Gillchrist, pastor of a neighbouring parish. Our introduction was followed by an offer of some excellent whisky, in which bitters were infused; and this was pressed upon us, both by precept and example, as a specific against the fatigue of our walk and the damp of the evening. This being over, we entered into conversation; and we were pleased to find that though the inhabitants of the manse of Glenballoch were grave and solemn in their exterior, and plain and simple in their appointments, their minds were neither barren nor uncultivated, and they had no bias towards fanaticism.

I shall never forget the picture of the minister: he was tall, extremely thin, and somewhat bent. His coat was of the then old fashion, a with collar—

it had once been black, but age had browned it. He wore a long cravat, rolled narrow, and put once round, so that his neck was bare as far as the *pomum adami.* His hair was white as snow, and combed smoothly back, so as to display a forehead upon which phrenologists, had they then existed, could have dwelt with fond meditation for months. I never beheld a head in which the central organs rose so high; and I never saw, in an old man, an eye which shot forth so clear and so calm a glance. The first time it alighted on you, you felt the old Adam die within you, and resolved instantly to follow the good man as a sure guide to heaven. His smile, for he smiled, and that frequently, was different from any I have seen; and his reproof, as he repressed some enquiries of his wife which he thought not quite proper, was more mild than the most polished wheedling of the man of the world.

Before supper, he gave orders that the catechist of the parish should pray with the servants, as they understood little English, and we as little Gaelic. Immediately after the Bible was put into the hands of the stranger minister, and we went to our devotions. This exercise took less time than we anticipated; but the manner in which it was conducted, was reverend and even beautiful. The voices of the lady of the house and her daughter

were good, and they were no mean proficients in sacred melody. After rising from the kneeling position in which we had all listened to the prayer, we shook hands. Soon after we sat down to a plain but hearty supper, which was washed down by a single jug of very excellent toddy; and after this, the minister lighted us to our little chamber, intimating that the morrow, being the day of fasting preparatory to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or the *occasion*, as he called it, would be a day of rest. Our chamber was plain,—nothing more than an unceiled garret; but we slept soundly till the minister appeared at our bedside, about seven in the morning, telling us that breakfast waited. We dressed ourselves as speedily as we could; and upon entering the parlour, found the family augmented by another minister. In the course of breakfast, the lady very politely, but at the same time very pointedly, hinted at the impropriety of travelling on a day so sacred; and the minister casually, as it were, but at the same time giving us a look which was quite irresistible, hoped that his young friends would find the manse comfortable enough till the occasion was over, and that then they could pursue their journey. An invitation so kind, and carrying such a reproof in the refusal, we had not power to reject.

When breakfast was finished, and family worship

over, the minister instructed his son to take us to walk, as his own attention had to be occupied with his flock. We rambled over the fields for about an hour and a half. The young man was uncommonly modest, but at the same time very intelligent. He was at that time a student of divinity in Aberdeen college; he is now, I understand, a highly respectable and very popular minister, settled somewhere in the Highlands. We returned from our walk about ten, and soon afterwards proceeded to the church. I never saw so plain a parochial place of worship; the floor was merely of earth, which the feet of many generations had trodden to some sort of consistence. Excepting a box for the minister, and one or two more, which were abundantly rude, there were no pews; the mass of the people having to sit on shapeless trees and planks, supported by piles of loose stones; and not a few were fain to squat themselves on the floor. The walls were without plaister; and the roof, instead of having a ceiling, was permeable by the air, and even by the rain. The pulpit was such as the Highland carpenter of those days would be supposed to make; and I need not add, that it had no drapery or cushion: a simple board, nailed to an equally simple breast-work, supported the Bible, which was swathed in a shaggy goat skin. The dress of the congregation was in perfect keep-

ing; with the exception of those in canonicals, there was not one long-skirted coat among the males, and perhaps not a single article of dress which was not of home manufacture. Light blue, with natural black in alternate threads, was the prevailing colour of the old; and the blue, black, and green tartan of the clan, the favourite costume of the young. The hair of the women was smoothed back from their foreheads. The matrons had close linen head-dresses, with a border spreading over their shoulders, like the cape of a box-coat; and the young women had their hair snooded in worsted tape, and falling lank and curlless to the middle of their backs. There was a staidness and solemnity in all their faces, which recalled to my mind the solemn and serious days of the Scottish covenanters, when their church was the lone hill side;—when, while the one hand was extended towards heaven, the other had to grasp the hilt of the broad-sword; and when they had too often to set the seal of martyrdom to the sincerity of their faith. The whole, even to the youngest boy and girl,—and the number of these was by no means inconsiderable—seemed to feel that they were in a place where earthly care should be forgotten, and earthly amusements laid aside, in order that they might, in a becoming manner, prepare for something more elevated and more important.

Even when the old men treated each other with the licensed luxury of a ram's-horn snuff-mull, the wariness and slowness with which they did it, implied a doubt of its propriety; and Mr. Angus (that was the name of the minister's son) hinted to us, that our looking round the congregation would, by the more rigid sort, be held as indecorous and improper. How unlike is all this, to the nods, and winkings, and salutations, which one may observe in the nicely decorated chapel, not only before the commencement of the service, but even during the time of it.

A congregation so very sedate, had not, like our fashionable ones, to *compose* themselves when they were to begin the service; but as they lay down their heads for half a minute, in a posture of prayer, when they enter the church, so those pulled off their Highland bonnets when their reverend pastor ascended the pulpit, and in a short but impressive discourse, (first in English, and then at greater length in Gaelic,) explained and enforced the nature and importance of the duties in which they were to be engaged during that and the four succeeding days. At the mention of four days I was a little surprised; because, even in the most religious districts of the south of Scotland, the Friday preceding the sacrament, is devoted to worldly labours. In Glenballoch, and the neigh-

bourhood, however, the case was then different, and it may be different still. The "long Sabbath" began on the Thursday morning, and continued without interruption till the Monday evening,—Friday being devoted to what they consider the most important and most severe exercise of the whole,—it being the *la nan daoina*, or day of the men, when their religious knowledge is publicly tested in the presence of the whole congregation.

After Mr. M'Gillidhia had finished his address, he read a few verses of a Gaelic Psalm; and while the people were singing that, a fourth preacher, whom I had not seen before, ascended the pulpit and prayed in English. By his pronunciation he seemed not to be a native of the Highlands, or even of Scotland; and I was very much astonished at finding his English prayer followed by a very fluent one in Gaelic. As soon as he had read out his text, the elderly part of the congregation, who had been uncovered during the psalms and prayers, put on their bonnets, to mark, as I learned afterwards, the distinction between a direct approach to the throne of their God, and the merely human instructions of their pastor. This was the invariable practice of the older and more rigid Presbyterians of this country; it was introduced from Geneva, and is, I believe, still practised in that city and neighbourhood. There was much fire

and fervour about this preacher, though it struck me at the same time that there was something rather *outré*. His text was these words;—"Rend your hearts, and not your garments;" and amid all the interminably long and metaphysical, and extremely short and abrupt sentences, with the far-fetched and homely, and almost ludicrous illustrations which he brought in, he certainly contrived to peel hypocrisy to the bone, and display her naked skeleton to the meanest understanding among his hearers.

The morning service lasted fully two hours and a half; and after an hour's interval, during which we had dinner, the same length of service was again gone through, and the kirk was crowded almost to suffocation, on account of the general church-going disposition of the district, and the acknowledged superiority of the holdings forth at the sacrament of Glenballoch. The doors and the windows were thrown open; and I could see the varied mass of attentive faces far beyond what I could calculate to be the comprehendible bounds; but even in the remotest that I saw, and they could not possibly have heard any thing but the sound, there was the same attention and gravity of faces as in the wrinkled sages near the pulpit, who were driving home every favourite phrase and observation, by an instinctive knitting of the brows or

clenching of the hand. The number of strangers, some from very remote parts of the country, that arrived during the afternoon service, was very considerable. Every farmer and cottager seemed to have his guests, and possession was taken of all the barns, sheds, hovels, and other erections, clean or unclean, habitable or not habitable, in the neighbourhood of the church. As the ministers were occupied in examining the credentials and knowledge of the candidates for a place at the sacred table, they left myself and my companion as much as we chose to the bent of our own inclinations. My friend, who had the art of companionship much better than myself, spent the evening with the minister's wife and her guests, while I wandered out alone, to observe the clear sky and rich horizon. I had not got far from the manse when I heard a *mumbling* of human voices, in a melancholy strain, and accompanied by sobs; and upon coming up to a corn-field, through which there was a foot-path, I found the mountaineers in prayer to their God, in that spacious temple which he has erected for all his worshippers. They knelt with their heads in the corn, at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from each other. Their prayers were in their native language, uttered in the most humble, yet the most fervent manner. So deeply were they interested, that I passed by

dozens of them without being noticed by one; and I regretted much that my ignorance of their language prevented me from profiting by what seemed to come so warm and so sincerely from hearts which could have no temptation to hypocrisy. Old and young, male and female, were all prostrate, returning their thanks and pouring forth their supplications. The scene was new to me, and it will never be old. I have occasionally seen prayer meetings, both among the polished, for there is a fashion even in praying, and among the rustic; among the former, I have heard a handsome and favoured youth address his Maker in words which would have accorded better with the strain of a love-ballad; and among the latter, a gifted brother finding in the lowest depth of mystic theology, a deep of polemics which was lower still; but in these cases, it ever struck me that there mingled as much of the leaven of being seen by men, as contaminated the whole. When men do their devotions in public, it is human nature to make a little show, and court a little praise; but with these simple worshippers in the fields of Glenballoch, the case was very different.

The doors of the church were opened at an early hour on the Friday morning, or rather, they were not closed during the night; and I am inclined to think that some of the disputants bivouacked there,

and rehearsed, till the hours of darkness, those speeches and prayers which they were to exhibit the following day. We entered the church about nine, and found it crowded with people, whose faces wore a very different expression from what they had worn on the Thursday. Here sat a knot of wrinkled sires, with an old and smoke-blackened Gaelic Bible, disputing with as much solemnity as the Rabbies of old; and there a parcel of females, pointing out to each other the leading men of the day. The minister posted himself in the desk, and his assistants and son took up their stations in different places of the church. The beadle handed to the minister the names of the *catechumens* who were for the first time to mingle in the disputes of the men; and after a Gaelic psalm and prayer, they proceeded to their work. The subjects were of the most nice and intricate kind; the *men* spoke with much fluency and energy, and, judging from the attention of their hearers, and the hearty nods of assent with which they were greeted, I have no doubt that they acquitted themselves well. Regarding this exhibition, merely in a human point of view, there appeared something excellent about it; the understandings of the men were exercised in the presence of an assembled congregation, ready to reward merit, and repel empty pretension. But considering that the subject about which they were

exercised is the most important that can engage rational beings, and that each had, without the least inquisitorial scrutiny, the means of having his doubt cleared up, his case of conscience resolved, his fear allayed, or his hope strengthened, the importance rises ten-fold; and perhaps other people and other churches might introduce a worse thing than "a day of the men."

The Friday and Saturday, multitudes continued to throng to the neighbourhood; buying or selling were wholly unknown; it seemed as if all the people had a community of goods, and that they had for a time given themselves up to an unmixed and undivided exercise of religion. It put me in mind of the Jubilee of the Israelites, during which every bondsman was loosed, and even the beasts of the field enjoyed a long Sabbath.

On the Sunday morning I awoke before my companion; and as he had been complaining a little on the preceding night, I left him to his repose, and went out to enjoy the morning air. Never was morning more delightful; the sun appeared sole tenant of a cloudless sky; the water reflected his beams like a mirror; not a leaf even of the restless elder stirred; and the dark blue smokes, as they arose one by one from the scattered huts and cottages, sped towards the zenith in spiral columns. It seemed as if something placid and holy held

nature in chains, least any motion of the elements should disturb the approaching solemnity. I walked toward the church, and found the seats removed, and the area converted into a sort of barrack; but that barrack did not contain indolent slumberers: all were dressed, and in some way or other gave signs that they had a work of importance to perform. Here might be seen a Highland lassie, with the soft expression of her hazel eyes kindled into devotion, and ever and anon glancing upward, reading the Bible to those parents who had stinted their own food in order to find her in that education which had been denied to themselves; while her aged and unlettered sire stopped her every now and then, to explain the import of the passage which she read; and there, a grave and time-worn father, impressing upon his children the nature and value of that rite of which they were for the first time to partake.

I was soon joined by Mr. Angus, who seemed anxious to wile me away from the simple people, and led me a very long, but very pleasant walk, from which we did not return till the family and their guests had sat down to breakfast. The meal was taken hastily, and almost in silence, and immediately the room was deserted by all except my companion, myself and Mr. Angus, who for that day had taken upon himself the office of our guide

and interpreter. We sat till the immense stream of people, in very clean, but very simple attire, had ebbed away, and we soon after followed them. There was not a human creature in the church, either young or old; and we heard not the sound of one human voice. We walked on for about a quarter of a mile, and then entered a natural wood of birches, in all the simplicity of their fragrant foliage. We had not gone far into this wood, ere the sound of a voice came upon us, as if it had been murmured from the distant mountains. Our guide stopped suddenly, and pulling us a few paces aside, pointed to a natural amphitheatre, of an elliptical form, and of considerable extent and much beauty, which lay immediately below us. The amphitheatre was surrounded by natural wood, the slopes of it were covered with soft and downy grass, which plough or spade had never disturbed, and through the middle of it ran the *Alt-beg*—a living stream as pure as chrystal. "Behold," said Mr. Angus, "the grand cathedral of Glenballoch, mark the foliage on the walls, the softness of the cushions, the purity of the fount, and the majesty of the dome! That is a church of God's own making; is it not as worthy of his service as the costliest which human hands could rear? May not his worshippers kneel as devoutly upon those grassy banks, as upon the velvet cushions of a chapel royal? Are not those

green trees in as good keeping with the simplicity of his service, as clustered columns and fretted architraves? And look toward the ceiling, what human art can rival that cerulean expanse, and that golden sun? And may I not ask, was ever cathedral more numerously attended? Did ever those assembled there appear more devout?" I could but nod assent; for there was something in the spectacle before me, which dwarfed and belittled all the artificial pomp of men. The simple yet majestic beauty of the place itself,—the dark blue dome of heaven spread over it,—the living water which ran sparkling through the middle,—the preacher's tent erected in the further focus of the ellipse,—the sacramental tables, covered with cloth as white as snow, which extended their long line towards us,—and above all, the multitude of human beings, many of whom had come from a distance of fifty or sixty miles; all came upon the mind with something more than fable feigned or poet dreamed. We sat down upon the grass. Mr. Macgillidhia read a psalm in the Gaelic language, but his son put into our hands the English version of it, used in the Scottish churches. The first two lines struck me as remarkably well suited for the occasion; and when at least fifteen thousand voices, seated in the bosom of a wood, upon the green earth by the clear stream, and having the eye of faith and hope turned

towards the pure and cloudless heaven, began their devotions in full swell with—

"We'll go into his tabernacles,
And at his footstool bow,"

there was something irresistibly fine in it, something that made every fibre of my frame thrill in a manner that I have felt on no other occasion. There is a wild and powerful melody in the sacred music of the Highlanders: it is not curbed and chastened to any recurring harmony; it is rugged, but lofty as the outline of their mountains; and peals on and on till it excites emotions which are not excitable by any art. When heard at a distance, all the harsher sounds are lost; and one could compare the fifteen thousand worshippers, who sung the praises of their God in the amphitheatre of Glenballoch, to nothing so much as to a thousand Æolian harps, hung upon the surrounding trees, and swept by all the fitful gales of the mountains: at one time it resembled that formless (one had almost said that silent) sound, or rather projected shadow of sound which tells ere the peal burst upon us, that the thunder is to lift up its voice; again it was like the deep, solemn, and distant roll of the voice of the heavens; anon swelling in pitch and rapidity, it seemed as the dash of a mighty cataract, or the deafening roar of the

ocean: every echo was awakened; every bough and every leaf was quivering with reflected sound; and one felt as it were the very ground rocking to the mighty swing of untaught and unteachable melody, until, stunned as it were by its own loudness, (as one often observes in the highest octave of the Æolian harp,) it sunk to the soft and full murmur with which it began. But it is altogether beyond description; there being nothing in nature with which to compare it, and it having no analogy to the cold and artificial technicalities of the musician. It struck me as being what the praise of God should be, the artless and warm heart offering up to its Maker the spontaneous notes of fervour; and it struck me also that there was a breathing of devotion about it, which the utmost effort of trained genius could not impart.

When the psalm had been sung, the whole multitude rose up at the brief but impressive words, "Let us pray," and I do not know that life, chequered as it has been to me with spectacles of all sorts, ever showed me a more interesting spectacle than that pious minister rising up, and according to the simple formulary of his church, leading his people to the throne of their God. He was the emblem of all that is simple and primitive, and at the same time his face beamed with intellect, and glowed with devotion. The picture of the

"saint and father," whom Burns has so beautifully painted in miniature, as "kneeling down to heaven's eternal king," was here displayed on a scale more extended and interesting. The good old Patriarch rose to implore the forgiveness of God for the venial errors of a multitude whom he had been long leading in the way of life; and never was petition more humble and becoming, and at the same time more sustained and fervent. You could not but listen; and listening you could not but be affected. Vice and folly, in all their forms, became odious in your sight, not merely in abstract theory, for there was something that fell like a sunbeam upon your own faults, even those you had endeavoured to forget, and made you heartily repent of them, and humble yourself on their account.

The "action sermon," or discourse introductory to the communion, is one in which a Scottish clergyman is expected to exert all his powers of eloquence; and though I could judge but of the smaller portion, (the greater being in Gaelic) that, on the present occasion, was a masterpiece. The picture of the venerable old man, as he read the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel," slapped together the Bible, laid down his simple handkerchief that it might be ready to wipe his brow, and looked over his widely-spread audience, in order that he might so pitch his voice as to be

heard by the whole of them, will never be effaced from my mind. As little can I forget those powerful emotions which shook the congregation in that part of the sermon, which was to me a book sealed. The eyes of the old and young were rivetted on the minister; and those eyes, as far as my vision could carry me, were streaming with tears, through which however they were ever and anon beaming upwards with that glow of hope which the world can neither give nor take away. But I forget; I shall weary the reader; he, haply, never witnessed a scene like this,—a scene to which no words can do justice, but which once seen can never be forgotten.

THE SCOTTISH NOVELIST.

THE Scottish Novelist, is unquestionably one of the most extraordinay characters of this or of any age. The additions which he has made to light or amusing literature, are at once the most numerous, the most successful, and the most delightful, that ever were produced by any one man, or any one school of writing. The incredible number of tales, legends, and scraps of history which he has embodied, so unlike in their details, yet having a wonderful similarity in their spirit and bearing,—the exquisite touches of manners, which he has, as it were, arrested upon the very brink of oblivion, and made as familiar to all the world as they were to the original possessors; and the endless variety of characters which he has sketched, all of them dissimilar in their individual features, and yet bearing a strong family likeness, render him the richest writer of his class, while he is the most voluminous, the most consistent, and the most

varied. That some of his works are inferior to others, cannot be denied; and there are persons, more prone to find fault than to perceive beauty, who will have it that pioneers and drudges have often helped him to the groundwork of characters, and the skeletons of incidents. However this may be, no one can doubt, that the plan of each of these delightful works is laid by the same master builder, and that all the parts are touched with his exquisite finish, and put together by his admirable skill.

These works have formed a bright era in the history of fictitious composition, and placed it upon an eminence, with regard to general literature, which it never occupied before, with the exception, perhaps, of a few of its more splendid productions; and these so few in respect of the whole, that they ought to be regarded as anomalies, rather than as fair and average specimens.

In assigning him his place among illustrious men, we would say, that, making allowance for difference of subject, and variation in the mode of treating it, he approaches nearer to Shakspeare than to any other whom we could name; and perhaps the unbounded admiration which both have commanded, and the exquisite pleasure which both confer, may be imputed to the same cause, namely, that each not only brings to his task a mind stored with the choicest materials, an imagin-

ation which can lay the most perfect plans, and a diligence and taste which give to those plans the most effective execution; but that each instantly banishes every consideration and every allusion to self, and bends his whole energy, and turns his whole soul to that which is before him. Neither has any peculiar creed to establish, any little system of philosophy, any special code of laws, or any theory of taste, or line of politics, to distract his attention, clip the wings of his fancy, or cloud the eyes of his perception; but he sweeps all small distinctions, and all narrow-minded encumbrances aside, and passing at once and fully to human beings, delineates their appearance and their actions with the most exquisite skill and the most admirable fidelity. Hence in the characters bodied forth by other dramatists and other novelists, though we often find a limb that is graceful, or a feature that is beautiful, we also find that the whole figure goes stiff and limping in its gait; while in those of Shakspeare and the Scottish Novelist, every line is true to nature, and every limb endued with life. In ordinary authors, even those who have considerable pretensions to genius and industry, we find the writer borrowing of his own substance to eke out the forms of his characters, and putting his own words into their mouths to eke out their speeches; but in Shakspeare and in the Scottish Novelist, the character is perfect of

itself, and all which that character says or does is its own.

As he to whom the world offers its thanks for those exquisite and wonderful productions has never formally claimed the honour, we shall not pen his name; but we must be permitted to say, that we know but of one man whose education and habits fit him for the task; and we fear, nay we are certain, that after his powers shall have failed, as fail some day they must, there can be no successor at all capable of continuing the same splendid fame, or even coming within the blaze of its glory. In this too, he may (we had almost said *must*) be like Shakspeare, that while he has copied none who went before, he will be copied by none who can come after, but will form in himself an entire school of novel-writing, as the other did of dramatic poetry, which all will continue to admire, but which none shall ever be able successfully to imitate.

The fame, and perhaps more especially the pecuniary success of the Scottish Novelist, have, no doubt, brought several imitators into the field; and were it not that there is a satisfactory reason, to which we shall advert in the sequel, it might seem singular that those imitators should all belong to the same country with the object of their imitation; but still there is not, among them all, one who can ever have any just claim to successorship.

But as by induction from his contemporaries we can discover, that while among them the Scottish Novelist has no rival who divides success with him, so from among them will arise no successor who shall prolong the school and divide the fame.

Independently of experience drawn from living authors, we think that the fact may be demonstrated by the internal evidence of the case itself; and this is by far the most satisfactory method, as by it we can award to the Novelist his full share of renown, without any illusion which can be painful to others. And here the proof is two-fold; first as it respects the studies and the habits of the author; and, secondly, as it respects the subjects which he has chosen.

First, the Scottish Novelist, (we are determined not to name him) was born at a time when, and among a people by whom the tales and legends which he has beautifully expanded into so many volumes, were fresh and familiar, and recounted and admired every day. To the friends of the family, the musterings of the partisans of the Stuarts were but then as events of yesterday; and here and there were a few venerable men, whose sires had been hunted by Claverhouse and Dalzell. The history of the world was not then, as it is now, the study of every peasant; but the mind was not upon that account the less active, or the fancy the

less warm; and therefore that class of people, who now can tell a little about every thing save the history of themselves, could then tell a good deal of that history, and perhaps nothing else. The Scottish Novelist was, we say, born when time had mellowed all those matters, and before it had destroyed any of them; and his circumstances were peculiarly favourable for observation. Weak and lame in his childhood, like the illustrious Byron, he was, like him allowed to form his own mind, ere the mechanical propounders of systems came upon him, and cast it into their frigid and formal mould. Placed in one of the most romantic spots of his native land, his first accents were employed to lisp its legends, and his first notes to chaunt its ballads; and we have no doubt that he had laid in the seeds, both of the future poet, and the future novelist, ere he began to acquire that mechanical education, which, grafted upon intellectual stamina like his, has been so honourable to himself, and so delightful to the world. This taste for the romantic, the chivalrous, and, if you will, the wild and the warm in human nature, increased with the increase of his years, and striving with common and professional studies, if it did not overcome these, and put them down, it became superior to them; and while others were devoting their time to the events, amusements, and follies of the day, he was ever

starting off to whatever places or persons were the most likely to aid him in his favourite pursuit. At one time he was found huddled into a corner, poring over musty and forgotten books; at another, he was hunting after antiquated garments, old-fashioned suits of armour, and exploded weapons of war; and at a third, he was found sitting all alone, eyeing the mountain eagle in its flight, or the ocean wave in its form. Now he was mingling with all the strange and eccentric characters which the town afforded;—anon, he was with the hoary-headed shepherd upon the cliffs, the wrinkled sexton in the church-yard, or smoking his pipe in the hut of the aged widow, whom both time and kinsfolk had forgotten, while she, to the booming of her wheel, repeated the songs and the legends of other times. Such were the sources whence the Scottish Novelist drew the materials of his future works; and the practice which he gave himself in the putting of those materials together, has been perhaps more prolonged, more laborious, and more patient than that of any other author with whom we are acquainted. We know it to be the fact; and though it were put to him, we are sure he would not deny it, that the author of Waverly continued to write longer in obscurity, ere he produced either a poem or a novel that the public would read, than any other author of the day.

We mention this not in disparagement of his genius, but for the very opposite purpose. Powers so vast, and materials so varied, require the elaboration of time; and it frequently happens with other men, as well as with authors, that they whose efforts are the least promising at the beginning, are the most successful in the end. Next to utter and remediless condemnation, there is nothing so injurious to a young writer as success; for those who would, in any way, have the gold of well-improved genius, must get it through the refining fire, and the hotter that fire is, the more pure will the gold be from all alloy of baser metals.

The fact that failure, or at least neglect, at the beginning, could not damp the ardour, and did not prevent the ultimate success of this writer, holds out an encouragement to the industrious student, and tells him, that if he be but imbued with the proper inspiration, if he do but acquire the necessary information, and, if he will but "abide his time," his efforts will not fail of securing to him their proper reward,—a reward more ample and lasting than if he were to have great success at first, and trusting to that, neglect the proper measure of study and cultivation. The age of miracles has now gone by, in literature as well as in religion; and it is wholesome for the candidates for public fame to know, that they cannot obtain it without the requisite industry, nor fail if they thus cultivate

their talents. We do not mean to say, that any degree of resolute exertion would make an ordinary man equal to the Scottish Novelist, because we are well aware that the germ of genius was originally in him, and was allowed to expand itself from the time of his birth; but we maintain, that unless he had added the labours of the man to the fire of nature and the fancy of the boy, he could never have been what he is. But though there may hence be derived a general encouragement to the industrious, we must not hope that a combination of circumstances, such as that which produced that writer, is to occur every day, or even every century.

Secondly, while we question the probability that an author shall for many years come to his work so gifted and prepared as the author before us, we question still more pointedly, whether another novelist can find such a series of subjects upon which to employ his talents. That he was happy in his genius and his preparations, we have said, and we say now, that he has been still more felicitous in his subjects. No man who has been born and educated since the plough of revolution and improvement passed over the whole surface of the civilized world, can study as the Novelist studied; and no where, since that plough buried all the wild flowers of local and individual distinction, can

materials for works such as his be found. Scotland was the best country that could either have prepared the artist or furnished the materials. In her, the distinctions of tribes and the traditions of ancestry, were well defined and accurately remembered. The character and mode of expression of the whole people were clear and characteristic, and so were the individual parts of which each was composed. The people were domesticated in the country, and the country was familiar to the people. Change—call it improvement if you will—had just began to tinge a few spots with the monotonous lines of general light and citizenship of the world; but in general the mountain and its men, the glen and its inhabitants, were almost either coeval in duration and correspondent in character, or the difference was overlooked. The sire led his son to the moor, and there pointed out what had been done or suffered by such and such an ancestor, at such and such a spot. Every church-yard told the tale of many generations, and every castle and fortalice was learned in the history, both of the world we inhabit, and the world of spirits. The knowledge, whether of men, of places, or of events, was not so varied as it is now, but it was tenfold more deep and permanent; and there was not an old cottager in the hamlet, or an old beggar by the way side, who could not tell a

tale of human life well worthy the recording, and at the same time add as much of the machinery of the ideal world as rendered it highly poetical.

The time at which the Scottish Novelist turned his attention to this rich and delightful field, was precisely that at which it had the most touching interest, when it had receded far, but was not entirely gone, when, dim through the mist of the morning of bustle and change, standing upon the extremity of the horizon of known and real existences, and projected against the rising brightness, it was softened in its outlines, enlarged in its dimensions, and become like a work of magic in its whole appearance. The tales which he snatched back, just as they were on the verge of being forgotten, the characters which he drew, just as they were gliding out of the world, and the manners of which he took note, just at the moment when they were changing, were all so dim and so tending to oblivion, as neither to be matter of perception nor of history to the world generally, at the same time that they were known to a number sufficient to establish their fidelity and appreciate their value. He was thus better enabled to give, perhaps, than any man has given, "a local habitation and a name," to the manners, habits, and events, of a singular people in singular times; and that while the whole world was in such a commotion, as every

where to destroy the materials that could furnish such another series of representations.

Scotland looked upon the pictures, and instantly confessed, with pride and exultation, that they exhibited her former self. England but half understood the form, and much of the substance she could not comprehend; but still she found that there was in these representations a force and character which she had seldom seen equalled, and she joined in the admiration. That admiration spread, till wherever there was a man that could read, or a language into which they could be translated, the Scottish novels were admired.

Now when it is borne in mind that almost every scene, every character, and every incident in these novels, is peculiar and local; and that their greatest charm consists in the perfect Scottishness (if we may so express it) of their structure, and the completely idiomatic style of their execution, neither of which can be at all translated, or properly understood but by a Scotsman, their success in England and upon the Continent becomes matter of astonishment: at all events it may convince us, that if Englishmen can derive the pleasure which they seem to derive from that of which they can but partly understand the language, and if foreigners can relish the wretched imitations, which are misnamed translations, of that which cannot be trans-

lated, how exquisite must be the pleasure of those who feel every word, know every character, and are at home in every scene!

The charm of these novels must not be estimated by those literary standards which are common to the whole world of letters. Looking to the mere stories, they are in many instances faulty, and they generally want unity and keeping. Looking at the language too, though it is never coarse or vulgar, it is far from being classical. The English is often bad; Gaelic, what little there is of it, is not accurate; and the Scotch is sometimes provincial. The charm is in the perfect truth, nature, and conformity of the characters; the admirable skill with which these and the scenery are adapted to each other, and worked together; and that continual putting of the whole strength into the characters, which keeps the author himself out of view. As mere mechanics in composition, many men may do better than the Scottish Novelist; but there is a soul in his writings which nothing but the combination of talents, preparation, and a field like his can exhibit. Among novelists it was never shown before, and we strongly suspect it will never appear again. The genius we may hope for, and there is no reason to despair of the industry; but now that Scotland not only ceases to be an unappropriated field for works of this kind, but ceases

to be what it was, where shall we find the materials? Scotsmen have, as we have said, tried and failed; and in no other country has the attempt been made —a proof, either that the grand charm of the novels is not understood, or that the materials are wanting. Ivanhoe and Quentin Durward may be pleaded in evidence of what such genius could do with regard to other countries than Scotland, and other times than the last two centuries of her history; but even in these, with a difference of scenery and language, there is a resemblance to the others.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

When the tempest is on the wing, when the billows roll mountains high, when the vessel labours in the extremity of danger, and the mariner toils in desperation for his life, though it be the time when defects in the construction of the ship are most apparent and most fraught with danger, it is by no means the time for devising and applying theoretical means of improvement. It is the same with the vessel of the commonwealth. When destructive and long-protracted wars are shedding the blood, and draining the treasury,—when taxation and conscription are pressing hard upon the people,—when commerce is restricted by the decrees of hostile nations, and interrupted by warlike armaments upon the seas,—when the heavens lower upon the labours of the husbandman, and the earth yields less than usual to a people who stand more than usually in need,—when exaction has been

strained to its utmost limit both of weight and of duration,—when suffering has been borne to its extreme verge,—when discontent, goaded on by the bitterness of privation and the keen edge of despair, is clamorous in every house and in every street,—when parties stand scowling at each other, aggravating that suffering which they profess to pity, and fomenting those dangers which they profess to allay,—and when the express form of sedition is every where all but put on, and the sword of rebellion is every where all but unsheathed;—it is then that the faults in the theory, and the errors in the practice of the government, are felt in their effects over the whole country. But it is not then that their nature can be studied, or their removal effected. Public feeling is too intense, and the scum of all parties has come too much upon the surface; men are too jealous of one another, and their passions are lording it too warmly over their own reason, for admitting of that philosophical investigation of circumstances, and that careful calculation of consequences, without which no reform can either be salutary or safe.

If the late war did not bring England to this dreadful state, it caused her to make a nearer approach to it than probably she had ever before done. The war itself had been of dubious policy or justice at its commencement; and it certainly

became more so at various points of its progress. The drain which is made upon the fruits of the people's industry was beyond all precedent; and, which was extremely mortifying, the whole objects fought for did not seem worth a single farthing to Englishmen, as such. In the course of it, however, it appeared, that the policy of the English cabinet was going abroad as well as the English armies; and, at its close, the conduct of some of the representatives of England made the people apprehensive that, as their earnings had been squandered (for it was indeed a squandering) in setting up the faded memorials of the great royal houses of Europe, their rights as Britons were to be mortgaged as a security for the continuance of these families.

By a combination of untoward circumstances, matters which had looked so very unpromising toward the close of the war, became more gloomy and more alarming after it was at an end. The expences of the state, and the consequent power acquired by the crown, were not a jot abated; at the same time, the return which was made to the country by the purchase of stores and necessaries for the armaments, had almost, if not altogether, ceased, in consequence of the quantity left in the arsenals. It seemed that along with intoxication of power, madness had seized upon the representa-

tive of England at the foreign congresses,—that he had forgotten he was the minister of a country where the people had rights, and not a mere pander for legitimacy, like them with whom he had to negociate.

For a year or two there seemed, instead of being any abatement of those offensive and galling circumstances, a strong disposition, not only to persist in them, but to push them to greater extremity. This brought about a state of suffering and complaint among the people, and of violence among the different political parties, which, though it contained the germs of many lessons of wisdom, both as to the policy of the country generally, and the value of the various pretenders to political skill and virtue, precluded both the certain knowledge and the wise adoption of remedies.

At that time every friend of British freedom stood in appalling and almost speechless agitation, seeing the leaves of that Book of Rights which Britons had won by their blood, torn out one by one and given to the winds, or trampled under foot by men, who appeared to have no divinity but their own vanity, and no law of action but their own interest. At the same time the want of food in many, and of full employment and adequate wages in all, parts of the country, produced complaints of the most astounding loudness, and the

most alarming depth,—complaints which seemed to menace the very foundations of social order, and threaten to pluck up the tree of British prosperity by the roots.

Fortunately for England, for that prosperity of which England is now the brightest example, and for that liberty of which England is now the only asylum between the Eastern Pacific and the Western Atlantic, those gloomy days have gone by, or rather their consequences have been averted, and their memorials destroyed—not by the heavy hand of the ministry, which has been lightened, nor by the panacea of the opposition, which has not been applied—but by the unconquerable spirit and the inexhaustible strength of the British people. These have brought England out of difficulties and dangers to which, in modern times, she has seen no parallel, and have gotten her wealth, and secured her prosperity, more abundant and more promising than are any where to be found upon record. Her ministers, too, have partaken of the reviving energy; they have become more liberal in their principles—more conciliatory in their practice—more English, as it were, in all that they say and do; and, consequently, to the same, if not to a greater, extent, more popular.

Thus the storm, alarming as it was, has passed away; and the calm which has succeeded is as

delightful as it promises to be durable. Hence, now is the proper time for enquiring into those imperfections in principle, and those improprieties in practice, which, for thirty long years, were the cause of so much heart-burning and misery. But before their nature can be understood, and the proper correctives for them pointed out, it is necessary that the state of parties in England should be ascertained; because, during a time so turbulent, and after a change so great, the spirit of the different parties has so altered from the name, that there is some danger of confounding that which has ceased to exist, with that which has but recently come into operation; and especially of ascribing those glimpses of dawning reform with which England has been blessed, to those who have talked without acting, instead of those who have acted without talking.

Ever since the days of the Commonwealth, political men in England have been considered as belonging to one or the other of two parties. One of these regards the sovereign as the immediate vicegerent of God—the sacred depository of all power and all right; and as such, with the advice of those church-men and laymen whom he sets up, the arbiter of all questions, and the disposer of all property. Esteeming kingly government as the immediate gift of heaven,—and a gift more to be

valued than that of wisdom to the head, feeling to the heart, or strength to the arm of ordinary men, they have interwoven it with every rite of religion, and placed it all but foremost in those prayers which every man is supposed and expected to offer up to his Creator. The other party considered, or were supposed to consider, that kingly government was a mere civil institution, adopted by the people at their pleasure, maintained by a contract which was mutual, and changeable when the terms of that contract were infringed. We need not add, as little need we enquire into the reason, that the first of these parties were called Tories, and the last Whigs. During the greater part of the last, and all the present reign, the Tories have somehow or other been the confidential ministers of the king, and as such, the immediate dispensers of those honours and emoluments which are in the gift of the crown; while the Whigs have, during the same time, formed the opposition in Parliament, and have thus been the opposers of every tax, and the instruments of complaint against every grievance. Thus the Tories have been identified with taxation, profuse expenditure, invasion of rights, and all the other political ills of which, during the long period alluded to, the English people have complained, or have had cause to complain; while, on the other hand, the Whigs have been identified with the

people, and regarded as their self-denying friends, and indefatigable advocates.

If there were no other class in the nation but the king and the people,—if, according to the Tory view of the matter, there were none but the heavenly vicegerent, and the earthly multitude whom God had given up to his pleasure and service; or if, according to the supposed theory of the Whigs, there were none but the chief magistrate whom the people had set up, and the people who had set him up, each enjoying the full and free exercise of those powers with which nature had endowed him; then this distribution into two classes would be accurate and complete, at least in name. But intermediate between these two, there comes in a class of a very mixed and multiform nature, and of very extensive and grasping power. This class is the aristocracy, whether of the nobility, the churchmen, in as far as the church is a political establishment, (and that in England is enough so,) or the holders of public offices, and the dependants on emoluments in the gift of the crown. This aristocracy formed a mixed and motley crowd; and though they all have a tendency, as possessors of power extrinsic of their personal talents, to lean to the government rather than the people, when there happens to be any contention between these, yet they are liable to suspicions and jealousies among

themselves. The nobility, at least such as have stood for several generations, are apt to forget that their own origin was similar; and thus they look coldly upon those whom the power or favour of the crown, for the time being, has elevated to the same rank with themselves, and to far more power, patronage and temporary emolument.

This produces among the aristocracy two parties or factions, which though perhaps they differ not in ultimate principle, like the Whigs and Tories as above defined, are yet even more bitter in their hostility against each other. We have said that they all stand pretty nearly in the same relation to the people; but it will be at once seen, that the relations in which they at any one time stand to the crown are wonderfully different, and that the difference becomes great in proportion to the extent of the public expenditure, and consequent influence of the crown,—that is, of the ministry. Accordingly, there never perhaps was a time when the animosities and recriminations of these two factions of the aristocracy ran higher than during the late war, and the period of distress which followed; and there never perhaps was a political proposition more clearly demonstrated than has been the difference between the Whig principles and people, and the Whig party, by the return of the nation to prosperity and of the ministry to comparative

liberality ;—a liberality contrary to all the counsels, and in the very teeth of all the prophecies of that part of the aristocracy, who, by the length of their harangues, and vehemence of their opposition, would have persuaded us that they and they alone were the friends of liberty,—and that they and they alone felt for the sufferings of their countrymen,—and that they and they alone had wisdom to devise and virtue to apply the remedy.

For several years, these two divisions of the aristocracy have been the great contending parties in the British senate, have been they from whose speeches (one will not say from whose opinions or principles) foreigners have formed their estimate of British politics, and the sentiments of the British people; and as those divisions continue to be distinguished by the two names which, while they had a specific meaning and principle, meant something very different, it becomes necessary that their real characters should be published to the world. There is another and a more national reason for this necessity: the people of England themselves have not always marked the distinction between the principles which, as Englishmen, they must love, and the men who have adopted these principles, or rather the name of these principles, as the rallying cry of their party.

No time can be more fitting for this than the

present; the Tories, (would that, without coining, one could find more characteristic titles!) by the few liberal measures which they have originated and carried through, have passed from a hatred, which perhaps they did not merit, to a favour which, whether they merit it or not, tends to produce a supineness, neither salutary nor safe for the cause of liberty, or the ultimate welfare of England. The Whigs, on the other hand, having done little, and having proved to be false prophets, have so far sunk in the estimation of the people, as to be in danger, among the unthinking at least, of bringing into disrepute those principles which have been in some measure identified with their name. There is another reason:—Many months will not elapse before there must be a general Parliamentary election; and as such an occurrence is the most unsafe when people are living in the greatest comfort, it will behove those who would not wish to see inroads made upon the principles of the British constitution, and who would guard against the possibility of the practice of it being assimilated to those despotisms which are but too common elsewhere, to muster all their skill, and exercise all their vigilance, in the choice they make of their representatives. It is mainly for these reasons that a few pages are devoted to the consideration of the state of political parties in England.

Hitherto only two sets of principles have been adverted to,—the absolutely monarchical, or old Tory principle, and the liberal, or old Whig. In order, however, to complete the representation, it is necessary to advert, if not to third principles, at least to a third party;—a party which, by the natural, and sometimes, perhaps, necessary encroachments of the Tories, and the probably natural, but certainly not necessary defection of the Whigs, has been in a great measure left without any proper guide or expression of its opinions, and which has in consequence not always fallen in the best or most creditable hands. Meaning the party of the people,—the party (by far the most numerous in the country) who possess and feel that independence which cunning cannot bribe, and oppression cannot subdue; and which its own leaders, as well as the enemies of freedom, whether open or concealed, have of late years laboured to bring into disrepute, by bestowing upon it the epithet of Radicalism, an epithet which, as it does not clearly and necessarily express any thing, may receive whatever interpretation the user pleases to give it.

In estimating the merits or demerits of the political parties of England, it is wished and determined to be strictly impartial with the virtues or the vices of individuals. A contrary mode of procedure would be both unjust and useless; be-

cause it may happen, and very often does happen, that those who hold the worst political principles display the best practice, and those whose political principles are every thing that one could desire, do nothing that one could either recommend or approve. There could be no line of conduct more foolish or more dangerous than to become enamoured of a bad system, because a good man happened to profess and practise it, or to reject a system which is good, because the holder of it happened to be bad. In order to view the matter in such a way as to make it useful, one must take the principles as they are in themselves, and consider what they would be in the possession of the average of men, good and bad.

Nor ought one to charge upon individuals those modes (right or wrong) of thinking and acting, which, in truth, belong to the system. Throughout the whole of society man takes a part, and by no means an inconsiderable part of his character, from the situation which he holds, and the persons with whom he associates; and he can no more escape the influence of these, than he can alter his stature, or change his complexion. The farmer's heart warms, and his thoughts find free scope with agricultural men and agricultural subjects; the merchant associates with merchants; the soldier with soldiers; and there is an *esprit du corps* in every

profession, which makes the individual love that profession, in spite of all the jealousies of rivalship. It is just the same in the political classes of society; and if the independent commoner, who finds fault with the peer for acting in a particular manner, were to be placed in the situation of either, the chance, nay almost the certainty is, that, under the same circumstances, he himself would do the very things which he condemns. While a man belongs to any one class, if he happens to have the talents or the opportunity of obtaining that notoriety which every man above the lowest and most hopeless vulgar is solicitous to obtain; he will be the advocate and champion of that class, until he either changes to another, or is in the hope of doing so. But when he does so, the former class will be forgotten, and the one to which he belongs for the time will be his favourite. A commoner, while he is such, will inveigh against the nobility; put a coronet on his brows, and nothing will please him like nobility. A member of the opposition, while he continues such, will declaim against the prerogatives of the Crown, and denounce every measure of the minister; bring him into office, and his note will be changed. It is not said that this is right, according to any abstract principle; neither is it said that it is wrong; but experience demonstrates it to be human nature, and for a man to quarrel with his

neighbour for possessing it would be just as rational, as to find fault with that neighbour for possessing the same number of toes and fingers as himself. This principle ought to he borne in mind in every political disquisition; for, if it be lost sight of, we may declaim or dogmatize, but we cannot reason in such a way as to discover or to apply the truth.

Taking the grand and distinctive points, there are three sets of principles, as well as three parties; but their natures are sometimes confounded, and their names misapplied. The three natural divisions are,—the court, the nobles, and the people; but every one of these is, to a certain extent, blended with or influenced by the others.

First, The monarchical principle, considered in itself, is precisely the same as in the most absolute despotism in the world; but it is modified and softened by the enactment of laws, the influence of habit, and also by the operation of the two remaining principles.

Second, The aristocratic principle is all that is left of the spirit of those haughty barons, who were once the tyrants of their vassals, and dictators to their king; and this principle is also acted upon, by the part of it which is connected with the administration having a leaning toward monarchy, and the part which is in opposition, having a leaning

toward the people. It is this division of the aristocracy which produces confusion among the political parties of England, and makes it difficult for a foreigner, and sometimes even for a native, to unravel their perplexity, and understand their nature. What renders this the more difficult, especially for foreigners, is, that there is no such division among the aristocracy of any other country, because in no other country have the nobles who were in office and conference at Court such a power on which to lean as that of the people of England. It may be galling to the pride of the English opposition nobles thus to find the people the main tower of political strength; but that does not alter the fact of its being so, and becoming more so every day, although they are sometimes too blind or too haughty to make use of it as they should in policy, or make a return to it as they ought in gratitude.

Thirdly, There is the popular principle, or that which influences the great body of the people; and notwithstanding the restraints which are put upon it, it is this principle which makes England what she is,—which makes her something which all other nations envy, but which governed as these nations have been and are, they can neither feel nor comprehend. There is, therefore, in the general systems of politics, no name by which it can properly be called.

Such are the three principles, as they actually exist in the country; and the three parties, as actually existing, and professing and maintaining these principles, are—the court party, that is, the ministry for the time being; the majority of churchmen, whatever be the time; together with the whole amount of those which hold or who expect offices and emoluments under the crown. It was once supposed that these were influenced by the high monarchical principle, but it is now easy to explain their attachment in a manner quite as simple and satisfactory. The second party has for its nucleus, or centre, that portion of the nobility who are not connected with the administration, but who form the opposition in both houses of parliament. This party, from the number of ancient and wealthy families that it contains, has its followers, dependants, and expectants, as well as the court party. It professes popular and liberal principles, but in practice it is always found to aim more at restraining the influence of the crown, and especially thwarting, and if possible bringing down the administration, than at extending the rights or promoting the interests of the people. The third party, though throughout the country its influence be by far the greatest, and its principles the most widely diffused, and though there always be a few members, especially of the House of Commons, who

maintain its principles and do it honour, is in danger of being confounded with factious individuals who clamour themselves into notice.

The proper names of the three parties into which the people of England are really divided, as descriptive of their different natures, would therefore be:—the Government party, the aristocracy out of office, and the people. But as these are not the parties which figure before the public, they are not those of whom it is most essential to give an account, either in order to guide the foreigner to a right judgment of what he reads about British politics, or to direct the Briton to the choice of a proper representative. For these purposes one must adhere to the existing names, all inapplicable though they be; and thus the definitions, modified by such explanations as may be necessary, must be confined to the Tories, the Whigs, and the Radicals.

Of the Tories it may be said, that, for some time past at least, their practice has been better than even their professed principles; that, while combating the more liberal doctrines which their opponents, from whatever cause, have advanced, both with regard to England and to other countries, they have not, wherever it did not visibly affect the influence of the Crown, or their own individual interest, hesitated to act upon a policy equally liberal and enlightened. No one can deny that the abatements

of taxation effected by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been, if not as great in amount as might have been wished for, at least as fair and judicious. As little can it be questioned, that the breaking up of those absurd and antiquated trammels by which the commons of England have been so long fettered, and her statute-book so long disgraced, is grounded upon the most enlightened and statesman-like views. But while it is admitted that, upon all subjects which tend to increase their popularity without diminishing their power, the Tories of the present day have acted as sound-headed and honest-hearted men, it must not be forgotten, that in all matters more vital to liberty, they still act upon the plans, and follow in the steps, of those by whom the foundations of English freedom were so recently and so boldly menaced. For the good that they actually do, Englishmen ought to give them credit; but Englishmen ought to beware how they surrender to them either their opinions or their liberties. Whatever ground of thankfulness there may be to the present Tory administration of Britain, is due to them not as Tories but as men,—not as members of a certain party, but as individuals of a certain temperament of mind, which they cannot hand down to their successors in office. Englishmen should, therefore, be upon their guard, lest they transfer to those high

monarchical principles, which are contrary to the spirit of the British constitution, that homage which, as men, they may be disposed, and naturally will be disposed, to render to the suavity of a Liverpool, the manliness of a Canning, the profundity of a Huskisson, or the candour of a Robinson; lest, by ascribing to the system that which is due only to the individuals, they find themselves enthralled, and at the mercy of less able and honourable men, when the wheel of time, as judging from the past it must, shall again bring such into office. If the present administration have repealed some of the taxes which press so heavily upon every man's comfort, it must not be forgotten that the whole burden was imposed by administrations with whom the present in the main agree. If it be remembered that the present administration have set British commerce free from some of the restrictions by which it was enchained, it must also be remembered that they are, as a party, the followers of those who never hesitated to sacrifice the interests of that commerce to their own ambition. If it be alleged that they have committed no palpable inroad upon the liberty of the subject, it must be stated, on the other hand, that they are not only the followers of the men who put shackles upon the freedom of discussion and of the press, but that most, if not all of them, were consenting

to those offensive enactments; and if it be advanced, that they have somewhat changed the policy of Britain toward the continental despotisms, it must not be concealed that they spoke not out for liberty at that time when, had the will of the British government been equal to its power, that blessing might have revived the chivalry of Spain, and rekindled the classic spirit of Italy. If, in short, Englishmen are to remember the "still small voice" of Tory reform and amelioration, which is heard at the present time, they must not forget the broad and black hand-writing which stands recorded against both the principle and the party.

With regard again to the Whigs, it must be said of them, that though the principles which they profess and promulgate be excellent, there is a wonderful discrepancy in their actions. They talk it admirably ;and if nothing more were required for correcting the abuses of the administration, preserving the rights, and promoting the interests of the people, than the penning of abstract essays, and the pouring forth of beautiful, and warm, and patriotic speeches, then the Whigs would do the business as effectually and as well as heart could desire. But, somehow or other, it happens that the hearts of those who speak so well misgive them,

and their hands are paralyzed, whenever they come to the test of action. The tablets of their declaration are fair and delightful to look upon; but, by some means or other, whenever they get even a Pisgah glimpse of the promised land of place, a corrosive mildew, emanating from themselves or from their enemies, eats away the lovely characters, and there is an apparent disposition to rest satisfied with casting forth the Amorites of Toryism, and enjoying the milk and honey of their heritage. The people felt, therefore, disappointed in the Whigs, and they have not felt so without reason. But still the people ought to beware lest that disappointment, deepened as it must be by the present hope (halcyon hope, shall it be said?) from the Tories, should carry them beyond due bounds,—should make them either confound the liberal principles professed by the Whigs with the lameness of their practice, or forget that *if* any part of the aristocracy has a tendency to go along with them, either in promoting their own rights, or in restraining the influence of the crown, that party must be the Whigs and none other. Englishmen ought also to remember, that the liberal speeches and writings of this party have not been lost to the world, but have been in a very high degree instrumental in kindling those sentiments of independence

in the breast of man, and putting those weapons of reason into his hands, by the judicious use of which he must (sooner or later, in proportion as he is judicious) be enabled to lay oppression and bigotry in a bloodless grave. If the Whigs have their weaknesses, they also have their worth, and that worth is not diminished by their not being in office.

The third, or Radical party, may be considered as attracting the public attention chiefly by the speeches which it makes, and opinions which it delivers, without the senate-house. It is true, that there have usually been, in the House of Commons, a few individuals independent in principle, and generally independent also in fortune, who have stood up for the rights of the people, and exposed whenever it came in their way, the actual transgressions of the Tories, and the passive delinquencies of the Whigs. Those manly and meritorious individuals have, however, never been numerous—the people having no means of making them so; they have often been confounded with another class of persons, who make a noise for the people, merely to enhance the price at which they are ready to dispose of themselves to the minister; and some of the best of them, finding that their labours could make no impression upon the rest of the

house, so as to procure from it any advantage to the people, have retired in disappointment, if not in disgust. Those, again, who from time to time have volunteered their services as leaders of the idle and clamorous portion of the people out of doors, or who have gone from place to place hawking their elixirs of political life, have generally been men of such visionary heads, distempered imaginations, or doubtful principles and conduct, that they have generally, if not invariably, brought disgrace or ridicule, not only upon themselves and their professions, but upon that cause of which they were the self-constituted advocates. In this respect, the cause of English liberty has suffered more from the folly, the waywardness, or the wickedness of those who have thus professed to serve it, than from the positive inroads of the Tories, and the palpable indifference of the Whigs,—unless indeed in so far as the desertion of the Whigs, or, more strictly speaking, their assumption of that which, as a political party, they never possessed, has been the reason why the championship of the people was assumed by such men. The Radicals,—the system-and-speech-making Radicals, (who sound their own praise, or are angry at their own disappointment),—considered as a political party, in any other way than as they some-

times give a colour to acts of oppression, and at all times degrade the people and diminish their chance of obtaining any thing like substantial reform, are not worthy of a single moment's thought. But, putting these aside, the party thus stigmatized by courtiers, are the independent people of England.

THE END.

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
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Mudie, Robert

Attic Fragments of characters, customs, opinions

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